MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

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WLBT license battle: is black-and-white TV coming to Mississippi?

Jackson

Weyman Walker—fresh from his first victory in a battle with Jackson television station WLBT—rocked back in a chair and talked in "hawkish" terms about winning the war for the Channel 3 license.

"Of course anyone who files any kind of a suit comes on with a bunch of bull about how he's going to win," Walker said, "but we feel our case is sound and that we will definitely win it."

The 27-year-old Houston, Tex. native is heading a bi-racial group which has asked a federal court to order the Federal Communication Commission to "open Channel 3 for applications immediately."

The group—chartered in Mississippi under the name Civic Communications Corporation—filed an application for the Jackson license with the FCC at the same time they filed the motion before the U. S. Court of Appeals in Washington.

The challenge is based on what Walker calls "the horrible record of WLBT" in serving Jackson Negroes who make up 40 per cent of the Mississippi capital's potential viewing audience.

Walker charged that any recent changes in coverage of Negro activities represent "only tokenism."

"They (WLBT) are at best presently only minimally qualified as a holder of a broadcast license," he charged. "The commission should have a choice between someone minimally qualified and an applicant who would do a first-rate job of serving Jackson."

The WLBT litigation began in 1964 when the United Church of Christ charged the station with "racial discrimination" and asked the FCC to revoke the WLBT license.

The same group asked the court in 1965 to reverse the FCC decision granting the station a one-year license without a hearing. The church said an investigation of WLBT's past record and alleged failure to serve the Negroes' needs should be held.

The court agreed and ordered the hearing.

The FCC held the hearing, then granted—by a 5-2 decision— a renewal of the license for the station.

Civic has now joined the church in challenging this decision in the court.

In a two-pronged motion before the court, Civic (1) asked to be allowed to join in the 1964 suit filed against WLBT by the United Church of Christ, and (2) asked the court to order the FCC to re-open applications for the Channel 3 license and hold comparative hearings for all applicants, including Civic and Lamar Life Broadcasting.

WLBT, owned by Lamar Life Broadcasting with the Clint Murchison family of Dallas as chief stockholders, opposed allowing Civic to join in the 1964 suit, maintaining that the 30-day period for such action was long past and should not be waived.

On March 24 the court ruled that Civic could join as a party to the suit, and waived this 30-day period.

"The outcome was clearly a victory for us," Walker said. "The court overruled the opposition in record time."

He considers it a significant victory. "WLBT strongly opposed it in the knowledge this would be the first step necessary to our winning the license," Walker said. "This is a unique case, and their record is uniquely bad."

Walker, who is 40 per cent owner of Civic Communications Corp., is the only stockholder with a television background. He will be general manager of the station if Civic wins the license. The other half-dozen stockholders (10 per cent each) are, except for a Texas banker, Mississippians noted for involvement in civil rights battles and the fight to win control of the Mississippi Democratic Party from the hands of the old-line neo-Dixiecrats.

Other stockholders are:

—Charles Evers of Fayette, state field director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and Democratic National Committeeman from Mississippi.

—Aaron Henry of Clarksdale, state NAACP president and chairman of the Loyalist Democratic Party of Mississippi (not to be confused with the Mississippi Democratic Party, the refuge for segregationists and assorted conservatives who were refused seating in the 1968 national Democratic convention in Chicago.)

—Hodding Carter III, editor of the Greenville Delta Democrat-Times and co-chairman (with Henry) of the Loyalist Delegation to the Chicago Democratic convention.

—Charles Young, Meridian businessman and local official of the NAACP and the loyalist Democratic Party.

—Mrs. Paul Derian of Jackson, National Democratic Committeewoman from Mississippi.

—Walter G. Hall Sr., president and principal stockholder in six Texas banks and several insurance agencies.

Walker, Carter, Mrs. Derian and Hall are white. Evers, Henry and Young are black.

"If we succeed, it won't be because we intend to run Channel 3 as a civil rights station," Walker said. "We will not.

"We will operate the station with a full respect for all political parties, all colors and all religious beliefs," he added. "We intend to do what's right in broadcasting in Mississippi."

He said Civic will "present programs that would create greater public awareness of the problems, activities and aspirations of members of the minority communities." Civic plans nine programs designed to provide a forum for discussion of public issues, Walker said.

Pointing out that there are currently no educational TV stations in the state, Walker said the new station would offer two regular programs designed to educate children and adults.

The educational programs may not bring much problem, but Walker says it was a public discussion program that "marked my downfall" as general manager of WHTV—Channel 24 in Meridian—and president of Delta Communications Corporation which owns that channel.

He said it was a program called Hotline—for which viewers telephone in questions for the interviewer and a guest—which led to a stockholder's dispute and eventually to his resignation from WHTV.

Walker, who personally endorsed Hubert Humphrey on one Hotline program, believes his actions on the program were good for the station in that "they built audience interest."

"My endorsement was in answer to a direct question about my personal preference," he said. "Such a question has to be answered truthfully or a call-in program such as Hotline is no good."

Walker, who organized Delta, was with the Meridian station when it began broadcasting June 10, 1968. He resigned in January of this year.

He defended his appearances on the program by saying that the telephone company "monitored more than 2,500 unanswered calls on a single program.

"These were not calls from one select group, but from a great cross-section of viewers," Walker said. "From a businessman's point of view as well as public interest point of view, the future of any television station depends on viewership of all the people, black, white, grizzled or grey."

"That's the reason we're going to win this case, even though these are off-years for the names in our group (each of the Civic stockholders has been closely linked with the National Democratic Party)," he said.

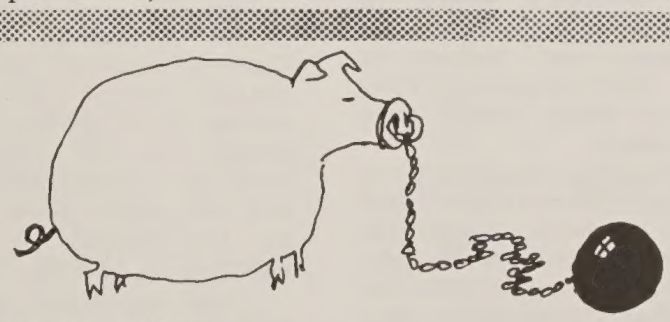
In response to Civic's motion, WLBT pointed out that Civic stockholder Henry was a party to the church suit which has kept the station in court since 1964.

WLBT charged that, in spite of this fact, the Civic motion is "implying that WLBT has sought deliberately to prolong the litigation in which it has been enmeshed since 1964."

"This is, perhaps, the most unkindest cut of all," WLBT charged.

Walker disagreed. "The unkindest cut for a broadcaster who fails to do his job for his community is to have his license revoked. The unkindest cut may be yet to come."

E.W.



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Allard Lowenstein: A New York congressman's affair with Mississippi

Oxford/Batesville

Allard Lowenstein, who is 39 and looks 25, can be described in many ways: the world's oldest student leader (as his friend Fred Graham of the New York Times once said); carpetbag Democratic congressman from a normally-Republican New York district; creator/coordinator of the Dump-LBJ movement; straddler of the gap between Old and New Left.

But he can't be described as sedentary; Lowenstein is never anywhere with much permanence. A few hours ago he had spoken to 150 persons at the University of Mississippi. He had come there from Kansas City, and to Kansas City from the West Coast. He had lately returned from Biafra, and he was en route to Atlanta then Washington then New York. Lowenstein by himself could keep an airline solvent.

Now he shares the back seat of a Mustang with a large well-travelled suitcase and an MF reporter. He rubs his thinning forelock as he talks, his words punctuated by the rhythmic swish-swish of the windshield wipers as the car rolls through the twilight drizzle along Mississippi Highway Six toward Batesville, then to Memphis where Lowenstein is to board a plane.

He was in Oxford less than an afternoon, tightening old ties and speaking extemporaneously in thoughtful, well constructed sentences and paragraphs (yes paragraphs; Lowenstein speaks without notes like he has a built-in TelePrompTer.)

His speech finished, Lowenstein lingered briefly at a reception, continually wondering aloud if his plane in Memphis would be grounded by the rain. Friends called Memphis and Jackson to make sure that somewhere there was a plane which would carry Lowenstein away.

Assured that the Memphis plane would fly, Lowenstein said goodbye to his hosts, hugged old friend Hazel Brannon Smith and shook hands left-handed with her husband Walter (Lowenstein's right arm was in a sling—he had been hit by a Post Office truck in front of the State Department building), then departed.

In the car, the talk turns to Lowenstein's first trip to Mississippi. That was in 1963, the year before Freedom Summer, but the civil rights movement was making itself unwelcome in the white citadels of Mississippi power. Lowenstein, a Yale law school graduate, was teaching undergraduates at the University of North Carolina in Greensboro. He had already incurred disfavor from keep-'em-in-their-place North Carolinians by supporting local Negro demonstrations. When the civil rights movement in Mississippi called for legal help, Lowenstein was on his way. He arrived soon after NAACP Field Secretary Medgar Evers was murdered from ambush in Jackson.

"I had expected Mississippi would be a worse extension of North Carolina—more segregation, less liberal whites," Lowenstein recalls. "It was closer to South Africa than North Carolina."

Lowenstein (and others) quickly became convinced that the solution to Mississippi's basic problems did not lie in the courts. "The constitution of South Africa prevents a black man from voting," Lowenstein explains. "That's a legal problem. In Mississippi the law says he can vote. But you can't ask a man to vote if voting becomes an act of suicide."

Civil rights activists could not point to a general clamor for voting rights among Mississippi Negroes—there was none. White segregationists continued to spin the old yarns about contented colored folks. "We would lose the fight if we confined it to Mississippi," Lowenstein had realized. "We had to get it out into the nation. We had to show that blacks weren't contented. If you showed that black people wanted to vote, but were prevented from doing so by fear, you could show the whole system was sick."

That need for mass demonstration of Mississippi Negroes' quest for citizenship rights resulted in the Freedom Election in the fall of '63. While Democrat Paul Johnson was swamping Republican Rubel Phillips in the governor's race, 90,000 Mississippi Negroes voted in a mock election conducted by civil rights organizations, casting their unofficial ballots for state NAACP President Aaron Henry for governor and Ed King, a white chaplain at Negro Tougaloo College, for lieutenant governor.

The success of the Freedom Election showed that Mississippi blacks weren't content to eat chitlins in a shotgun shack while whites ran the affairs of state. And that success gave impetus to the civil rights drive in the state as fall turned to winter and thoughts to summer, 1964.

There was a new strategy: "The best way to bring the problem of Mississippi to the attention of the country was to bring the country to Mississippi," Lowenstein explains.

Lowenstein went to Yale and to Stanford, where he had been an assistant dean, talking about racial problems in Mississippi and generating enthusiasm among students for what was to become Freedom Summer, the year of the "outside agitator" in Mississippi. Lowenstein doesn't shun the title of Pied Piper of the movement: "I think it's fair to say I did more recruiting than anyone else," he says.

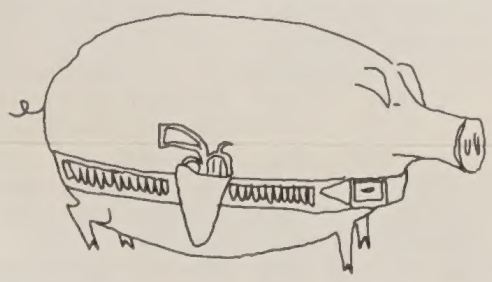
But as winter waned Lowenstein became increasingly disenchanted with the plans. SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) opposition was forming—SNCC leaders who had labored with little recognition didn't welcome the idea of white kids coming in, staying a few weeks, reaping bushels of publicity, then leaving.

Some SNCC leaders simply didn't want white kids coming at all, unless there were, say, 10 blacks for each white. "SNCC leaders who'd been hating racist whites now began hating non-racist whites," Lowenstein recalls. But after recruiting the kids, Lowenstein couldn't pull out: "I decided not to say anything against it, but I didn't want to be considered a 'leader.' I decided I would just come as an individual worker."

Lowenstein's travels took him to Rome in the early summer, and there he received an urgent phone call from his old friend and mentor, Norman Thomas, who had been visiting Mississippi speaking in black churches. He told Lowenstein of the three civil rights workers missing in Neshoba County, and said it appeared that far left and black racist groups were priming for a takeover of the movement. "I ended up coming back and engaging more actively than I had considered doing before," Lowenstein says.

Lowenstein spent a good deal of time in confrontation with Mississippi authorities, as did most of the civil rights workers. He spent one night in the Clarksdale jail, and was in and out of several others. ("I don't really like to talk about it," he says. "So many others had it so much worse. . . . .It seems like self-aggrandizement.")

In Jackson Lowenstein tried to stay away from police, however.



He and a Yale student were driving to the motel room where Lowenstein was staying. "I warned him we might get arrested before we got there," he recalls. "He thought I was some kind of paranoid. . . .Sure enough, a police car pulled in behind us and followed us all over town. We pulled into a drive-in—it was named White Castle or White Towers or something appropriate—and I said 'We're going in and eat hamburgers until dawn, but I'm not leading them to the motel.' About an hour later the police car pulled away—changed shifts, I guess."

"Later (James) Foreman criticized me for taking advantage of the color of my skin to hide where a black man couldn't. I thought about this a while and asked Bob Moses what he thought. He said 'Everybody who's down here helping should take care of himself the best he can.' "

Lowenstein's connection with Mississippi didn't end with Freedom Summer. In the early summer of 1968, for instance, he flew to Jackson for one of his many stops boosting the candidacy of Eugene McCarthy. At the meeting were some friends from the old days, true, but a lot of teenagers too—teenagers who were turned on by Lowenstein's cool dissection of Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon. There's something about Lowenstein—perhaps his resigned optimism and his willingness to jump into almost any fight simply because he thinks it should be fought—that appeals to the young and the idealistic.

Now the car reaches Batesville, where Lowenstein switches to another for the ride into Memphis and Atlanta and Washington and New York and on and on, bouncing like a wad of super-energized Silly-Putty from spot to spot, but never silly by any means and not putty in anyone's hands.

Ed Williams

Up from sis-boom-bah

You don't need a Dale Carnegie course to know what it takes to get on in the world, and Mississippi (shocking as the idea may seem to some) is part of the world (consult Rand-McNally if you have doubts.)

What it takes, friends, is a positive outlook, inexhaustible energy, self-confidence, the ability to make yourself heard, and a willingness to get out in front of the common herd.

That's also what it takes to be a cheerleader, so it should come as no surprise to find that many of the men on top of Mississippi's power heap have come up from the ranks of sis-boom-bah. Exhibits 1-9:

1) U. S. Senator John Stennis, Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College (now Mississippi State University) head cheerleader, 1923.

2) George Payne Cossar, Charleston lawyer and state legislator, chairman of the powerful House Rules Committee, University of Mississippi cheerleader, 1931.

3) Ira L. "Shine" Morgan, Oxford business executive, member of the state college board, University of Mississippi cheerleader, 1927.

4) Tally D. Riddell, Quitman lawyer, former state legislator, former president of the Mississippi Economic Council (state chamber of commerce), University of Mississippi cheerleader, 1931.

5) Brad Dye, former state senator, former legislative aide to John Stennis, head of the Mississippi Agricultural and Industrial Board (the state's industrial development agency), University of Mississippi cheerleader, 1954.

6) Hodding Carter III, Greenville newspaper editor and author, co-chairman (with Aaron Henry) of the Loyalist delegation to the 1968 national Democratic convention, Greenville High School cheerleader, 1953.

7) Henry Paris of Indianola, Lewis Grocer Co. (Sunflower Food Stores) executive, Indianola Chamber of Commerce president, University of Mississippi cheerleader, 1952.

8) J. Wesley Watkins III, Greenville lawyer, former Justice Department lawyer, secretary of the executive committee of the state (Loyalist) Democratic party, University of Mississippi cheerleader three years, including 1957.

9) Trent Lott of Pascagoula, legislative aide to U. S. Rep. William Colmer, mentioned as possible successor to Colmer, University of Mississippi cheerleader, 1961.

E.W.

The HEW ax falls on Coahoma County and black heads roll

Clarksdale

Federal tolerance of segregated schools in the Clarksdale and Coahoma County districts collapsed this winter, creating a dual crisis which threatens the future of the public-school system here. Private schools are the main topic of conversation nowadays.

Reaction to the HEW decision to eliminate aid to the county system, and within weeks, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals' ruling against the zoning structure in the Clarksdale municipal district has been ostensibly negative from white officials. Neither school board is anxious to implement plans for total desegregation of their facilities, since the black-white ratio is about 50-50 in the city and a top-heavy 5 to 1 in the predominantly Negro rural areas served by the county system.

Both boards, however, are defendants in lawsuits seeking to integrate the schools and seem to be boxed in a corner in light of recent court decisions.

Coahoma County schools have been operating under a voluntary Freedom of Choice plan which this year produced only 17 black students in the previously all-white facilities and no racial crossover in any of the black schools. HEW, considering this inadequate, declared the district ineligible for federal funds last Dec. 19. Apparently only a radically revised plan will restore these funds, but trustees believe that schools with an 80 per cent black enrollment will drive away white pupils, causing reverse segregation and an end to the public-school system as it is now constituted.

City school officials, meanwhile, are still shaken by the Fifth Cirucit's action March 6, ending a three-year period of gestation after the case was argued before the appellate court in 1966. School officials had a play they openly described as "invincible." Indeed, it utilized the neighborhood attendance theory and restricted enrollment to home zones—a practice in most Northern municipalities. However, the zone lines were attacked as gerrymandered contrivances to perpetuate segregation, since they effectively divided white and black neighborhoods and kept all but two black students from the white schools for a four-year period.

The ruling ordered a review of the plan and provided for new plans. It also blew the bottom out of a $2.1 million bond issue for the city schools which would have been voted on March 11. The NAACP had been fighting the bond issue on the grounds that it would help preserve segregation. School officials, who had been vigorously supporting it as essential to the survival of the public system, abruptly called off the election. Now, some of the leaders who were so vocal in their call for public-school assistance are now joining in discussions to undercut their system and establish a massive private school.

There was not much concern for private facilities prior to the two recent developments. But now things have changed. City and county white citizens, distressed over the prospect of heavily-integrated schools, have met together to plot for a private school. As they envision it, the facility would be no penny-ante operation, and to get it started donations running into the thousands of dollars would be solicited.

Significantly, it has been the wealthy whites who have been doing this planning in clandestine meetings.

Conversely, battle lines are being drawn by other whites—racial moderates and those concerned with the growth of the area—in opposition to this movement. This group realizes that the abandoning of public schools by the whites would cripple the economy. Many would be unable to afford private schools and thus be forced to move. Nor would the city be likely to attract industry with such a condition existing. They are hoping for some kind of compromise settlement, but no solution is readily evident.

It is a double dilemma, complicated by an unusual situation as the result of the cutoff of funds in the county schools. When HEW snuffed out the federal aid, it had an ironic effect that angered the Negro community.

Sixty-two black teachers and aides, employed through the Title I program, lost their jobs. The white schools were not affected, only the nine black schools in the district.

The Coahoma County Board of Education, with state approval, had used federal Title I funds to set up additional classrooms and to hire teachers in order to reduce pupil-teacher ratios of up to 50-to-1 in the black schools.

With the loss of this program, these schools were confronted with overcrowding again.

After talks of demonstrations and retaliatory measures—economic boycotts, school strikes and the like— the black teachers actually did the opposite and returned to classrooms with little assurance of pay. All but 10 of the affected personnel are still maintaining their positions, and their gesture has not only won them sympathy but financial support from across the nation.

It has also created a morass of misunderstanding.

The legality of their presence in the classes without a contract is questionable, but the county school board has not intervened. The trustees have, instead, indicated approval of having them at no expense. Things are less satisfactory for the teachers. Sympathy does not pay bills.

Even outright grants for their services from the National Education Association failed to mollify their discontent with the Title I arrangement. They are peeved at the school board, with HEW and themselves.

The black personnel affected by the cutoff continue to teach because there is nothing else for them to do. The NEA grants will help them along, but at the meeting when the funding was announced the bewildered teachers expressed more bitterness at "the way things are" than gratitude. Spirits improved, how ever, when NEA President George Fischer personally appeared to present them with checks and to praise them for their efforts. But unless the set-up is changed, they too will have to find new jobs here or move, since the emergency grants will only last through this spring.

The mess will more than likely cause HEW to re-examine the uses of its Title I appropriations, and it may also force the department to think twice about future withdrawals of federal funds when they victimize those they would help.

For the moment, the public-school system here is staggering to the conclusion of another year. Even optimists are pessimistic over the ultimate outcome after that.

Curtis Wilkie

Seven deaths embarrass Greenville

Greenville

Greenville has long prided itself, with some justification, on being an enclave of enlightenment.

For whatever reasons, its people and its politics do stand out from the Snopesian miasma that pervades the rest of the Delta.

And the civic establishment is quick to flaunt this felicitous condition in its overtures to move-minded industry. After a period of economic stagnation, the Graflex manpower-training project has spawned a new influx of interested companies—the first-rate kind, not the cheap-labor bloodsuckers that prey on poorer parts of the state.

It was most embarrassing, then, when two visiting industrialists stepped off their plane Nov. 24 and picked up a copy of the Sunday paper. Occupying a quarter of the front page was a picture of an old black woman standing behind a hog-wire barrier. The caption read: "This woman lives in a cage in Greenville. She is old and poor. She has no other place to go..."

The story inside told of the Carrie Weaver nursing home, which housed 13 such unfortunates in conditions that were at best appalling. (The comments of public officials quoted in the story were equally shocking; a number of them not only admitted knowing about the Weaver home but also indignantly defended it as "doing the best they can with what they've got." Absolutes, such as the fact that the home violated numerous state and local laws, were deftly shrugged off.)

Monday brought a flurry of cursory self-flagellation from the establishment—"How could we allow this to exist in our community? If only we'd known," etc.—but not the first move toward correcting the situation.

A week later, Greenville had effectively purged Carrie's from its consciousness, and all was again right with the world. The helpless and voiceless resumed their invisibility.

On the morning of Jan. 18, a fire gutted the Weaver home, killing seven of its patients. The Chamber of Commerce winced at another embarrassing story. Local government's reaction to the tragedy offers an excellent study in administrative self-righteousness and inaction.

At its first meeting after the fire, the Greenville city council did not even mention it. "Everything has been said," explained Mayor Pat Dunne. The council's silence has yet to be broken.

The Community Relations Council, the city's black-and-white-together committee, adopted a resolution praising Mrs. Weaver for her humanitarian efforts—a nice and proper gesture, but not very relevant to the survivors of the fire, or to the community's other ill-cared-for old people.

A small group of genuinely interested citizens, led by an angry housewife, met to discuss possible solutions to the problem. They made the mistake, however, of inviting city and county officials, whose glib reassurances that something would be done effectively subverted the meeting's purpose.

But the smoothest subterfuge was pulled off—or almost pulled off—by the Washington County board of supervisors. A delegation of blacks asked the board to investigate the need for better nursing-home facilities in the county, and the supervisors—agreement not costing any money—agreed.

A month later an investigating committee was appointed. Unfortunately, the board neglected to tell the committee what it was to do—or even, in some cases, to inform the members that they had been appointed.

This has been corrected, but it appears that a county nursing home to take care of the indigent is not one of the board's more pressing concerns.

"After this committee makes its reports," said one supervisor, "we'd better appoint another one to make sure the first one hasn't just made it all up."

L.P.

An unlikely power broker gets it done

Memphis

It wasn't a very pleasant job to be doing on an icy Sunday morning, but somehow it was the kind of job that Coby Smith always ends up doing.

A young black had been arrested by the Memphis police as he encouraged students at a local high school to participate in a boycott of classes. The charge: inciting to riot.

The boy's mother, unable to penetrate the bureaucracy that kept her son in jail without bond, called Coby.

An hour after entering the massive monolith that also housed one James Earl Ray, Coby Smith emerged. "Jesus, I hate going in that place," he said. "They always have to hassle you about something . . .and those bondsmen, man, I can't even stand to look at them."

But the mother's son was out, on a bond Coby arranged with his adversaries.

Coby Smith at first glance appears a most unlikely power broker: black, 22 years old, a senior (political science) at Southwestern . . . son of a one-time West Virginia coalminer who hustled his way up and out to a middle-class retirement. . .a former West Point cadet who cut out after six weeks when his squad leader, a white Alabamian, "kicked me in the ass one time too many"... a top-echelon official of the Invaders, Memphis' controversial black militant organization.

But Coby is the man the city's white establishment liberals hopefully point to as the personification of "the good side" of Black Power. They help finance education—Southwestern does not offer a bargain-basement degree--they listen to and frequently act on his ideas, they cherish him as a rare liaison with Memphis' increasingly separatist voung blacks.

And they seem likely to finance, if the populace's burgeoning paranoia over the Invaders can be restrained, his proposal for developing the black community as a self-sustaining political and economic force. Called the Memphis Leadership Conference for Black and Poor People, the plan provides for leadership training courses, to be taught in continuing 12-week cycles, for 120 potential leaders. (Subjects: community organizing, voter registration, use of the vote, political power, forms of agitation.)

Two national church groups are now considering sponsorship of the program, which has a tentative budget of $102,000 a year for three years. Coby would be the general co-ordinator (i.e., boss) at a salary of $150 a week.

He is outspoken in his disillusionment with other attempts to get the black man his due. "Voting, alone, is futile," he told the MF, "unless you have the other skills of effective political involvement.

"And jobs, which so many whites think are the final answer, won't do it either. Co-ops and black capitalism—whatever that is—sounds great, but they won't work if the people don't know how they work.

"What's needed are people within the black community who are capable of making decisions. There should be no need for a cat like me, an organizer, to go into a community—black paternalism is just as bad as white, and that's what it is when outsiders are making the decisions."

Coby is somewhat discomfited by his relationship with white liberals; he profits from it, other black people profit from it, but it still cuts against his grain.

"White liberals," he repeated. "I'll tell you about them. There are some who are sincerely concerned, some who are not, some—some Jews—who are interested in agitation and conflict to keep the heat off themselves. A lot of it is pure selfishness—guilt feelings and all that ...

"You think somebody like Rockefeller is concerned with poor people, you're crazy. The power structure—I'm a great believer in C. Wright Mills' The Power Elite—sends out somebody like him to keep the lid on, for co-optation.

"But it's gotten impossible for them to do what they used to, setting up some guy like Young or Foreman up as moderate leader. There's no such thing anymore! The leaders now are guys like Carmichael and Brown, who have no allegiance to the liberals. They can't keep the leaders in their pockets anymore."

What is your role in this, he was asked.

"I'm a catalyst, trying to move people to the point they don't need me or anybody else to take care of them."

And the liberals?

"They need me, too," he smiled.

Lew Powell

Contributors

Roy Baker is an artist for Gordon Marks and Co., a Jackson public-relations firm. His work, which he modestly (albeit accurately) describes as "whimsical," has appeared in The Delta Review and Per Se.

Bob Boyd, one of Hodding Carter's minions on the Delta Democrat-Times, covers the civil-rights beat. He is also active in state politics, working for the (Loyalist) Democratic Party, the ACLU and assorted other subversive organizations.

Curtis Wilkie is news editor of the Clarksdale Press Register. Next fall, however, will find him in Washington, taking advantage of his recently-won Congressional Fellowship. He has written for The Nation and The Delta Review.

If it ain't Right, then it must be wrong

Oxford

Dr. Earle Reynolds "was once a Methodist preacher" who had lately "turned Quaker." Such a person, reasoned state college board president M. M. Roberts, would surely poison the minds of all in hearing distance and should not be allowed to address students at the University of Mississippi.

Roberts' petition for a federal court injunction to block Reynolds, an ardent critic of U. S. policy in Vietnam, from speaking on the campus reached U. S. Fifth Circuit Judge J. P. Coleman on the morning of March 14.

The petition was the latest in a long series of comic utterances from the college board in its two-year struggle to maintain strict speaker bans at the tax-supported college campuses in the state.

Judge Coleman, who presides over a three-judge federal panel currently viewing the speaker ban issue in Mississippi, took the petition seriously, however. Two marshals walked into a political-science classroom on the afternoon of March 14 and served Dr. Reynolds, who was halfway through a lecture on American-Japanese foreign relations, with a copy of an order signed by Coleman. It prohibited Reynolds from making any public speeches at Ole Miss.

Reasons Roberts listed, and Coleman apparently bought, why Reynolds should not be allowed to speak:

—An anti-ROTC demonstration, in which eight students were arrested, had been held on campus the day before Reynolds was supposed to speak, and Reynolds might "accelerate or activate any notions adverse to the training program."

—Reynolds "is an individual who has asserted himself against warfare" by sailing a yacht, the "Phoenix," into an atomic testing zone in 1958.

—He was "involved in two other efforts of notoriety," including sailing the "Phoenix" to North Vietnam to deliver supplies to the enemy.

—"On April 11, 1967, in an interview in Tokyo it was reported that this individual made the comment that the United States of America could not win in Vietnam."

Being right, the last item would indicate, is no substitute for being Right.

Bob Boyd

A belated present for non-guest Evers

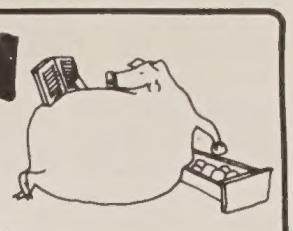
Jackson

When state NAACP Field Secretary Charles Evers spoke to an assemblage of journalists in Jackson March 15, Bill Minor had a present for him.

"I gave him something he couldn't get anywhere else," said Minor, Jackson correspondent for the New Orleans Times-Picayune: "a ticket to the Stennis dinner."

The dinner honoring Mississippi Senator John Stennis, however, was held March 1. One black attended—Negro publisher Percy Greene, whose newspaper has derived financial support from several county board of supervisors, the most intransigent unit of the white power structure in Mississippi.

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE



Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 1, April 1969

In this issue:

Attacking WLBT
Cornering Lowenstein
Embarrassing Greenville

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 2, May 1969

Dean Morse moves out, the exodus goes on and the AAUP comes in

Oxford

Seven years ago Dean Bob Farley of the University of Mississippi Law School claimed the law was on James Meredith's side. Gov. Ross Barnett added Farley's name to his black list, and Dean Farley, once president of the Mississippi State Bar, moved to more compatible Florida.

In July Ole Miss' current law dean, Joshua M. Morse III — the Poplarville lawyer who succeeded Dean Farley and put liberal Yankee Yale graduates on the law faculty, civil rights in the curriculum, black students on Ford Foundation scholarships and bile in the craw of State College Board Tories — will become dean at Florida State. Morse will make considerably more money, and will escape the slings and arrows of outraged Mississippi segregationists.

Seventy-year-old M. M. Roberts, successful Hattiesburg lawyer and State College Board president, worked hard to put his young friend Josh Morse at the head of the Ole Miss law school. Trustee Roberts—a Ross Barnett appointee and Ole Miss law school alumnus who thinks much of constitutional law is a pinkish plot—had good cause to think that Mississippian Morse was a safe and sound replacement for the heretic Farley.

Morse's ancestors came to Mississippi early and populated the state with Establishment preachers and lawyers. Dean Morse's father once shared Poplarville law offices with The Man Bilbo.

Morse himself lawyered for fifteen years in South Mississippi courts without exhibiting tendencies subversive to the Mississippi way. He held high office in the state Bar. And as a freshman law professor at Ole Miss when Gov. Barnett battled the Kennedys, Morse did not join Dean Farley and other university faculty in public protest.

But as law dean, Morse shook things up. First he strayed North and enrolled in the Yale Law School. He did a year's graduate work in "law, science, and policy," charmed Ivy League Yankees with Southernbred stories and irreverent Old Testament quotes, soaked up Yale's social gospel and picked up five Yalies for the Ole Miss law faculty.

In 1965 the Ford Foundation pumped half a million dollars into Morse's law school. The dean told Ford: "This law school can be tremendously influential on the political thought and action of the state of Mississippi. . . .Many of the problems which plague the University of Mississippi and our state stem from a provincial outlook. Our students are accustomed to examining every question in light of its impact on Mississippi culture rather than taking a broader view."

With Ford funds Morse hired more Yalie instructors. The Morse mood created a new willingness to listen to outside opinions. Law students and faculty put Bobby Kennedy in the Ole Miss coliseum with 4,500 eager-to-listen students. Aaron Henry, Charles Evers and Fannie Lou Hamer spoke at the law school.

Thirty law professors from Harvard, Yale, Columbia and NYU spent two weeks each on the Ole Miss campus lecturing on constitutional law and the like. The students responded; new courses on political and civil rights, legal services for the indigent, student rights, social legislation and international law had plenty of takers.

Yale's Law Dean Louis H. Pollak, one of the visiting faculty members, said that the Ole Miss law school "is at the threshold of becoming a focus for the kind of thinking that can bring Mississippi into the 20th century." Time magazine praised the New South's law school.

Federal and private grants came to the law school to establish public defender and legal-services (Office of Economic Opportunity) programs. And for the past three years proportionately more blacks attended the Ole Miss law school than any non-Negro law school in the U.S.; two black graduates are now running for city offices in Jackson. Ebony featured the law school — with pictures yet — and M. M. Roberts wrote his fellow trustees on the college board, saying "I'm embarrassed by my law school."

Last spring the volcano that had been steaming under Morse's Yale-at-Oxford erupted. The North Mississippi OEO Legal Services Program, funded through and operated by the law school, filed a school desegregation suit in Holly Springs (which the U.S. Fifth Circuit recently decided in favor of the indigent black plaintiffs). The state bar association, the college board the the legislature, shocked at this betrayal from within, turned on the law school.

For some time legislators had been griping about ". .socialistic, if not Communistic, doctrines at the law school"; they welcomed an excuse for blasting Morsism.

The college board hadn't forgotten Dean Morse's refusal to withdraw the Robert Kennedy invitation. Later, when Aaron Henry spoke at the law school, the board adopted a speaker ban policy which Mississippi judges recently declared unconstitutional.

The board was irritated again when a law professor represented the American Association of University Professors and got Federal District Judge Claude Clayton to declare unconstitutional a state law demanding that teachers sign organizational membership affidavits. After this the college board, tired of losing in court, told the faculty that hereafter all moonlighting must be okayed by the chancellor in writing.

The state bar, even before last summer, tried to kill the law school's legal-services program. Bar commissioners passed some rules saying in effect that unless OEO legal-service programs are controlled by local lawyers, then lawyers working with legal services may be penalized.

When bar members met last June in Biloxi, they were fighting mad at the law school's legal-services program for filing the school desegregation suit. At the annual Ole Miss alumni luncheon, at which the dean traditionally speaks, Morse was told to keep his mouth closed.

Then came last summer's big crackdown on the law school. The bar and legislature leaned on the college board, which pressured Ole Miss Chancellor Porter Fortune, who in turn forced legal services out of the school. Fortune told law teachers that they would be paid only if they refrained from working in the OEO program.

Law professors Luther McDougal, Mike Trister and George Strickler ignored the Chancellor's warning and were taken off the payroll on June 30. Their summer school lectures were cut off in mid-sentence. Trister and Strickler are still out of Ole Miss, although they are now in court asking the Fifth Circuit to declare the University's action violative of their civil liberties.

Other dissenting law teachers were denied the general raise given in September to the rest of the University faculty. Out-of-state faculty recruiting has been curtailed; several of the current faculty are leaving. Yalie Trister, who stayed in Oxford to direct the legal-services program after it was refunded through Mary Holmes College, told Time: "The great experiment at the law school is almost dead."

This month the American Association of Law Schools, together with the AAUP will begin a formal investigation of complaints by Ole Miss law professors of political interference. If these organizations find violations of academic freedom, censure and loss of accreditation could result.

An important witness for the AALS-AAUP investigating committee will be State Senator William E. Corr of Sardis. Corr testified in the Jackson Daily News that "the legislature would intervene into the administration of the Ole Miss law school only as a means of last resort." In April of last year Senator Corr presided over a closed hearing of the Senate Universities and Colleges Committee at which Dean Morse was put on the grill.

Corr was concerned about Ole Miss teachers "informing citizens. . .of their civil rights and their constitutional rights." The transcript of the hearing reveals how much Senator Corr wanted the law school out of legal services: "If we do (lose accreditation), let's lose it and then get it back as soon as possible." And then: "I hope no press releases are made on this or no statements made to the press."

Senator Pittman worried about "a law professor who was somehow involved—and I suppose as an attorney—with whether or not Aaron Henry was going to speak at the University." Pittman wondered whether the legislature should make "a rule that a professor at the University law school would not sue the State of Mississippi or the University of Mississippi."

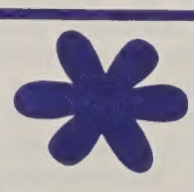
When Dean Morse warned the Senate committee about the possible effects of political interference, Corr assured that "if this committee reports anything out, I don't think it will address itself directly to that (legal service). . .there are many other ways in which we could remove you from that without ever mentioning the legal services organization. One would be to move the law school to Jackson."

Chancellor Fortune promised to help the Senate committee keep its hearing a secret. And a few weeks later Fortune, denying in federal court that pressure from the legislature or college board or bar affected his decision, cut off the law school's legal services program and its faculty participants. Most of the university community seemed to support the chancellor, reasoning that the university's appropriation from the legislature would suffer if the law school were not curbed.

Even Rebel football coaches are reportedly concerned: Parents may object to sending their athletic sons to a college that harbors such a law school.

A new law dean will be selected for Ole Miss soon. Mississippi preservers of the Old South, after striking out with Farley and Morse, will no doubt scrutinize candidates for Morse's job more closely than Birchers looking for a successor to Earl Warren.

Ken Vinson



See 'Exit' page 3

'Heah come de judge!' But nobody's laughing at Ferguson's Frolics

Friars Point

The Rev. Dan J. Ferguson, still flushed from his success at becoming one of the few Negroes to be elected to a public office in Mississippi this century, is now planning the political takeover of his home town.

Friars Point (population: 1,029) is one of those "sleepy Southern towns" romantics write about. Its politics, until recently, had been dictated by the plantation boss system. That was before Ferguson gave up the ministry to become a politician.

His election as a justice of the peace in 1967 was expected since the area is heavily black. However, his antics since taking office have been unpredictable. Most whites, and not a few blacks, view him as a cantankerous character. "I think getting JP went to his head," surmised one friend.

If nothing else, his victory at the polls impressed him of the power of politics. Now he is a candidate for mayor of Friars Point and has assembled a ticket of black colleagues to run for every other office available. In fact, he created eight posts that had never been filled before by boning up on the Mississippi code. It provides for a Democratic municipal election committee with as many members as there are elected officials in each town. Ferguson promptly enrolled eight women for the committee and had town officials buffaloed until they responded with a racially-mixed ticket of eight committee candidates themselves.

Ferguson has a long list of grievances against the incumbent administration—but perhaps the key issue is his charge that the other JP in the beat, a white man, is permitted to hold court in the town hall while Ferguson is not. His platform also flays "unlawful tax tactics," an increase in water rates, an order banning hogs from the corporate limits, and discrimination.

The motto of the Ferguson ticket is "Servants, and not Bosses."

"I've got a hopeful outlook," he says. Mathematically, his chances appear good because Friars Point has approximately 200 registered Negro voters to 150 whites. But it is doubtful that he will be able to swing all of the black votes since many regard him as too radical. Of this Ferguson says, "We've got a few Uncle Toms, but I believe we can offset 'em."

Under a Ferguson administration, there would be "equal treatment for all without favors to white or colored." His approach smacks of the New Left's participatory democracy, or Switzerland's pure democracy, for that matter: he would submit all town issues to a referendum. "City Hall belongs to the people of Friars Point," he says. "We want to change this dictatorial system."

Otherwise, the insurgent ticket endorses mundane matters like "any enterprise bringing employment to Friars Point, a community house and swimming pool" and attacks "improper parking (and) gambling without a license."

Ferguson has lived in Coahoma County all of his life, but he didn't move into town until 1962. He still has a small farm, its eleven acres devoted to cotton and vegetables, and operates a little grocery store. He also takes preaching engagements, but gave up the full-time profession after '67.

A burly man whose looks belie his 62 years, Ferguson says if elected mayor he would not give up his JP position without a fight. He says "the code" makes no ruling on it, and he has become a student of the state code of law since assuming office.

He has researched "the code" to justify a number of demands he has made of Coahoma County officials. County Attorney George Fleming, for example, was surprised to learn that he was supposed to be Ferguson's "assistant." According to the law, the county attorney is to assist justices of the peace.

He also insists that he be addressed as "judge" while holding court. One lawyer says of Ferguson: "He's completely out of sight. The other day he wouldn't even allow a defendant to plead and refused a bond approved by the sheriff.

Ferguson responded to a recent invitation to join a justice of the peace association with a letter stating that he would not be a party to a "Jim Crow organization."

Courthouse personnel regard Ferguson as arrogant. Conversely, Ferguson thinks they are conniving. He claims that law enforcement officers have not given him many cases, and says he is documenting all the evidence of "mistreatment."

"He's paranoid," says one county official. "He thinks everybody is participating in a vast conspiracy against him."

Coahoma County's other Negro JP, Charlie Jones, maintained in a newspaper interview last winter that folks have been good to him. The article stirred the wrath of Ferguson, who contended the opposite and maintained that Jones didn't know what he was talking about.

Since his ascension to public office, Ferguson has become increasingly vocal at meetings. His harangues have sometimes exasperated his audiences as much as his court procedure has wearied attorneys accustomed to informality, if not erudition, in JP hearings.

The fate of Ferguson's attempted Friars Point coup will be decided May 13 in the local election. If victorious, it is likely that Ferguson will run the town like he runs his judicial business.

"Heaven help us," one resident said.

Curtis Wilkie

Cleveland

Gary Brown was picking up Coke bottles outside a building at Delta State College a couple of weeks ago when a pair of campus cops strolled up and asked what he was doing. "Picking up Coke bottles," he replied, and the cops hauled him in for petty larceny. He'd picked up a dozen and a half bottles strewn outside the DSC student union building.

Brown, a DSC student last semester but not presently enrolled, was concerned that his shoulder-length blond hair might clog the wheels of Cleveland justice, so he hired a lawyer to represent him in city court.

Delta State rolled out its big guns. Two deans testified that DSC is suffering financially because of Coke bottle thefts, and the cops described the apprehension of Brown. The judge, impressed, socked Brown with a $100 fine and 60-day jail sentence.

Brown immediately appealed to county court and posted $500 bond. His lawyer's comment on the case thus far: "It's been a real experience."

Meridian

The past month hasn't been a good one for the credibility of the Meridian press.

First, **Klaus Rohrich,** editor of the Meridian Junior College paper, The Talon, was fired from his job downtown after running an issue on poverty in Meridian. The Holiday Inn, where he worked as an auditor for three years, would give no reason for his abrupt dismissal.

The Talon's faculty advisor and the Student Government Association warned him they would "take action" if he continued his heretic journalism. Rohrich's firing, however, rendered the threats moot, as he had to drop out of school for financial reasons. He has since found a job with Head Start.

Second, a proposed black boycott of white stores was blacked out by the local newspaper and TV-radio stations under pressure from the business community. The threatened Easter boycott, which never got off the ground, resulted from the shooting of a black teenager by a black cop.

Except for an early-morning fluff by WMOX ripper-and-reader, the blackout held until the boycott collapsed. That, of course, received thorough coverage.

Third, the Meridian Star gave the ax to its state news editor for attempting 1) to profile the dead 16-year-old, 2) to report the boycott and 3) to cover a protest march in nearby York, Ala. "How do we do this?" executive editor **Jerry Kearns** asked **Boyd Lewis** after the last incident. "Do you quit now or do you quit later?"

Lewis, 23, is now working for **Rev. R. S. Porter,** black candidate for city council in the May 13 elections. His future plans are undecided.

ELSEWHERE: **Sam Love,** editor of the Reflector at Mississippi State, is looking for financial backing for a book on the Loyalist challenge. Love was an alternate delegate to the Democratic Convention . . . . **Thatcher Walt,** editor of the Greenwood Commonwealth until the Klan ran him out several years ago, has been named to head a new consumer-affairs department in the metro government of Jacksonville, Fla. He had been courthouse reporter for the p.m. Journal there . . . . **Mayor B. M. Bennett,** testifying in federal court in Greenville on conditions in the black sections of Shaw: "I didn't call Canal Street a street until 1966. It was just part of Silver Bayou. They could get in and out all right as long as Silver Bayou wasn't up."

Ken Tolliver, Greenville stringer for the Commercial-Appeal, came up with a nice scoop the other day. Tolliver, also employed as an industrial relations consultant at the Graflex project, reported that a personnel cutback was imminent at the Ford Foundation-funded operation. The ax fell the very next day. One of the first heads to roll: Tolliver's. He's a former press aide to **Sen. James Eastland**. . . . . Onetime DM staffer **Bruce Hilton** has just published a book on his experiences in Mississippi (THE DELTA MINISTRY, Macmillan and Co., $1.95 in paper). Quite readable, though not always accurate . . . . **Bill Peart** (Pert? No, Peert), veteran statehouse reporter for the Jackson Daily News, quit May 1 to take a post with the state air and water pollution commission. His departure cut by one-fourth the number of competent reporters on the news staffs of the Jackson dailies . . . .

While Jackson is in an uproar about "obscene" movies, Oxford audiences have viewed " The Killing of Sister George", "Candy", and "The Fox" without making a fuss about it.

Contributors

Joe Hemingway is an editorial consultant for the Florida Observer, a new muckraking journal scheduled to go to press sometime this month. Hemingway, 30, served as executive coordinator of the Humphrey-Muskie campaign in Mississippi.

Contrary to what one might suspect from reading his report on the Ole Miss law school, Ken Vinson plans to teach there again next year--God and M. M. Roberts willing. The 33-year-old Texas (LLB) and Yale (LLM) graduate has written for the New Republic, Ave Maria and Mississippi Magazine.

Curtis Wilkie, 28, is a regular MF contributor. Since our first issue, he has added a New Republic article to his credits.

A weekend at Edwards: a little revolution, yes, but it's come a long way

Edwards

"It's time we caught on to the way the Panthers do it-they've just decided they're not going to take any more crap off the cops. We all know the people in control aren't going to let go without a fight, so let's play their game. It's not a question of violent or nonviolent any more; it's whose side are you on?"

–Speaker at first annual Mississippi Youth Jubilee, April 11-13.

"Where's Rosa?"

"She's at home. Her mother wouldn't let her come."

–Overheard exchange, same locale.

Rosa's enforced absence notwithstanding, they were all there: The teenyboppers and the Freedom Summer veterans, the plastic hippies and the screaming radicals. It was, as one enthusiastic participant noted, "the biggest collection of freaks in the history of the state."

That there were about 200 bodies in this wildly mixed bag may be the first tangible evidence that Mississippi, too, now has a sizable contingent of home-grown white kids who have opted out of the system into the nebula of the New Left.

A handful of these kids, mostly affiliated with the Jackson underground paper The Kudzu, came up with the Jubilee idea and with the help of Delta Ministry executed it. (DM holds the lease on Mount Beulah, a now-defunct black college located outside Edwards. The property is currently used for a Head Start center, a co-op candy-making project and various weekend conferences.)

The Jubilee was billed in the Kudzu as "a weekend of strange and wondrous experiences" and it was certainly that— though they weren't always the ones planned.

Abbie Hoffman, the grand high Yippie, and Paul Krassner, editor of The Realist, were scheduled to speak, but neither—to the suprise of no one—showed up. "Hoffman's in jail again," I was told, "and Krassner's got a deadline to meet on a Cavalier article."

The show went on, nevertheless, and the superstars weren't even missed. Ed King, who ran for lieutenant governor in 1963 in the Freedom Democratic Party's mock election, spoke on "The History of the Movement," struggling gamely to dissociate himself from the stigmas of his age and his liberalism. . .the hard core argued the byzantine politics of SDS vs. SSOC. . .the apolitical blew soap bubbles and played guitars and climbed the water tower. . .and, inevitably, the jaded headed for the woods for sex and a circumspect joint.

These diversions were abruptly abandoned, however, when confrontation called. Two Highway Patrol cars that had been cruising Mount Beulah's lone road were blocked from leaving by a Jubileer's car.

The resultant argument between the head cop and Jackson civil rights lawyer Frank Parker (improbably attired in white shirt and floral Levis) bogged down in legalistic wrangling over property rights and search warrants, though Parker's contention that "A man's home is his castle" won him some points for irony.

For me, the high point of the weekend was the arrival at the roadblock of the mysterious Mirror Man, an anonymous Jubileer whose head was concealed in a box made of two-way mirrors. Apothegms such as "A man is the mirror of his society" were pasted on the bottom of the box. It was made completely impenetrable by a black-cloth skirt which reached to Mirror Man's shoulders. He approached the scene—to resounding applause—and slowly circled the combatants, looking them over for God-knows-what purposes. The cops tried with acute self-consciousness to ignore him, but dealing with Mirror Men is obviously not covered in the Patrol handbook. His inspection completed, MM marched off and sat under a tree for the rest of the day.

The jawing ended with some sort of mutual saving of face, and the entrapped cars began to move out. Down the road, however, the kill-the-pigs faction had shattered Coke bottles in the path of the last car.

The discovery of this act of passion brought on a violent schism, one which temporarily split the Jubilee into the revolutionary and the merely radical.

While the cops gaped in disbelief, an impromptu bit of participatory democracy ensued:

"Everybody who's for leaving the glass in the road. . . ." (Loud cheering, applause and waving of arms.)

"Everybody who's for sweeping it up. . ." (A few scattered shouts.)

A modicum of sanity returned when another parliamentarian offered: "Everybody who's for leaving it—and going to jail over it." The glass was swept up, and the cops departed.

Earlier in the day, there had been a palpable tension in the air, as kids tended to stick with their own clique. The confrontation and fear of another police sortie tightened the circle, however, and the rest of the Jubilee was a model of camaraderie. Underground documentaries—Black Panthers, Columbia, et al—and pain-threshold rock sessions provided entertainment, while a blockade of cars stood at the entrance to deter the cops' return.

* * *

It's very risky business trying to draw conclusions from anything as amorphous as the Jubilee, but I came away with these impressions, all of which are purely personal:

—Mississippi's fledgling New Left is far too weak to wreak any Columbias. It is still an essentially defensive movement, with a minor run-in such as the Ole Miss ROTC demonstration savored as a grand and significant encounter.

—Pot is more important than politics. Evading The Man's busts and traffic-violation harassment is paramount in most kids' minds. Radical politics is nice to read about in New Left Notes, but on the home front survival as an alien is a full-time job.

—As a result, perhaps, of this preoccupation, creative radicalism is virtually nil in Mississippi. Most of the rhetoric at the Jubilee consisted of cliche-heavy invective and rambling non sequiturs. Attempts at originality included this gem: "This is a real revolution, not a Dodge Rebellion!"

—Brotherhood with the blacks exists for the most part in theory. Only a half-dozen or so turned up at the Jubilee; a closed weekend at Tougaloo College, from which all whites were barred, proved too much competition. When this point was brought up, there was a moment of foot-shuffling embarrassment but it was shrugged off with a perfunctory "doing their own thing" explanation. It may well be that the Mount Beulah conclave was as far removed from Tougaloo as it was from the teen-age decency rally held in Jackson that same weekend.

Lest the New Left Mississippi-style be written off, however, as an ineffectual conceit of the alienated young, one question should be considered:

Five years ago, what was SDS?

Lew Powell

Managing the news, MACE-style

Washington

There is, it appears, a substantial amount of "Kennedy money" ready to be pumped into Mississippi in the near future. Where and when this influx will be made, however, is as yet unclear--at least partially because of information barriers put up by such minor-league bureaucrats as Ed Brown.

Brown, H. Rap's brother, is director of Mississippi Action for Community Education (MACE), a Greenville-based organization which has already received Kennedy aid in effecting its very shadowy 1969 programs.

Brown does not acknowledge any link with the Kennedy cash dispensaries, however. "I hope you would not put me in the position of revealing specifics," he told MF recently. "I am not interested in any direct association with the Kennedy group or any of the others.

Just what, Brown was asked for the umpteenth time, does MACE do? "What we intend to do," he said, "is. . .uh, I have no idea, as our operation is a training program and we are not prepared to give out any specifics.

"We have more or less contracted with the Center for Community Change under the umbrella of this training program."

The CCC is one of three similar organizations now operating under a blatantly interlocking directorate of Kennedy people. The other two are the Southern Political Education Action Committee (SPEAC) and the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial.

Among those serving on more than one board are: Charles Evers, John Seigenthaler and Hodding Carter III, SPEAC and RFK Memorial; and Burke Marshall, Julian Bond and Frank Mankiewicz, CCC and RFK Memorial.

Jack Conway, director of CCC (and a Memorial board member), says money is indeed being made available to Mississippi but that the details should come from the administering organization--Ed Brown's MACE. Conway did say, though, that Holmes and Panola counties have been selected as target areas.

SPEAC, one of the three groups, probably has the most prior involvement in Mississippi. During the pre-convention challenge maneuverings, the SPEAC people pushed to make Charles Evers national committeeman. He won the job and later signed on as a SPEAC director.

The insurgent Mississippians also won their credentials battle, but it is felt by many that without the money and staff provided by SPEAC, the Loyal Democrats of Mississippi might still be just that, rather than the nationally recognized Democratic Party of Mississippi.

SPEAC has submitted a $600,000-plus grant proposal to the Ford Foundation for summer programs in 13 Southern states. As yet, Ford has not made public a decision on the request.

The RFK Memorial people have already hit with Ford. In November the foundation announced a $750,000 grant to the Memorial, and an undetermined portion of this is earmarked for Mississippi.

But with all three members of this corporatis octopi, specifics are still hard to come by. Perhaps the plans are not yet complete; perhaps they are being withheld for a wham-bang announcement.

Or perhaps it's just an extension of the Ed Brown philosophy: "Basically, we take the viewpoint of being low-key with news media...they tend to hamper us to a large extent."

Joe Hemingway

Exit oinking

Those of you who saw the first issue of MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE no doubt remember The Pig, whose happily blobbish form was scattered throughout our pages. Never, alas, again.

Roy Baker, creator of The Pig, is employed by Gordon Marks and Co., a Jackson ad agency run by State Rep. Sutton Marks.

Marks, like all state legislators, was sent a complimentary copy of MF No. 1. His reported response was not exactly ecstatic.

That The Pig was apolitical, that it had been produced long before MF was conceived, that it was Baker's personal business did not temper Marks' rage.

Baker has a wife and three kids. Job security won out.

This will not be the last time MF has a run-in with a legislator. We look forward to many more of them, in fact. Our only regret is that innocent people like Roy Baker sometimes get caught in the middle.

We at MF intend to make Marks' victory over the first amendment a pyrrhic one.

The Pig is dead. . .long live The Pig.

We'll get by...

with a little help from our friends

Publishing a newspaper—even one as austere as MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE—is not an inexpensive proposition. Our probably-chronic financial problems are the product of a limited potential readership and a dearth of advertising.

But we knew all this when we undertook MF. We are aiming at a very small minority group—intelligent, interested, open-minded Mississippians such as yourself—and we are counting on its support.

By support, we do not mean blind loyalty; we ask only that you judge MF on its merits, as you would any other publication. If we don't do anything for you, go back to reading the Sunday Times and muttering about the Clarion-Ledger.

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 2, May 1969

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Movie trial in Jackson: let's do it in the road

Jackson

All MF wanted to know was whether ABC-MidSouth Theaters plans to show "The Killing of Sister George" in Mississippi.

Kermit Carr, ABC-MidSouth president, was very hush-mouthed when MF quizzed him in New Orleans. "I will not answer in reference to Mississippi. . .There is certain information I won't divulge. . .Frankly, we haven't made up our minds yet," said Carr.

There's good reason for Carr's reluctance to talk about showing controversial films in Mississippi. Cops have seized two movies ("The Fox" and "Candy") at his company's Jackson theater and hauled away everyone but the popcorn vendor on obscenity charges.

The city made the charges stick in municipal court, where the judge fined the company, the theater manager and the projectionist $100 each for showing an obscene movie. The decisions were immediately appealed to county court.

In the "Fox" case, a jury found the manager and projectionist not guilty and reached no verdict on the company. The "Candy" appeal is in limbo until a panel of three federal judges rules on the constitutionality of the Mississippi statute under which the arrests were made. The law says generally that thou shalt not show obscene movies, without attempting a definition of obscenity. ABC-MidSouth's attorneys are attacking the law as too broad and vague to be valid.

"The Fox" has played elsewhere in Mississippi without apparent damage to public morality. It ran in Greenville, Cleveland and Oxford without incident, and Federal District Judge William C. Keady enjoined Oktibbeha County authorities from interfering with its showing at a Starkville drive-in. Judge Keady sat through a private screening of the film in Greenville and ruled that it did not violate Mississippi's obscenity law, but the constitutionality of the law was not challenged in that case.

The Hinds County Court hearing on the "Fox" appeal was a bizarre event in its own right.

The U. S. Supreme Court, in a series of rulings beginning in 1957, has established guidelines delineating obscenity as that which appeals solely to prurient interests, breaches contemporary standards relating to the description of sexual manners, and—not or, but and—is utterly lacking in redeeming social value. All three tests must be applied before ruling material obscene.

In the county court trial, however, the judge instructed the jury that the case didn't involve first amendment rights, so the obscenity tests evolved in Supreme Court decisions wouldn't apply. "This is not a case involving freedom of speech," said Judge Charles Barber. "It is a case involving the portrayal of conduct on the screen."

If the jury believed "The Fox" contained conduct which "would be obscene if performed in public or on the public streets," the defendants should be found guilty, according to the court's instructions.

City attorneys showed still photographs of acts in the movie which if performed on the streets of Jackson would certainly lead to arrests for blocking traffic if not for obscenity. The jury, broadminded in its view of what should be permitted on the streets, freed the theater manager and projectionist and failed to reach a verdict on the company.

Clark Horton, Jackson city commissioner who is now running for mayor, is an advocate of government censorship. He feels the city commission "has a duty to protect the public."

Mayor Allen Thompson maintains that censorship wasn't involved in the "Fox" affair. "This prosecution originated on the affidavit of a police officer that in his opinion 'The Fox' was obscene," the Mayor said. The state has laws against murder and other harmful conduct, and in the same way it can prohibit obscene conduct on a movie screen, he reasons.

While Thompson, Horton, and the Jackson police haven't been watching, the whole of moviedom has changed. Television has replaced the movies as the general family entertainment medium, and in doing so has freed movies of the burden of making every film one which would appeal to the entire family. Now there are feature-length cartoons for the kids, action flicks for the mass audiences, and the abstruse symbolism of Bergman for the seeker of intellectual involvement in cinema.

Films are now made to appeal to special audiences, and the movie industry points this out in its advertising. The GMRX rating system is designed to indicate in general the audience to which a movie might appeal, and it aims particularly at telling parents when movies deal with subjects unsuitable for children.

A Mississippi statute (patterned after a state law New York has found workable) bars persons under 17 from movies with certain scenes and relationships.

It appears that the safeguards are sufficient to keep any person from seeing a movie which contains portrayals of conduct he might find offensive.

But the city of Jackson wants to prohibit any action on a movie screen which would be obscene if performed on the streets of Jackson. Using the city's own standard, a jury ruled that everything in "The Fox" would be legal on Capitol Street. Let's do it in the road.

Ed Williams

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 3, June 1969

The Kat and Ben Show shuts down; Clarksdale braces for normalcy

Clarksdale

"You save your son-of-a-bitching prayers for yourself." — Clarksdale policeman to Connecticut minister, Freedom Summer 1964.

To laugh or to cry; that is the question.

An era is ending in Clarksdale. Ben Collins has just resigned in the face of a full-scale investigation of his affairs as police chief. W. S. (Kat) Kincade is in the last month of an eight-year hitch as mayor. Things will never be the same at City Hall.

Clarksdale earned wide notoriety during the restive summers of civil rights activity, when "knuckle down on the niggers" seemed to be city policy. One time a group of Negro youngsters waving American flags were jailed for demonstrating. But civic disputes involving Collins and Kincade were not confined to racial unrest.

Sometimes allies, sometimes at odds, they rode out squabbles and criticism through two terms. The latest Collins caper—as bizarre and labyrinthian as anything to emerge from their administration—climaxes it all.

Collins was fired on April 1 by Commissioners M. R. Johnson and George Farris for becoming involved in a jukebox business in Clarksdale with ex-convict Carl D. (Towhead) White. They accused the police chief of consorting with a "known criminal" and using his office to intimidate cafe-owners, dependent on police protection, into using his machines.

Kincade, who had fought to save Collins' job in 1962 when a different set of commissioners dismissed him on charges of insubordination and interceding on behalf of a woman arrested in Bolivar County, opposed his ouster this time too, stating that no one had proved that Collins was muscling clients.

Collins retained the services of two attorneys noted for their conservative leanings and appealed to the Civil Service Commission—headed by an engineer employed at Kincade's Five Star Manufacturing Co.

With an air of confidence, Collins left his office with a comment to his appointed successor: "You're chief now; you might not be next week."

Actually, it took eight weeks to resolve the case. There were many twists to come.

Drama was added early. The night after Collins was discharged, Towhead White was killed in a mysterious gunfight at a Corinth motel. There was no apparent relationship between White's death and the Clarksdale case, but it did not enhance Collins' chances—expecially after an FBI source termed White "one of the top hoods in the Southeast."

But Collins was not put off. His attorneys demanded a list of specific charges in order to prepare their defense in the Civil Service showdown. Collins' adversaries, in turn, hired additional attorneys to solidify the prosecution, and they responded with an 11-point statement of accusations against the ex-chief. In addition to the jukebox business, they charged him with jail beatings, drunkenness, misuse of his patrol car and telephone privileges and approving an improper local beer license for his Memphis cronies, Jackie Fargo and Eddie Bond.

Here, the plot thickened.

Fargo, a flaxen-haired wrestling hero, and Bond, a hillbilly singer, had opened a nightclub on Highway 61 in Clarksdale. But the building was owned by Commissioner Farris' family and leased by J. W. Butler, a jukebox dealer himself, who blew the whistle on Collins when he went into competition. Butler ordered the Memphians out. Shortly afterwards, the Tunica County sheriff instructed Butler to remove all his machines from that county.

Meanwhile, the various attorneys were jousting in preparation for the Civil Service hearing, and Collins' City Hall opposition—Johnson and Farris—were locked in a battle for mayor in the upcoming election.

The political ramifications were cited by Kincade as the cause behind the dump Collins movement. Farris, oddly enough, was once a close friend of Collins. Before he won a spot on the city board, Farris used to ride around in Collins' patrol car and they refereed football games together. But their friendship began to sour after Farris became commissioner. "I didn't like his tactics," Farris says simply.

A Catholic of Lebanese descent, Farris is the antithesis of the waspism which has prevailed in Clarksdale, and he has vowed to clean up the police department.

An appellant motion delayed the Collins hearing past its original April date and when it was reset to begin the week before the election, Johnson and Farris stalled it by threatening to fire Civil Service Commission chairman Frank Holmes. They charged him with bias because he was an employe for Kincade. After the election, which resulted in a easy victory for Farris, they dropped charges against Holmes but pressed the case against Collins.

Finally they produced a bill of particulars and served it on Collins. It itemized a number of alleged indiscretions, named dates, places and witnesses. Only then did Collins back down, and even so it was a compromise. The city board agreed to dismiss all charges against him when he offered a letter of resignation. The catch was that Collins was thus eligible for back-pay amounting to approximately $1,500. "It'll probably be worth it in the long run," rationalized one city official. "We'll save in wrecked cars."

Collins had been charged with wrecking a police car while attending a fish fry, and only a couple of months before his discharge he had again wrecked his chief's car in a neighboring county. In the latter incident, he claimed he had been chasing a "suspected bootlegger." The chase was supposed to have spanned about 15 miles and the car he was pursuing was described as a Chrysler, early '60s model. Wags suggested that the police department stock that brand of auto.

Collins is now working as a temporary policeman at the town of Lambert. But his affinity for hot water didn't end with his inglorious departure from Clarksdale. In late May he was accused of straying up to Marks and beating a Negro arrested for a traffic violation there.

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They arrived on the City Hall scene simultaneously. After Kincade's election as mayor in 1961, Collins was hired off the Mississippi Highway Patrol to become chief over a number of other men with seniority on the local staff. A beefy, red-faced officer whose sartorial tastes ran to scrambled eggs on his police cap and gold braid on his uniform, Collins also immediately distinguished himself by capturing two ban robbers and winning an "officer of the month" citation from a regional law enforcement organization.

But peculiarities were not uncommon at the Clarksdale Police Department over the Collins years. Manhandled by the city board, officers were never sure to whom to turn. In Kincade's first term, rival commissioners seized supervision of the department from him, touching off a string of clumsy power plays. Kincade regained control of the police in 1965, but the awkward situation remained.

Kincade did not seek re-election this year because he had moved out of town to a big new home on a hillside outside the city limits.

The construction of this house created a furor itself. In a prize-winning splash, The Clarksdale Press Register—never in the Kincade camp anyway—revealed that the mayor was using city jail labor to help at the home site. Confronted with a grand jury condemnation, Kincade maintained that it was his intention to reimburse the city $3 per day per prisoner. Collins backed up the mayor's story, and said a log was being kept of time worked by his prisoners. At last check, the money has never been paid to the city.

Kincade, a self-made man who climbed from a lineman's job to head his own industry—manufacturing automobile engine heaters—is as blunt as his size. And he is built like a concrete block. "I ain't giving you any kind of authorization" was his reply to a request to see the jail work log.

He has battled the press (he buys his own full-page ads to state his opinions rather than subject himself to interviews "and have somebody cut me up"), other politicians, the Chamber of Commerce (he unleashed meter maids to ticket all cars with delinquent meters and followed up by summoning transgressors to court from throughout the city's trade area, much to the chamber's consternation) and the railroad (a spur track runs in front of his plant, and on several occasions when a train lingered to block the intersection there, he dispatched patrolmen to arrest the entire train crew).

On another occasion the Mayor took it upon himself to write out a warning ticket to a motorist involved in a traffic accident with the Mayor's brother-in-law.

Once upon a time the subjects for his derision were inhabitants of "snob hill," a slope just outside the corporate limits and tax embrace of the city which is inhabited by patrons of the nearby country club. He ridiculed them for years. Now he has built the biggest house on that hill. And guess who has become a member of the country club? One veteran Kincade-watcher summed it up: "I suppose you could say Kat beat 'em, then joined 'em."

Curtis Wilkie

"Before you start to accumulate notes for your research paper, it will be well to ask yourself if you fully understand what constitutes PLAGIARISM, for the range of meaning of the word is wide. At one extreme is the gross offense of trying to pass off as one's own the exact words of another...."

--Harbrace Guide to the Library and the Research Paper, by Donald A. Sears.

See page 4

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

Rev. James Nathaniel was ousted as president of Leland Branch of the NAACP after disgruntled members confronted him on a number of issues.

Among them: Rev. Nathaniel distributed leaflets the Sunday before municipal elections urging voters to support one Negro and three white incumbent candidates for alderman posts.

Four Negroes were running. Rev. Nathaniel supported a one-legged Negro preacher whom a Delta Ministry worker called "the black the whites want if they can't avoid having a black." One of the blacks Rev. Nathaniel didn't support is a member of the Leland NAACP board of directors.

No blacks were elected. Rev. Nathaniel's reply to objections about his politicking: "You people just don't understand politics."

After a lop-sided vote in favor of ousting the president, Rev. Nathaniel announced his resignation and the meeting rapidly disintegrated into a cacophony of charges, counter-charges and recriminations of various sorts.

Rev. Nathaniel declared the meeting adjourned and walked out, telling everyone else to leave so he could lock the building. No exodus. As the hoop-la went on, Rev. Nathaniel resolved matters by switching off the lights. That caused the shouting to increase, most of it aimed at Rev. Nathaniel. After about 15 minutes, the noise subsided and the people left.

No one had offered himself as a candidate for president of the Leland Branch of NAACP when MF went to press.

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If you think the 1969 version of the Jackson Daily News is intransigently racist (and you certainly won't get any argument from us), try this March 8, 1944, JDN editorial for comparison. It's headed "Go Straight to Hell" and picks up momentum from there:

"An (sic) United Press dispatch from Washington says:

"The United States Office of Education today called on white educational institutions of the South to open their doors to negro scholars.

"And here's telling the responsible head of the U. S. department of education, whoever he may be, to go straight to hell.

"The South won't do it—not in this generation and never in the future while Anglo-Saxon blood continues to flow in our veins.

"Nobody but an ignorant, fat-headed ass would propose such an unthinkable and impossible action."

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Alleged seer **Jeane Dixon** (A Gift of Prophecy) was in Jackson recently and was interviewed by the Clarion-Ledger. Included in a wide-ranging assortment of not-very-risky political predictions were several flattering tributes to the political influence of **Sen. James Eastland**. Mrs. Dixon especially emphasized the role Big Jim would play in the selection of the new chief justice.

Two days later a man who identified himself as an associate of Mrs. Dixon appeared in Eastland's office. "He was probing around trying to find out if Eastland knew who the next chief justice would be," an informed source told MF. "But Eastland caught on pretty quick—and damn near threw him out of the office when he did."

Prophets, it would seem, are made rather than born.

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Rev. Dan J. Ferguson (MF No. 2) has had his day in court outside the purview of his own JP jurisdiction. He had to go to Federal Court to get his all-black ticket on the ballot for the general election at Friars Point after local officials maintained the Ferguson slate of candidates had not properly qualified.

Earlier in the dispute, Ferguson had called for a protest march. While 13 units of the Mississippi Highway Patrol equipped with battle gear stood by, Ferguson and seven sympathizers strolled down the town's main drag.

Voters were to choose June 3 at Friars Point—the only town in the state where Negro candidates are running against each other.

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Gov. John Bell Williams was in Greenville helping woo an industrialist considering the city as the site of a large new plant.

The industrialist told the governor and an assemblage of Chamber of Commerce types that when he decided where to put his plant, he damn well didn't want anyone there stealing his labor force or impinging upon his domain. "You might say I want to be the big nigger," he said. "Hey!" said John Bell, nudging the businessman next to him, "I like the way he talks."

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Yellow peril si! Black power no! Voters rejected a number of Negro candidates in municipal elections throughout the Delta last month, but in Jonestown and Sledge, Chinese brothers won mayoral contests.

John Wing in 1965 became America's first Chinese mayor, was reelected without opposition in Jonestown. His younger brother **Luck Wing** defeated a scion of Sledge's oldest family to win his race.

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Charles Evers, state field secretary of the NAACP and mayor-elect of Fayette, is expected to resign the former position this summer.

NAACP policy precludes salaried elected officials from drawing its checks as well. An announcement is likely to come out of the organization's national convention, to be held in Jackson over the Fourth of July weekend. Evers is scheduled to take office as mayor July 7.

Evers' endorsement as his successor will probably go to **Alex Waites**, who now runs the NAACP's food and welfare programs in the state. The field director's salary is $7,000.

Waites gained notoriety last year by charging that the public welfare program is a honky plot aimed at exterminating blacks.

Says Evers: 'It doesn't really matter whether or not I'm the field secretary, since I will continue to work for the same cause Medgar and I started out working on in 1947 with just one NAACP chapter in the state. I'll still keep an office in Jackson."

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MF had been wondering whom(or what) **Rep. Jamie Whitten** represents. He cleared that up during a speech to planters and big businessmen at the annual Delta Council Day in Cleveland last month.

After running through his ritualistic lambasting of the U.S. Supreme Court, Whitten settled on the one-man, one-vote ruling, which he said brought about more congressional representation for cities, where people are, at the expense of rural areas, where people aren't.

Whitten opted for Nature. "If the day ever comes when a Congressman doesn't represent land, and rivers, and trees, it'll be a sad day," said Whitten.

Porter's Complaint: A review

Oxford

As MF No. 3 went to press, no decision had been announced on a successor to Josh Morse as dean of the Ole Miss law school.

Morse, whose innovations brought the school to national prominence but rankled many establishment politicians, will become dean at Florida State on July 1.

This is the latest situation: The law school faculty has voted on names submitted by Chancellor Porter Fortune's nominating committee. Judged acceptable as potential deans were James White, a professor at the University of Indiana law school, and George (Casey) Stengel and Parham Williams of Ole Miss. Rejected were Clarksdale attorney Chester Curtis, president of the state bar association, and faculty members Joel Blass, Joel Bunkley and Luther McDougal. Fortune, who must arrive at a recommendation to give the board of trustees this month, is reportedly considering the three candidates approved by the faculty, plus Curtis and either Blass or Bunkley.

Any nomination put through over the wishes of the faculty could well endanger the school's already-shaky accreditation. Investigating teams from the American Bar Association and the American Association of Law Schools have recently visited the campus, expressing interest in both the legal-services controversy (MF No. 2) and the selection of a new dean.

Fortune has told friends that Gov. Williams has not contacted him about the appointment, but the chancellor knows the Williams–M. M. Roberts axis is dead-set against "another Morse."

Though a William Winter man in the last gubernatorial race, Curtis would probably come closest to pacifying the seg bloc. This is the second time in as many years that he has been mentioned for public office; he was the leading (i.e., Stennis and Eastland) candidate for federal district judge last year, but opposition by Doug Wynn (Curtis was pro-Goldwater in '64) and Aaron Henry proved too much. A gung-ho Ole Miss supporter, Curtis told MF he would seriously consider the deanship, but he added: "I have not been offered the job....It has been discussed with me, but that's all."

White, who made a favorable impression on the law faculty during a spring visit, ranked just ahead of Williams in the preference poll.

Williams, Morse's administrative assistant and a former Lexington practitioner and district attorney, at one time appeared to have the inside track as a candidate tolerable to both the faculty and the politicians. Fortune, however, has expressed continued interest in Blass and Bunkley--despite their rejection by the faculty--and Williams' prospects may have peaked short of the goal.

Tom Bowman

Contributors

Who's that Z-ing out under the Clarion-Ledger? Well, if it isn't our old friend The Pig, brought back to life and notoriety by Pat DeJean.

DeJean, 30, teaches art at a Greenville Junior high school. His livelihood does not, directly at least, depend on the whims of a state legislator.

Tom Bowman, a native of Corinth, is June graduate of the Ole Miss law school on which he reports. He is now employed by the Atlanta Legal Aid Society.

Our Man at Maxine's, Bob Boyd, is a regular MF contributor.

Boyd is blessed with an unshakable calmness—which can drive his editors up the wall around deadline— but even he admits to being a bit edgy about his probe of the Martin Fraley case. Before departing for an interview with Mrs. Jones, who is "somewhere in the Delta" playing hide-and-seek with Arkansas police and other interested parties, he makes sure his wife Rebecca has the FBI number at hand.

Fraley's non-trial: But there was $5,000 in that brown envelope

Parchman

For years, convict after convict had curiously departed the sieve-like confines of the Mississippi State Pentitentary. But at no time were the escapes, unexplained paroles, and probation bungles more notorious than while Martin Fraley sat as chairman of the State Probation and Parole Board.

Fraley, 68 and now more or less in retirement in Corinth, was an accomplished political opportunist whose connections with the underworld are as smoothly covered as his personal history before he came to Mississippi from Oklahoma some 20 years ago.

During the eight years Fraley was parole boss, Parchman was marked by more than a few scandals involving release of inmates who had no business being "on the ground."

In December of 1965, for example, Robert Edward Rawls, a paranoid schizophrenic who should have been in a mental institution rather than at Parchman, was given a 10-day Christmas leave. Rawls, named a "half-trusty" by prison officials while serving a life sentence for the rape and murder of a 13-year-old girl, said later he spent most of the leave prowling a lover's lane near then Gov. Johnson's home in Hattiesburg. Rawls said he was "in search of a girl to butcher."

Prior to Rawls' release, Arizona cowboy Dale Morris-- in Parchman on a manslaughter conviction in connection with the brutal death of a Gulf Coast storekeeper--was turned loose to pick up a thoroughbread quarter horse in Arkansas. The horse, the need for which officials were never able to clearly explain, arrived at Parchman in the custody of two prison guards sent on the trip to watch Morris. Morris had told them he would fly back to the pen a couple of days later, but he didn't bother.

Morris had also been named a trusty on the sprawling Sunflower County penitentiary, and it was after newsmen began probing Morris' curious departure that Gov. Barnett offered his now immortal lament: "If you can't trust a trusty, who can you trust?"

Two people you couldn't trust in those days were Barnett and Fraley. They were governor and parole board chairman, respectively, when murderer Kimble Berry was released from Parchman. Once in Massachusetts, Berry began telling how he had convinced prison officials that he knew of a half-million dollar burglary loot stashed in Arkansas which he was willing to share in return for his freedom.

Not only was Berry turned out, but a colonel on the Governor's staff provided him a Cadillac to use to pick up the imaginary loot. Berry's story, if only mildly embarrassing to Mississippi officials, was convincing enough to cause Massachusetts Gov. Endicott Peabody to refuse Barnett's extradition request. Berry lives in Massachusetts today.

Highway Patrol criminal investigators began nearly five years ago following Fraley, trying to catch him taking a bribe from a friend or relative of a Parchman inmate. It was not until April 11, 1968, that they struck pay dirt. On that day a patrolman inside the state Capitol with a concealed camera snapped pictures of Maxine Harris Jones entering and leaving Fraley's office.

At that meeting, Mrs. Jones says, she slipped Fraley $5,000 in cash in a brown envelope. The money, she told a Hinds County grand jury last December, represented $2,000 her husband, convicted burglar Louis Edward Jones, "owed"Fraley for a parole from Parchman. The parole had been revoked, however, when Jones was picked up in Clarksdale for driving while intoxicated and carrying a concealed weapon (a shotgun).

The other $3,000 was put in the envelope, Mrs. Jones said, to get her husband's parole reinstated. It never was, perhaps because Fraley was on his way out of office (Gov. John Bell Williams planned to replace him as soon as his term ended, in less than three months) and some of his henchmen at Parchman had already been ousted.

Mrs. Jones, for 20 years the madam of two police-blessed whorehouses in Hot Springs, Ark., was understandably disenchanted with Fraley. "We are racket people," she told me in a recent interview. "When we give you money and you turn us around, we either get our money back or we get part of your hide."

After the parole reinstatement fell through, Mrs. Jones says, her husband—reputed by state and federal lawmen to be an accomplished "trigger man" as well as a top-notch burglar—contemplated escaping from Parchman just to stalk Fraley down and kill him.

Mrs. Jones decided to get Fraley's hide in a different manner. After a meeting in the governor's office with John Bell Williams and Highway Patrol Chief Criminal Investigator Rex Armistead, Mrs. Jones decided to help the state prosecute Fraley in a court of law. She and Armistead laid plans to set Fraley up.

After a series of telephone calls, all of which she claims she tape-recorded, Mrs. Jones says she induced Fraley to meet her in a Jackson motel to further discuss reinstatement of her husband's parole. When the meeting took place in November of 1968, Fraley was no longer parole board chief but he still controlled, as he does now, some underlings inside the prison administration.

Mrs. Jones said she handed Fraley another $1,000—this time in marked bills—in another brown envelope after they talked in his room in the Downtowner Motor Inn. A few minutes after the two parted, Armistead and two patrolmen arrested Fraley, took the marked money from his coat pocket and booked him in Hinds County Court for taking money under false pretenses.

When the Circuit Court grand jury sat in Jackson the following month, Mrs. Jones and Armistead testified about Fraley's dealings. The pictures taken of her at his office on April 11, 1968, were also offered as evidence.

The grand jury returned an indictment charging Fraley with taking a bribe while occupying a public office.

Mrs. Jones was now in the hot seat, and she convinced authorities that she needed her trigger-handy spouse out of Parchman for her protection. A second parole for Jones was arranged and he and his wife lay low in Arkansas while she awaited Fraley's trial. Authorities in Arkansas were aware through underworld sources that a "contract" was out for Mrs. Jones' death.

They did not lie low enough. Jones began causing headaches for Arkansas law enforcement people—he was believed behind some small burglary jobs which coincided with his presence in Arkansas—and his parole was again revoked. He voluntarily returned to Parchman (at her urging, Mrs. Jones says) on Jan. 25 of this year. Fraley's trial was set for a few days later.

On Jan. 27, Mrs. Jones was beaten in Texarkana, Ark. She told me two thugs wielding shotguns warned that the beating was "just a little of what they would give me if I returned to Mississippi to testify against Martin Fraley."

Federal lawmen in Arkansas confirm that she was beaten.

Her head was bandaged when she was taken into custody on Jan. 29 in Warren, Ark., to appear before Garland County (Hot Springs) Circuit Judge Henry Britt on a bench warrant. It charged that she had failed to appear for sentencing on a previous conviction for operating a house of prostitution; Britt gave her 10 days for contempt of court.

After she had been incarcerated for 45 days, Britt also got around to sentencing her to six months on the original charge. In the meantime, Jackson District Attorney Jack Travis had the Fraley trial continued until May 22.

On May 20, Travis entered a "nol pros" (prosecute no further) motion in the Fraley case, thus relieving Fraley of the embarrassment and possible conviction which a jury trial could have generated. Armistead was furious.

Travis offered an aloof "no comment" when I asked why he didn't vigorously prosecute the Fraley case. He had privately spread the word that his star witness was a highly unreliable woman who was serving a jail term on a prostitution charge, and that her testimony could not be corroborated.

That was not entirely true. The day after Judge Britt handed down the six-month sentence, Mr. Jones arranged through Hot Springs officials—who during her twenty years in the whorehouse game had become obligated to her one way or another—her transfer to the Mississippi County penal farm near Blytheville, Ark. She "hung around" there for about two weeks "waiting for things to cool off," then walked away for good, with the blessings of the penal farm administrator.

She was in Mississippi ready to testify, and to meet with the DA to plan the prosecution, a good two weeks before Travis "nol prossed" the bribery charge. With public attention concerning Fraley focused on the bribery indictment, Travis had also quietly "nol prossed" the false pretense charge, in which the evidence would have been not only Mrs. Jones' word but also that of lawman Armistead who had arrested Fraley and taken the marked money from him.

Having failed to free her husband with a $5,000 bribe, and further failing to get Fraley his due in a court of law, Mrs. Jones decided to take her case to the press.

She may as well have spared the effort. Despite a page-one picture of her and three lengthly stories in the Greenville Delta Democrat-Times, neither of the wire-service bureaus in Jackson has acknowledged her existence.

Nor have the Memphis Commercial-Appeal and Jackson Clarion-Ledger, both of which have paid scanners living in Greenville who read and often reprint practically verbatim the news stories on more respectable topics which appear in the Democrat-Times, carried a word on Mrs. Jones.

Bob Boyd

Below are excerpts from Bob Boyd's tape-recorded interviews with Mrs. Maxine Jones:

Q. Do you recall generally your conversation with Fraley?

A. Yes, I asked him why he revoked my husband's sentence on such a minor thing, and he said he was called at two o'clock in the morning and told that my husband was drunk and everything . . . had been picked up. So he automatically revoked his sentence.

Q. You mean his parole was revoked?

A. I mean his parole. . . Then we talked on several matters, like I asked him if he would reinstate my husband the following board meeting, and he told me he would consider it. And then, as we got to talking, well, he said, "Well, Mrs. Jones, I would like to do everything to help you, but Mr. Jones has let you and I down on this matter." And he said he didn't seem to appreciate a good wife. So I said, "Well, they all make mistakes, and just give him another chance." And he said he would consider it, and he told me the following week, on Thursday it was the board met up at Parchman. And he told me to be there at that time at nine o'clock in the morning . . . . During our conversation, well, I got up and thanked him and I told him I knew he would reinstate my husband. So, I had a brown envelope and I laid the money, the envelope, down, which contained $5,000.

Q. When and to whom did you first report that you had given Mr. Fraley a bribe and he had not delivered on the parole?

A. Well, this was, I think, along about October that after all the elections in Arkansas I asked my good friend Jim Johnson to go to Jackson and talk with Governor Williams to see if I couldn't get my husband a "time cut to time served" . . . He called and made an appointment and went down to Jackson.

Q. Is this the same Jim Johnson who ran for Governor and is a former Supreme Court justice?

A. His wife is the one run for Governor, and he ran for the U.S. Senate . . .

Not everybody

likes MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE. The Jackson lawyer, for instance, who wrote: "...your rag was in my mail today...This issue has been read objectively, which resulted in an unquestionable identification of its character and purposes...Not only will you not have my subscription, but..." Well, enough of that. MF is not intended as yet another opiate of the masses. Grocery ads, comic strips, Chamber of Commerce handouts, horoscopes and Tom Ethridge's column may be had elsewhere. We're different and more than a little proud of it.

But the alternative press is subject to the same laws of economics that govern more establishmentarian endeavors. We need money to pay the printer and the postmaster. MF has no angels, no interest groups, no foundation grants... not that we've turned down any, of course.

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 3, June 1969

In this issue:

McCain's plagiarism
Fraley's capitalism
Clarksdale's bossism

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Academic arrogance at Southern

Hattiesburg

"You can imagine how I felt," an English professor said angrily. "The day after I had emphasized the seriousness of plagiarism to my freshman classes, it turns out the president of the school has copied a paper verbatim."

Dr. William D. McCain, president of the University of Southern Mississippi, is not your average freshman term-paper plagiarizer. At 62, he has a solid if somewhat pedestrian academic record: Ph.D. in history from Duke University, director (for 18 years) of the state archives, founder of the Journal of Mississippi History.

Dr. McCain has thus far refused to comment on the charges made against him; if he does decide to defend himself, it will have to be with an excuse more credible than ignorance.

What exactly has he done? According to Mrs. Frances Racine (nee Melton), now a history professor at Georgia Tech, Dr. McCain took verbatim, or virtually verbatim, a large portion of her 1966 masters thesis and tried to pass it off as his own.

The work in question, published in the November 1967 issue of the Journal of Mississippi History, is entitled "The Administrations of David Holmes, Governor of Mississippi Territory, 1809-1820." Dr. McCain, in his only attributive footnote, says he "relied heavily" on Mrs. Racine's Emory University thesis and one by William Boyd Horton at the University of Colorado in 1935. Mrs. Racine contends that this brief note is not nearly adequate.

In a letter to Dr. John E. Gonzales, editor of the Journal, she wrote: "Even a cursory comparison of my thesis with Mr. McCain's article reveals that he has done more than 'relied heavily' on it. He has, in fact, reproduced essential portions of it without my permission and without the permission of any authorized person at Emory University."

Mrs. Racine, a native of Greenville, went on to give a paragraph-by-paragraph comparison of her thesis with McCain's article. Exactly duplicated are such sentences as "Governor Holmes, a delegate from Adams County, was elected president of the convention." and "He was empowered to decide questions of order, to recognize speakers on the floor, and to appoint committees."

In all, according to Mrs. Racine, 60 of the 65 paragraphs in the McCain article are identical, or nearly so, to those in her thesis. The other five, she says, are from the Horton thesis.

Mrs. Racine's accusations were verified by the Emory history department in in an accompanying letter to Dr. Gonzales. In it, the dean of faculties, the dean of the graduate school and the chairman of the history department called on Dr. Gonzales to print in the Journal the letter by Mrs. Racine itemizing the duplicated material.

"We ask you to take this action," they wrote, "1) because the article against which Miss Melton complains violates all the accepted standards of citation and quotation recognized by scholars, and 2) because we consider it our duty to take all steps necessary to protect the rights of authorship of students completing graduate theses here...

"We hope to receive your assurance in the near future that Miss Melton's letter will be published, along with any statement you or President McCain may care to make, so that it will not be necessary to publicize this matter in some other fashion."

The request was made in May, 1968; the assurance asked has yet to be given by Dr. Gonzales, who was named to U. S. M.'s William D. McCain chair of history shortly after Mrs. Racine initiated correspondence on the plagiarism matter. (He is also the house historian, having spent the last two years researching the history of the school.)

After a full year of fruitless exchanges, Mrs. Racine turned to the AAUP for relief. The AAUP's ethics committee is studying the complaint and may make public a decision this summer. Censure is the strongest weapon at the committee's disposal.

When Mrs. Racine's complaint to the AAUP was made public, Dr. Gonzales sprang to the president's defense (and his own) in a statement to the Hattiesburg American. The Hederman-owned American decided not to print the wire-service story on the complaint, but the following day—spurred by WDAM-TV's reporting of the incident—ran Dr. Gonzales' lengthy statement with a one-sentence summation of Mrs. Racine's case.

Dr. Gonzales excused the duplication by defining the McCain piece as "summary article"—a scholarly classification apparently originating with Dr. Gonzales. He also cited Dr. McCain's mention of the Racine and Horton theses and other secondary works ("the following items...were useful," "the following books were consulted," "the following articles....have been used..). MF checked these secondary sources and found 22 in all. Where Dr. McCain utilized any of them, if indeed he did consult them, was not evident, since there is not a single sentence in the article which cannot be directly attributed to either the Racine or Horton thesis.

Dr. Gonzales refuses to expand on his original statement.

Despite the seriousness of the charges against him—and his failure to offer rebuttal—Dr. McCain seems likely to ride out the storm. A resolution asking Dr. McCain to show cause why he should not resign was defeated in the student senate, the majority of the faculty has been coerced into silence—a subject which will be discussed in detail in the next issue of MF—and the concept of plagiarism is probably a bit too academic to arouse the interest of the board of trustees.

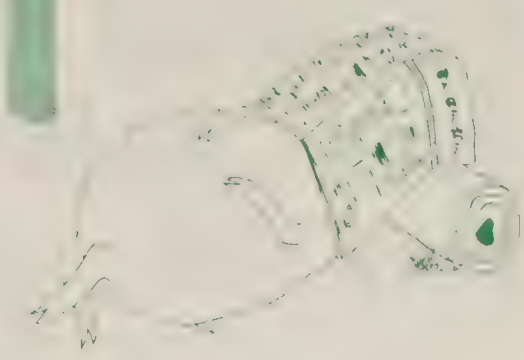
"It's a blatant a case as I've ever seen, and everybody knows it," a history professor commented recently. "He just thought that since he founded the Journal, he could damn well write what he pleased and get away with it.

"You know he's got to be embarrassed about it, but he thinks it'll blow over and everything will be back to normal."

MF has learned, however, that it may not: Another Journal article under McCain's name is being closely scrutinized by several professors who don't hew to the Gonzales line. This article, 22 pages long, does not have a single attributive footnote.

Lew Powell

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE



Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 4, July 1969

Academic martial law at Southern: McCain zips dissenting lips

Hattiesburg

The concept of the university as a bastion of free expression has never gained much acceptance in this state, but nowhere is it honored less than at the University of Southern Mississippi.

For USM professors and students with opinions not identical to those of 62-year-old President William D. McCain, the past year has been a nightmare of threats, and in many cases, actual reprisals.

The latest controversy centers on the administration's heavy-handed installation of the rotation system of chairmanships, but even before that McCain's increasingly autocratic philosophy had been made clear. The cases of Dr. John Phillip Posey and Dr. Ashley G. Morgan are exemplary.

Dr. Posey, a shyly taciturn young history professor, made the mistake of serving as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention last summer. Prior to his departure, he had been given a contract raising his salary $1,400, a figure in line with other members of his department; on his return, he found his raise had been cut to $400.

The ax was wielded by Dr. Claude E. Fike, dean of the college of arts and sciences, with the approval of Dr. McCain--himself an unsuccessful candidate for a seat on the state's Regular delegation. "With little prospect of advancement at this university, and the financial sacrifice entailed by staying under such circumstances, I was forced to resign," wrote Posey in a statement made available to MF.

Another faculty member who got the message—again, without having to go through the messy ritual of overt firing—was Dr. Morgan, formerly chairman of the department of science education.

Dr. Morgan, in his position as regional director of the National Science Teachers Association, wrote late Attorney General Joe Patterson for an opinion on Mississippi's anti-evolution laws. The NSTA had participated as amicus curae (friend of the court) in the Arkansas "monkey law" case, in which it was declared unconstitutional by the U. S. Supreme Court. Dr. Morgan wanted to know if a similar suit would be necessary in Mississippi, the last state with a monkey law on its books.

He did not hear from Patterson; instead he received a letter from Dean Fike, who told him bluntly: "You have ....no right to address him (Patterson) as a private individual on a matter of public policy with implications that affect public institutions. President McCain alone can speak for this institution on institutional matters. You should have gone through the President. This has caused embarrassment to him and to me.

"Will you kindly in the future refrain from letters that implicate the University or at least discuss them with someone before 'sounding off.' The particular issue you raised is somewhat redundant and irrelevant in light of the fact that there has been complete academic freedom to teach whatever a teacher feels must be taught in the name of academic truth.

"In the future, please let 'sleeping monkeys lie.' "

Dr. Morgan took the suggestion and wrote Dr. McCain, asking that he obtain the requested opinion. His letter drew no response.

(The inevitable suit was filed in April, by the mother of a Columbus teenager. U. S. District Judge Dan Russell had not handed down a ruling as MF No. 4 went to press.)

Both the above incidents, however, occurred prior to the deluge brought on by the rotation system. In essence, the plan provided for arts and sciences department chairmen to serve three-year terms, with two possible renewals (for a maximum of nine years) at the discretion of the administration.

At first glance, the new system appeared to offer an opportunity for new blood in the chairmanships. The faculty was led to believe no appointments would be made over the objections of the members of the department, and that Dean Fike (who has been in his present position eight years) would be among the first to be rotated.

Both beliefs were soon dispelled; the rotation system, while giving the administration no new powers, was designed primarily to give a veneer of legitimacy to its arbitrary exiling of the out-of-favor.

Wrote Dr. William Scarborough, professor of history, in a letter to the editor of the Hattiesburg American: "It is a curious fact that of the four chairmen selected for rotation in 1969 two would have to be replaced anyhow—one because of retirement and one because he is leaving the institution—and only the chairmen of the departments of Physics and History (with both of whom the Dean has been at sharp odds) are actually affected by the new system. Perhaps this is why some may have suggested that the new scheme is being utilized as a 'capricious means of discharging chairmen.'

"Equally curious is the fact that the Dean himself will not rotate until 1972, at which time he will have served in his present capacity for eleven years—two more than the maximum allowed under the new system."

Dr. H. C. Dudley, the crusty 30-year Navy man ousted as physics department chairman, did not bear his fate stoicly. He raised hell about it, even taking his demands for a hearing on the charges against him (absenteeism, incompetency in his field) to the board of trustees. Board president M. M. Roberts, intent on not involving himself in "an internal affair," referred Dr. Dudley back to Dr. McCain. Counseled Roberts: "In life's way it has been necessary for me many times to restrain myself when the larger community of concern will be damaged by my own selfish interest . . .When one is personally involved, it is difficult to be totally objective."

Dr. Dudley has resigned, but not before discussing his grievances on WDAM-TV. "Southern is in danger of again becoming 'Hardy Street High School,' " he concluded.

Keith Glatzer of WDAM, the only respectable news medium in Hattiesburg, told MF the administration was stung by the station's coverage of the controversy and set "two lackeys" to demand equal time. "I told them we'd be glad to give McCain and Fike equal time," he said, "but not their mouthpieces." The two principals never responded.

The Hattiesburg American has given the faculty-administration story the same type coverage it afforded the plagiarism charges (MF No. 3) against Dr. McCain; that is, minimal. The American, part of the Hederman chain, treats the university as the city's biggest industry and prefers coverage of campus unrest at Cornell to that in its own backyard.

USM's Student Printz is similarly circumspect in its reporting of campus turmoil. The editor gave this concept of its role in a recent issue: "When The Student Printz makes itself the spokesman for either the administration or the students body, it loses its credibility. The paper must listen attentively to both groups and reflect each to the other." This idea of The Newspaper as Two Mirrors apparently agrees with the administration, as the Printz editor is selected by a publications board on the basis of "the journalistic philosophy" espoused by applicants. The board is headed by the ubiquitous Dean Fike.

Dr. Dudley was joined in academe's slag heap by Dr. J. Treadwell Davis, erstwhile chairman of the history department. Dr. Davis was replaced by a junior member of the department, a crony of Dean Fike, over the strong opposition of the majority of the history faculty.

(Dr. William S. Coker, a history professor who had kept silent during the chairmanship hassle, recently added his name to the departed in a letter to Dr. McCain. His resignation, Dr. Coker's letter said, was precipitated by the administration's "destroying the history department.")

The arts and sciences faculty, by this time aware of the real purpose of the rotation system, passed several amendments to the original scheme to give the members of a department a voice in determining their chairman. Though Drs. McCain and Fike had repeatedly cited the first vote as authorization for beginning rotation, the amendments (all of which passed overwhelmingly) have been completely ignored.

A petition for a faculty senate was circulated; it was scuttled, however, when Dean Fike warned its signers of the consequences of their actions. More than coincidentally, the long-dormant campus AAUP chapter has been revived, though too late to have any effect on the current struggle.

The USM Young Democrats, as innocuous a student political group as can be imagined in this day of occupied buildings and non-negotiable demands, entered the dispute with a list of requested administrative reforms. Opined Dean Fike: "It's spring and some of the students are seeking an issue to make a rumble on campus." Dr. McCain appointed an ad hoc committee of the University Council to look into the need for such reforms. It has met several times but has not yet reported; considering its membership—five department chairman, the dean of the school

Continued on page 4

Gen. Blount, please note

If for some reason you have not received all four issues of MF, drop us a note and we'll rectify the situation by return mail. Copies are now sent third class (pending a decision on our application for a second-class permit) and have a way of getting lost in transit. We regret any inconvenience this causes our subscribers.

A $250,000 libel suit against the Hedermans? Sorry, that's not news

Jackson

"You may not have heard about it," began the story in the Northside Sun, and Editor Sam Warren was right. The Sun, an ad-filled Jackson weekly which claims a circulation of 5,000, isn't accustomed to scooping the wire services and Jackson dailies, but it had no competition this time. The rest of the news media copped out.

The story: last month's trial of a $250,000 libel suit brought by Dr. David Perkins, a Jackson chiropractor and perennial political candidate, against Mississippi Publishing Co., daddy of the Clarion Ledger and Jackson Daily News, the state's two largest dailies.

The trial ended in a hung jury and will come up again on the Hinds County circuit court docket this month.

The suit resulted from a picture printed July 12, 1968, in both the Clarion Ledger and Daily News. The day before, federal agents had arrested Joe Daniel Hawkins (reputed to be in league with KKK bomber Thomas Tarrants) in connection with a Memphis bank robbery In Hawkins' car the agents found some interesting items, which they displayed for a Clarion Ledger photographer: a small arsenal, a hangman's noose, some Klan paraphernalia and an election poster showing Perkins shaking hands with ex-heavyweight champ Rocky Marciano. Perkins had circulated the poster five months earlier when he was waging an unsuccessful campaign for the congressional seat vacated by Gov. John Bell Williams.

Jackson newsmen ignored the suit. Why?

Whatever Dr. David Perkins is, he isn't a nonentity. "Let's see," said Perkins to an MF reporter, pausing to jog his memory, "I ran for state senator in 1951 and again in 1955. . . .ran for lieutenant governor in 1959 . . . land commissioner in 1967 . . . congress in 1952 against John Bell Williams. . .ran against (Rep. Charles) Griffin in the special election in 1968 and again in the regular election in 1969." He neglected to add that all the campaigns resulted in defeat.

The suit was ignored by the New Orleans Times-Picayune and the Memphis Commercial Appeal, two newspapers with Jackson correspondents who don't check with the Hedermans to see if news is fit to print. A United Press International newsman said that his wire service simply missed the story.

An Associated Press newsman said AP didn't consider the story sufficiently newsworthy to put on the wire. "It was just a damage suit, and we don't usually cover damage suits—they're a dime a dozen," he said. AP is the wire service used by the Clarion Ledger and Daily News (the Hederman papers dropped UPI a few years ago after a rate dispute) and AP is the Hederman house wire service—literally.

The AP office is in a small room on the second floor of the Hederman building in the Hederman block of downtown Jackson. A few feet east of the AP bureau is the Clarion Ledger office, a few feet west is the Daily News. A few feet south is a restroom, similar in size to the AP office.

One Jackson newsman, who threatened violence if MF used his name, said there are two real reasons the Perkins suit received no news coverage. One is that Jackson newsmen consider Perkins a bit of a kook and don't take him seriously. The other: Newspapers are generally reluctant to chronicle the problems of other newspapers. (Keep those reasons in mind the next time someone tells you newspapers don't make the news, they merely report it.)

Only UPI can offer ignorance as an excuse. The Times-Picayune and Commercial Appeal knew about the suit and chose not to report it. An AP staffer testified in the trial, along with the editors of the Clarion Ledger and Daily News.

Considering other items which slip into the Hederman papers, it's surprising that no word of the lawsuit sneaked in by mistake.

For instance, a few months ago the Sunday Clarion Ledger-Daily News flooded the state with obscenities by publishing a photo of a monument with some choice four-letter words scratched on its face—instantly readable, it seems, to all but the editors. Shortly after Eisenhower's death this year, the Clarion Ledger ran an obviously canned editorial praising the late President for a long list of accomplishments, including passage of the first civil rights act since Reconstruction, which the Ledger didn't consider praiseworthy before and hasn't since.

The Daily News has its lapses, too. This spring its sports section featured a finish-line photo of a sprint, and jutting from beneath the track shorts of one of the sprinters was what to all appearances was a penis. There was talk of a lawsuit about that, but nothing has happened yet.

The merit of Perkins' suit isn't the question—the news blackout of it is. Hederman lawyers contended that the public had the right to see what was in Hawkins' car, and the Perkins poster happened to be there. Both Jackson television stations showed film with scenes similar to the one portrayed in the newspaper picture, and they weren't named as defendants by the lawsuit.

Perkins says Daily News Editor Jimmy Ward has a grudge against him, and he cites a 1967 Ward column saying Perkins had about as much chance in whatever race he was in at the time as Harold Stassen had of becoming president.

Perkins doesn't consider that a favorable statement.

"Funny to me that that picture was big news back then, but it's not news at all now," muses Perkins, who is a bit put out that only the Northside Sun seems aware of his lawsuit. "Seems to me that if it was news then, it ought to be news now."

Ed Williams

AWOL madam makes plans for relocating

The Delta

The Arkansas madam who claims she slipped Martin Fraley a $5,000 bribe while he was chairman of Mississippi's Parole and Probations Board (MF No. 3) was still hiding out here as this issue went to press.

Maxine Jones says she has no intention of going back to Arkansas to serve out a six-month jail sentence for running a posh house of prostitution in Hot Springs.

Shortly after her story appeared in MF, the Little Rock bureau of United Press International reported that the Garland County circuit judge who convicted her on the whorehouse charge was considering issuing a bench warrant for her arrest.

Her reaction: "They're crazy as hell if they think I'm going back to Arkansas. I figured they would put one (a warrant) out for me. They're mad about all that publicity that's been stirred up over there."

Maxine, the prosecution's key witness in the bribery case, had walked off the county penal farm where she was serving the whorehouse sentence so she could testify against Fraley in Hinds County, Miss., circuit court. She did not know that Jackson District Attorney Jack Travis had decided not to prosecute Fraley.

Mrs. Jones is listed as "away without leave" by the administrator of the Mississippi County, Ark., penal farm. Informed of Arkansas officials' dismay over her absence, Maxine surmised that "the only way they'd get me back is to extradite me, and I don't think that will happen."

She is probably right. Arkansas authorities don't know where she is. Even if they find out, they are without power to arrest her in Mississippi.

Extradition would require Gov. John Bell Williams' approval and the assistance of Mississippi law enforcement officials. Williams' political lieutenants within state law enforcement are mad at Travis for not prosecuting Fraley, and they want to keep Maxine handy to pump her for additional information on corruption at Parchman. It is a subject on which Maxine claims to have accumulated a wealth of knowledge in the four years her husband has been in and out of the pen.

How's she spending her AWOL leisure in Mississippi? When she is not entertaining guests (she had such a stream of visitors one afternoon that I had to drive around her neighborhood for two hours before she was alone and I could drop in for an interview) or visiting her husband (she broke in Parchman June 17 and spent the day with him), she is busy making plans for relocation of her lucrative flesh emporium.

Maxine, MF has learned, has contacted at least two Delta sheriffs on the possibility of setting up shop in their counties. One gave her a flat no; the other, however, is "thinking it over."

Bob Boyd

the possum

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

"The old guard got what it wanted," one Ole Miss law professor told MR. "An antidote to **Josh Morse**."

That antidote is **J. William Bunkley**, who this month replaces the controversial Morse as dean of the Ole Miss law school. Morse has resigned to become dean at Florida State.

Bunkley, a '46 graduate of the law school and a teacher there ever since, was nominated by Chancellor **Porter Fortune** and unanimously approved by the board of trustees.

Fortune's nomination of Bunkley, an undistinguished don't-rock-the-boat type, was an ill-concealed slap at the wishes of the law faculty, which had earlier ranked Bunkley fifth among five UM candidates in an advisory poll taken by Fortune. Bunkley drew five "acceptables" (including his own), 11 "unacceptables" and three abstentions.

In addition to pacifying the legislature and the board, both of which had fought Morse's attempts to pull the school out of its traditional provincialism, Bunkley's nomination elated the athletic department. Rebel coaches, concerned that the law school's reputation as an enclave of liberalism was costing them recruits, had campaigned for their man at alumni gatherings across the state.

There is, however, a slim chance the case is not over; the AAUP and at least two academic accrediting agencies had expressed interest in the deanship appointment, and Fortune's blatant disregard of the faculty's recommendations should further whet that interest.

❋ ❋ ❋

The Adventures of **Dan J. Ferguson**, Chapter 3.

When last we left Rev. Ferguson, he was running for mayor of Friars Point. He lost—and by the rather ignominious margin of 240 to 45 in the predominantly Negro town. The rest of his all-black ticket failed by about the same proportion.

Ferguson took his defeat in good spirits for a couple of days.

On Thursday after election day, however, he issued a dictum warning of an impending crackdown on prostitution, gambling, drinking and other sins of the flesh in Friars Point.

He is a justice of the peace.

❋ ❋ ❋

Black pride is fine, but Meridian's **Charles Young** can be excused if he harbors a few economic reservations. The bright young Negro leader recently had to decline an invitation to a Democratic Party conclave in Washington "to devote more time to business."

Ironically, it's the burgeoning popularity of the Afro look that is hurting his company's sales. "It's blowing us out of the water," Young laments.

He is in—yes—the hair pomade business.

Preacher, Bircher, black capitalist: Rev. Ward raps

Memphis

It is 94 degrees on a sticky Saturday afternoon. Inside a modest frame house—just a five-minute drive from the spot where Martin Luther King was gunned down—Rev. J. L. Ward sits and sweats and guardedly discusses his ministry against integration.

A baseball game drones on the TV in the next room. Ward obviously would rather watch it than be interviewed by the MF reporter, whom he has sized up as, at best, a leftwing beatnik. Ward is convinced that America is menaced by a vast communist conspiracy in which Negro activists are dupes. Liberals are part of the plot, too.

The founder of the Prince-Of-Peace Goodwill Movement, Ward belongs to that curious tribe of Negro ministers who profit from preaching the gospel of anti-communism and the pitfalls of racemixing. Subsidized largely by white reactionaries, they roam the country bad-mouthing civil rights leaders.

Ward, squatty and sixtyish, says he got the calling during a train ride several years ago.

"There was this white man—I don't know if he was Gus Hall or not—who said he was on his way to Mississippi and Tennessee and Arkansas to get somebody to create a disturbance in the schools," he recalls, adding that the mystery man offered him $45,000 to work for the advancement of communism. "He wouldn't tell me his name, but he said there was no two men he admired more than Martin Luther King and Khrushchev."

> **"And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there was stings in their tails: and their power was to hurt men five months. And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit. . . ."**
> **—Revelations 9: 10, 11**

Ward chuckles, fits a cigarette into a holder and lights up. He recognized King as a comsymp early.

In a pamphlet he disseminated throughout Mississippi a few years ago, Ward put King in "The Racketeer" category. "In the numbers racket people can get together better than anybody. If you don't believe it let Martin Luther King or some of the agitating beatniks come into a city or a community. You will see them getting together and doing all they can to create a disturbance. They teach hate instead of Peace and Goodwill," he wrote.

Neither time nor the assassination have noticeably allayed Ward's feelings. "I'm sorry the boy got killed," he says, "But you ask me if he was a communist, I can't say. He went to India and studied Gandhi, and he went to Russia . . . ."

Actually, King was second-fiddle to W. E. B. Dubois in Ward's "communist front" docket. Dubois led the ticket with 72, followed by King with 60. A. Phillip Randolph was linked with "30 proved communist fronts" while Roy Wilkins came in a distant fourth with a relatively innocuous nine.

Ward flips through his dog-eared Bible to find passages emphasizing his contention that America must beware of such outfits as CORE and such men as King.

> **"Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core."**
> **—Jude 11**

The smoke wafts toward the ceiling in the airless house. One of Ward's eyes is cocked disconcertingly. You're not sure where he's looking. He's not sure about his visitor. He says he has meetings of the faithful, but won't reveal the location. "You might send somebody to blow me up," he says. Is he serious? He is about the Scriptures.

"You don't read the Bible, do you?" he observes knowingly. "If you did, you'd know all this commotion going on is the fulfillment of the Bible. Studying the Bible as I have, it's obvious that we're infiltrated by communists. There's no religious law to link two people together."

It is hot as hell in his house, and Ward, wiping his brow, is finally warming to his subject. He attacks Godless decrees from Washington and demonstrators. "There are many intelligent Negroes clamoring for certain things that they as a whole are not ready for," he has written. But he is also critical of the whites who have joined in the civil rights movement.

"People are falling away from the church," Ward muses. "Why there was a bunch of these imported white girls down at Hattiesburg that came down to a school and pulled off their underpants in front of everybody and threw them on colored boys' heads." He does not elaborate on the incident, and when asked for details on this remarkable event, he grows vague.

> **"Even as Sodom and Gomorrha, and the cities about them in a like manner, giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire."**
> **—Jude 7**

Although he came from Lambert, he doesn't get around much in Mississippi these days. He is not specific about his affiliations with other black, right-wing operatives in the South.

Of Rev. Goodwill Fairley, a charlatan who claimed to be the "author of the world's greatest citation to Sir Winston Churchill," Ward simply says, "He may have picked up some of my books."

(Fairley probably picked up some of Ward's customers during his heyday in the Delta in 1964 when he drove a lavender Cadillac convertible with 17 plastic Jesuses on the dashboard and, underwritten by neo-Nazi-types, opened up "Goodwill" houses to try to keep restless Negroes at bay. Fairley last appeared in an epistle for "racial understanding," his smiling picture next to that of George Wallace.)

Where does Ward's support come from? He acknowledges that his black following is small. His church takes an offering for him at services, but it is not enough to keep his family fed, he maintains. Yet he looks well-heeled. His tie is adorned with a stick pin and a jeweled clasp. His dignified blue pants are drawn within six inches of his armpits by suspenders. He wears gold, wraparound cufflinks.

"Some individuals interested in peace and goodwill give me five or ten or twenty dollars," he says.

These are whites he is talking about now, sympathizers of the John Birch Society which Ward has called "one of the greatest societies in the world." Sometimes, he continues, "when it's absolutely necessary, I ask people for checks to pay for the printing. I write and distribute a lot of books that preach the truth from the Bible."

His printed appeal for funds is pumped in a 46-line poem which is climaxed:

"We cannot keep this program going without your cooperation.

"Please send us a liberal donation."

Curtis Wilkie

The Star's Cold War vs. reality

Meridian

A lot of ink has flowed over the galley proofs since the Reconstruction-era news media in Mississippi applauded the wide-spread lynchings of Negroes in the 1870s—but in most cases the change has come simply in the refinement of racism.

One of the last hard-core racist daily papers in the state is the Meridian Star, which still maintains sections slugged "Colored News," "Colored Deaths" and on Sunday, "In Colored Circles." Its hostility, in editorial and news columns, toward the black man and toward socio-political change is near legend among thinking Mississippians in the longleaf pine hills of the state's eastern section.

One of the first jobs handed me was that of "The Inquiring Reporter," in which I prowled the streets, asking local citizens their opinion of the week's question. My first trip out, I brought back quotes and pictures of six people—four white, two black (one a uniformed Vietnam veteran). The black interviewees were rejected out of hand, and it was back on the summer-broiled pavement for two acceptable—two white—faces.

A tradition with the front page at the Star is at least one "bad nigger story" as one disgruntled, now-departed staffer called it. No matter how far down UPI or AP buries the race of a suspect in a criminal story, the Star's PI editor will herald it for the headline. (e.g., Negro Rapes. . . .Negroes Storm Streets. . . .Negro Suspect Nabbed . . . .Negro Gangs Beat. . . .Negroes Shoot Cops . . . .).

But any race other than white comes in for a hard time. I was almost slugged in the mouth with a handful of set cutline type, in full view of the composing room crew, when I tried to change this inexcusable headline: "Five Americans, One Jap Get Nobel Prizes." The wire editor raged and blustered, and somehow the corrected head missed the second edition.

Before Eisenhower's death, Hubert Humphrey was to speak in Meridian to raise money for Loyalist Democrat candidates. The Star's political columnist and state legislator John Perkins wrote with venom that Humphrey, "the great white hunter," was coming to Mississippi to cause campus and social disruption, that with his "spear bearers," he was on a safari of trouble for all honest white Mississippians. The "spearbearer" reference enraged Meridian blacks, but their rage is a continuing thing with the Meridian Star.

News of local civil rights and antipoverty work is suppressed with vigor. The national secretary of the NAACP came from Connecticut to Meridian to lay a wreath on the grave of James Chaney, a Negro civil rights volunteer who was killed in 1964 by Kluxers in Neshoba County—but the Star refused to touch it. A boycott was proposed by the Meridian Action Committee protesting the killing of a 16-year-old boy by police here, but that too was suppressed by a news blackout. An editorial by executive editor Jerry Kerns appeared, however, which compared a community to the human body—what hurt part of it hurt all of it. Failure to participate in local shopping would hurt all the community, "particularly the household help," the editorial continued. Much of the community was mystified at the Star's editorial, since it had no meaning whatsoever in the absence of a news story on the boycott.

There's money in racist writing in Meridian, as evidenced by the baby blue Lincoln Continental, Jaguar 3.2 and Excalibur SS (a screaming yellow reproduction of the 1928 Mercedes-Benz SSK) owned by the publisher's family. A former managing editor told me the Star netted $400,000 in tax year 1967, which isn't too awfully bad for a medium-sized Mississippi daily.

The turnover in staff at the Star is almost as legendary as its right-wing and segregationist bias. One employe, at the Star since 1964, said "at least 35 people have gone through that newsroom since I've been here." The newsgathering staff has never numbered more than four. The man who hired me, James Anderson, quit four months after joining, in protest over news censorship and misrepresentation. Tom Gregory, whom I've heard called "the best damn newsman in the state," walked out after the top-level management suppressed coverage of a memorial march last April for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Clint Claybrook, veteran city editor and columnist, kissed off the Star for a job in another state, and also cited the Star's supression of valid news as a reason for leaving.

It is a very simple journalism, with a very simple world view. We good, they bad. White right, black beastly. Some excellent copy moved over the LA Times-Washington Post wire the Star used to maintain, but it brought out the complex view of national and world change, which was the antithesis of what the Star was trying to say, so the Times-Post wire was cut and trucked out.

Will the Meridian Star ever see the error of its ways? Perhaps so, when time ousts the current regime of old heads. Until that day, however, the prospects for improvement are unrelievedly bleak.

Boyd Lewis

Show us you love us.

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE is now four months old. We have already outlived Careers Today and the World Journal Tribune, and we're closing in on Eye, Eros and Show Business Illustrated.

We print this bit of journalistic trivia to remind ourselves that, yes, we really are doing it; we really are putting out our own paper, independent of the vast and monolithic Mississippi press establishment. But also, we want to remind you, our incomparably grand readers, that publications are not immortal. If they don't generate the necessary circulation, they soon go the Saturday Evening Post route.

We are frankly pleased with our modest success so far, both as journalists and neo-capitalists. But we need to double our present circulation by the end of the year, our accountant tells us, and this will not be easy.

You can help: Show MF to your friends and encourage them to subscribe. Buy a couple of gift subscriptions. Send us the names and addresses of prospective subscribers. Be a patron.

We know you like us, or you wouldn't have read this far. Now show us you love us.

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 4, July 1969

In this issue:

Southern's muzzle, The Star's blinders and. . .Super Tom!

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE: Commentary on the Mississippi Scene. Published monthly at 231 S. Washington Ave., Greenville, Miss. 38701. Send remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to Box 836, Greenville, Miss. 38701. Single issue, 35 cents. One-year subscription, $4. Application for second-class mailing permit pending at Greenville, Miss. No. 4, July 1969.

Editors: Lew Powell, Ed Williams. Contributing editors: Bob Boyd, Curtis Wilkie. Circulation assistants: Rebecca Boyd, Amy Generelly, Llewellyn Greenwood, Penny Jenkins, Lucie Lee Maynard, Patricia Roberts, Sharon F. Zoeller. Contributors this issue: Joe Hemingway, Boyd Lewis.

Academic martial law

Continued from page 1

of home economics and the alumni secretary—a decision unfavorable to the administration hardly seems likely.

Two years ago Southern students rioted over cafeteria food, dress requirements and other such gut issues, though compared to the current wave of student insurrections it was little more than a glorified panty-raid. Dr. McCain has not yet gotten over it; fear of another uprising seems to pervade the administration's every move.

Dean of Men Rader Grantham attained notoriety several years ago by confiscating copies of The Student Printz which contained the story of the school's first black applicant. This spring, fearful of another disturbance being stirred by the faculty-administration friction, Grantham sent an open letter to the faculty of the college of arts and sciences. In it, he scolded them for "airing the University's 'dirty laundry' in meetings, in the newspapers and on TV . . ."

He continued: "I ask you to make an attempt to conduct your activities in a manner which befits your positions of esteem in this community more so than the manner pursued in recent days."

Predictably to all but Grantham, his letter incensed many of its recipients. Typical was the response of English professor Walter K. Everett, who concluded a biting rebuttal with this comment: "I respectfully submit that for a faculty member to receive a letter of chastisement from a Dean of Men is quite like receiving such a letter from the Custodian of Building and Grounds."

In the last spring-quarter issue of the Printz, Dr. McCain offered the student body an odd thank-you note for not rioting. "We will continue to secure a peaceful atmosphere which will be conducive to academic progress," he wrote. "The University community and all the supporting agencies of the state and local governments are dedicated to the continued maintenance of calmness and rationality on this campus."

MF spent three days on the USM campus, talking to faculty and students and trying without success to talk to the administration. (Dr. McCain was continually "out of the office" and refused to return our phone calls; Dean Fike suggested we talk to the public relations department.) We found no evidence to justify the administration's academic version of martial law. The Southern student body is for the most part sleepy and uninspired, with its mind on the somewhat fiftyish pursuits of football and beer-drinking.

Why, then, is the McCain regime so rigidly intolerant? "He's a military man at heart (a general in the army reserves)," one observer told MF, "and he thinks he should run his campus like a military camp." McCain's military bent is evident in his affection for ROTC. Would you go along with a student referendum on compulsory ROTC? he was asked at a student senate meeting. "I don't follow the SDS line," he snorted. "Next question?"

But right-wing opinion has been squelched as sternly as that which at USM passes for left-wing opinion. Last fall Dr. Scarborough, faculty adviser to the American Independent Youth chapter, spoke to its members in support of the George Wallace candidacy. For this he received a reprimand from Dean Fike, who contended Scarborough's talk had "left the impression that the administration is endorsing his (Wallace's) candidacy."

"The issue is not political," says Dr. Scarborough. "It's a question of how much control the administration should have over the activities of the faculty.

"They can get away with running the other ones off, by labeling them as left-wingers and communists. But I'm as conservative as anybody around, and I plan to stay."

A large part of Dr. McCain's aversion to free speech—typically, he allows the Clarion-Ledger to be sold on campus, but not the Kudzu—may stem from a desire to remain in the good graces of the board of trustees.

When the campus Newman Foundation, a Catholic yough group, submitted the name of Charles Evers for approval as a speaker, McCain reportedly told a Newman representative that he was not about to let Evers speak, especially since the president of Mississippi College had done so and was now out of a job. On another occasion Dr. McCain told a Newman delegation it had "no concept of responsibility," as evidenced by its efforts to have Wallace, Richard Nixon and Robert Kennedy approved. The first two he readily authorized, according to a statement signed by two club officers, but "concerning Kennedy he was hesitant. Kennedy, he felt, might cause Southern to gain the disfavor of the State Legislature and the Board of Trustees."

Both these incidents occurred before the courts threw out the board of trustees' speaker ban. Dr. McCain is undeterred, however; at a recent student senate meeting, he said USM would continue to use the original policy—the one known to be unconstitutional—until the courts rule on the revised ban.

Despite Southern's restive faculty and the plagiarism charges made against him, Dr. McCain seems invulnerable where it counts: With the board of trustees. His 14-year regime has seen the school grow to the state's largest (enrollment: 8,000), and his front-men are armed with myriad point-with-pride statistics.

Academic freedom, alas, is not so easily measurable.

Lew Powell

Contributors

Shortly after Boyd Lewis was fired by the Meridian Star (MF No. 2), we asked him to write a critique of his former employers.

He accepted the offer with alacrity, and with his copy he enclosed this thumbnail biography: "If you need a personal note about me, I am a Louisiana-Tennessee boy, 23 years old, married, jobless through the tender mercies of the Star's unalloyed segregationist policies and am currently trying to get my ass out of Mississippi."

Since then he has succeeded; he is now employed by the Atlanta Constitution.

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol, 1, No. 5 August, 1969

Incompetence, thank God, helps keep our mini-HUAC from its appointed rounds

Jackson

Thirteen years ago, when segregation was just beginning to feel the body blows of the civil-rights movement, the Mississippi State Sovereignty Commission was created to protect the state's Traditional Way of Life.

The legislature gave its mini-HUAC a $250,000 appropriation, an impressive array of statutory powers and a mandate to serve as the state's watchdog against subversive elements.

Today, in the summer of 1969, the commission still exists, but a review of its bluster- and blunder-filled history—and its present lack of political clout—indicate that the watchdog has been largely paper tiger.

The SovCom was intended by its perpetrators as a conduit to pour state funds into Citizens Council coffers. But an early legislative coup by supporters of Gov. J. P. Coleman—who was pro-Sovereignty Commission but anti-Citizens Council—gave the commission a 6-5 Coleman majority.

Ney Gore of Marks was named director and Hal DeCell public-relations man. DeCell, a Rolling Fork newspaper editor, recalls that the original commission was "never geared to do a damn thing." He notes that it spent only a third of its initial two-year appropriation. Gore left after a year, and the commission spent its time setting up "liason" with self-proclaimed Negro leaders and providing investigative jobs for defeated sheriffs and ex-highway patrolmen.

"It was sold to the people as a gung-ho outfit," Decell told MF, "but it was really more a comedy."

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the original commission was that it did not exercise its powers to indulge in McCarthy-style hearings. Under the original 1956 law, the commission had the right to "subpoena and examine witnesses" and "to require the appearance of any persons and the production of any books, records, papers or documents as evidence."

But when the state's voters put perennial candidate Ross Barnett in the governor's mansion in 1959, the SovCom was revived. To the delight of its founders, Barnett wasted little time in utilizing it to channel "public relations" funds to the Citizens Council.

It was one of Barnett's first employes for the commission—Erle Johnston Jr. of Forest—who three years later in a confidential report to Governor Paul B. Johnson told the full story of just how the watchdog of segregation kept its vigil. Told it, that is, to anyone with a friend in the right place with a Xerox machine. (A copy is now on file at the State Archives.)

Johnston, editor-publisher of the Scott County Times, succeeded DeCell when Barnett became governor. His boss was Albert Jones, a defeated candidate for sheriff in Hinds County. Johnston moved up to the director's job in 1963. After that, there was no publicity director; the two jobs were combined, a course Johnston steered because in his mind that was what the commission should be—a public-relations outfit. ("Erle went in more for propaganda than I did," DeCell says.)

Johnston was a Barnett man, but not a Citizens Council man—there was, at times, a difference. Under the administration of former Lt. Gov. Paul B. Johnson, he oversaw the largest biennial expenditure the Sovereignty Commission ever made—some $200,000 in 1964-66 out of $500,000 appropriated. He also led a successful fight to cut off the Citizens Council subsidy—gaining the Hedermans' enmity in the process.

As Johnson's term—and the commission's appropriation and popularity—were waning in the late months of 1967, Johnston delivered an 18-page report to the governor, outlining four years of commission activities.

It first became public on Nov. 24, 1967 in the Jackson Daily News. Without attributing a source for the report, staff writer Mike Smith noted, "Contained in the report are many colorful stories resulting from the commission's efforts toward averting racial violence."

Since then, the only Mississippi newspapers to touch the story of the Sovereignty Commission report have been the Mississippi State Reflector and the underground Kudzu, neither in any great detail.

Perhaps one reason the Mississippi press has been so shy of the Johnston report is that it carefully outlines at least 10 incidents where the Sovereignty Commission used the press to intimidate or harass what it considered to be "subversives"—people whose sole crime was a HUAC background.

The document says, "The Sovereignty Commission was never mentioned and we preferred to remain in the background. We felt that this policy was far more effective."

The report, described by one reader—a prominent liberal politician in the state—as "a big story of fascism in action, full of mistakes and bad intentions"—claims the commission was responsible for having Dr. D.A. Beittel dismissed as president of Tougaloo, for protecting the campaign train of Lady Bird Johnson against COFO summer volunteers, for stopping three boycotts and two Head Start agencies before they could get organized, for squelching a national wire-service story on the Poor People's Corporation, for getting the U.S. Forestry Service to free HEW-cutoff funds for non-compliant school districts and for preventing the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party from being seated at the 1964 national convention.

What the document downplays, however, are its failures—and they were numerous. In one example, the report tersely describes the fight against the 1964 Civil Rights Bill: "We helped finance a responsible Negro group in obtaining thousands of Negro signatures on a petition opposing the Civil Rights act of 1964. The petition was sent to Washington for consideration."

It omits the fact that the state legislature appropriated an extra $250,000 for the Sovereignty Commission in 1964 to be used by a Washington lobby to combat the bill. Using the name "Coordinating Committee for Fundamental American Freedoms," the lobby bought full-page newspaper ads calling the bill a "Billion Dollar Blackjack" which would destroy the rights of Americans.

President Johnson signed the bill into law exactly a month after the last $200,000 was appropriated by the legislature.

Even more egregious was the commission's performance in the summer's slaying of three civil-rights workers in Neshoba County. While the search for the missing youths was still underway—they were eventually found buried in an earthen dam—the commission and Senator James O. Eastland plotted to take the heat off the state by staging a grand expose of the movement's "Communist" ties.

In a Senate speech, Eastland told the nation that Mississippians

Continued on page 4

Bye-bye, bolsheviks

Although much of the 1967 report on the State Sovereignty Commission records pretentious bumbling, some of the accomplishments which commission director Erle Johnston of Forest claims are less than humorous.

One example: "Early in 1965, it was publicly announced that the newly organized Radio Tougaloo Association had applied to FCC for a radio station at Tougaloo. In researching the background of one of the officers listed, we learned he also had been employed by the Pacifica Foundation, investigated for subversive activities by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. We...furnished the press a story. As a result of the publicity, Radio Tougaloo Association was unable to raise the funds necessary to establish the station."

Two examples: "We established that a very prominent female civil rights worker in the delta had a long record of activity with an organization that had been cited as subversive. We gave the press information about her background. Stories were printed locally and in delta newspapers and her influence was so reduced that she left."

Three examples: "When a man from a northern state came into Mississippi and set up an organization financed by donations from his home state, we sent a complete report of his activities in agitation and troublemaking to his home town newspaper. The story was published and resulted in so reducing his contributions that this organization could not exist."

Four: "We furnished the local press photos and background information on a young white woman who had been active in agitation in Berkeley, California, Alabama, and Mississippi. The photos and stories about her were given wide publicity and eventually she left the state."

It should be noted here that none of these people were accused of any illegal activity; each was run out of the state because of his real or imagined political history.

Dying in the Delta: The silent scandal of black health care

Washington

Q: All of these children, were they born here at home or in a hospital?

A: Well, I got three was born in the hospital. The rest of 'em was born here in this house.

Q: The ones born here in the house, were they brought in by a doctor or a midwife?

A: Well, I used to have trouble, and I needed a doctor's help.

Q: Have you ever had any miscarriages?

A: I sure is. I've had twenty-six and I've only saved ten.

—Interview with black woman in Louise, Miss., excerpted from The Will to Survive by Anthony Dunbar

If you're a black woman and live in the Delta, your chances of dying during childbirth are three times greater than those of the average Mississippi woman and eight times greater than those of the average American woman.

The chances of your child dying are similarly disproportionate.

These are perhaps the most striking statistics in a report prepared for HEW's Bureau of Health Services by a nine-member blue-ribbon committee. Though the report was submitted to the bureau last August, its findings have not been previously publicized.

The committee concentrated its investigation in 12 Delta counties: Issaquena, Sharkey, Humphreys, Holmes, Tallahatchie, Sunflower, Bolivar, Leflore, Madison, Yazoo, Washington and Warren.

In 1965 (the most recent figures available) the maternal mortality rate for the U. S. was 3.2 deaths per 10,000 live births; for Mississippi, it was 7.8; for blacks in the Delta, an incredible 25.1.

In the same year, the infant mortality rate for the U. S. was 24.2 deaths per 1,000 live births; for Mississippi, 39.4; for blacks in the Delta, 68.4.

Most of the state's medical hierarchy, predictably, does not seem particularly concerned with the situation. That Mississippi, with the lowest per-capita income in the nation, has but four ill-run charity hospitals does not disturb them.

The 12-county area singled out by the committee has one charity hospital, Kuhn Memorial in Vicksburg. In theory, it serves all the poor people in a population of 439,666. (With a total of only 216 physicians, 93 dentists, 697 nurses and 1,609 hospital beds in the area, even the affluent sick are poorly provided for; they, however, have the advantage—never experienced by most poor blacks—of being in generally good health.)

MF asked Dr. James L. Royals, president of the Mississippi State Medical Association, about the caliber of services offered by the state's charity hospitals. "Most of us (physicians) in Mississippi are not too pleased with them," he admitted. "They just don't maintain the standards we'd like to see maintained."

Dr. Royals said he had seen the Delta report and was "well aware that certain areas of Mississippi have seriously substandard medical care."

Less candid, however, are people like W. L. Wright, chairman of the State Board for Eleemosynary Institutions. Insists Wright: "Why, I would say the standard of care we provide indigents in the charity hospitals is excellent. . .as good as other places in the nation. . ."

Unlike most states, Mississippi does not connect its charity hospitals with its medical schools. Instead, the hospitals come under the supervision of the politically-appointed eleemonsynary board.

The committee found five of the counties studied significantly worse off than the rest—if that can be imagined. It recommended that the five—Issaquena, Sharkey, Humphreys, Holmes and Tallahatchie—be designated a "concentration area" and supplied with immediate federal aid.

The area's statistical profile is devastating: 67 percent of all families have an annual income of less than $3,000. . .average education is 6.2 years. .93 percent rural. . .70 percent black. . .no resident county health officers. . .in one county, Issaquena, no medical personnel of any type.

Though its report has been complete for nearly a year, the committee continues to meet—and a modicum of progress has been made in correcting the ills it found.

Dr. A. B. Britton of Jackson, a member of the committee, has agreed to head the Delta project. The report recommended a first-year outlay of $3,405,999 to set up the medical improvement program; so far HEW has authorized only $750,000.

"Of course," says Dr. Britton, "$750,000 is wholly inadequate.

"But it will start us, and we are optimistically looking forward to receiving more funds. We are doing some training now and plan to have people in the field by November of this year."

The Federal government's reluctance to part with more than one-fifth of the money requested—and the state government's failure to offer more than a token contribution—make it clear that the scandal of public health in the Delta is likely to be with us for many years to come.

Joe Hemingway

the POSSUM

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

An Interesting Month at Ole Miss; or Meanwhile, Back in the Nineteenth Century:

A black student was refused a shoeshine, then a haircut, in the university barber shop. After the Black Student Union threatened a lawsuit, an administration spokesman said the shop would now be open to all students, though he refused to admit this hadn't been the policy all along.

After Mississippi State's **William L. Giles** strode into the board of trustees meeting and announced State was dropping compulsory ROTC, Ole Miss' **Porter Fortune** decided he'd better get on the ball, to keep State from gaining a substantial recruitment advantage. Students at both schools had voted by large margin to drop the compulsory programs, but Fortune—ever cautious not to offend the board—procrastinated. He postponed a faculty advisory vote on the subject (from May to September), but when he saw Giles steal the march on him, he re-rescheduled it for late July. Assuming a favorable vote, and barring another change of heart, Fortune may soon announce the change to a voluntary program. (State has also announced initiation of a black studies program, but the shoeshine problem being what it is at Ole Miss, Fortune will have to be very cautious in following suit.)

— **Leah Klotz**, summer editor of the Mississippian, spoke for the student body politic in a recent editorial on the departure of law school dean **Josh Morse** (MF No. 2). Said Miss Klotz: "Morse probably was run off because of his liberal tendencies—but so what? . . This is Mississippi and the way of life here is conservative. The University was simply acting to preserve this way of life, the way Mississippians prefer . . ."

❋ ❋ ❋

New chief justice **Warren Burger**, in his last act as a member of the U. S. Court of Appeals, fifth district, ordered the Federal Communications Commission to vacate the license of WLBT-TV in Jackson.

Burger castigated the FCC for not giving a proper hearing to the license challenge (MF No. 1) filed by the United Church of Christ. The church's suit charges the present station management (Lamar Life Broadcasting Co., controlled by the Murchisons of Texas) with discrimination against its black audience.

Weyman Walker, president of Civic Communications Corp. the biracial group which seeks the WLBT license, was elated by the decision. Memoed Walker to Civic stockholders: "Thank you, Jesus!"

❋ ❋ ❋

The position of state NAACP field secretary, vacated when **Charles Evers** became mayor of Fayette, will remain open indefinitely.

This was the decision reached by NAACP officials after competition for the $7,200-per-year job came to resemble a dogfight over a T-bone. "Every chapter president in the state was out to get it," said one observer.

The duties of the field secretary, for the time being, will be shared by Evers, state president **Aaron Henry** and former heir apparent (MF No.4) **Alex Waites**.

❋ ❋ ❋

Admittedly, vitriol is one of the potions in MF's medicine cabinet, and at times we feel compelled to use it. But compared to our predecessor, the Mississippi Free Lance, we are bland indeed.

The MFL was **Theodore G. Bilbo**'s newspaper, published in the Twenties, and its scathing rhetoric shows why he was invincible on the stump.

Take, for example, this paragraph from a Dec. 13, 1923, attack on **Fred Sullens** of the Jackson Daily News—himself no mean character assassin:

"Mississippi should follow the example of Missouri by purging herself of such an undesirable citizen. Cast him out upon the lonely seashore of despair where the howling winds of divine retribution will bite and cut him to the ignoble death that he so justly deserves; and where like a dead mackerel in the moonlight he will, forever, of his own corruption, lie stinking and shining, shining and stinking. . ."

❋ ❋ ❋

J.D. Boyd, the egomaniac who has run Alcorn A and M College like his own personal fiefdom since he became president of the shabby all-Negro college in 1957, retired from the post this year.

In a press release announcing a "retirement day" program honoring Boyd, the college's public-relations department cited the "unprecedented progress" the school made under "Dr. J. D. Boyd" and added that "much of this can be attributed to his outstanding ability. . ."

When MF called the college PR department to ask why Boyd, who holds only a masters degree, was referred to as "Dr. J. D. Boyd," a spokesman promised to check on the matter and return MF's call. "I think he's got an honorary doctorate from Mississippi College," the PR man added as an afterthought. The call was never returned.

❋ ❋ ❋

Citizens of the other 49 states may have evolved from lower forms, but not—God forbid—those of us fortunate enough to be Mississippians. U. S. District Judge **Dan M. Russell** handed down the decision July 3, rejecting a suit filed by a Columbus woman against the state's 43-year old monkey law.

"In the absence of a dire threat or irreparable harm," he opined, the anti-evolution statute will remain on the books.

Come back, Clarence Darrow. We need you.

Contributors

Joe Hemingway's article on health in the Delta is his second for MF. He is currently working on a series on the quality of medical care in Mississippi for a national pharmaceutical journal. In September he will begin teaching creative writing at a Washington County high school.

Luther Munford, 19, is working in Greenville this summer as an intern on the Delta Democrat-Times. In the fall, he will return to his junior year at Princeton, where he is a news editor (one of three) for the Daily Princetonian. He is from Jackson.

Evers becomes The Man, and the liberals exult; but what does it mean?

Fayette

It was 8:15 a.m. in Fayette, Miss. A clear sky accurately foretold the day's 100-degree temperatures. Workmen stapled bunting on the speakers' platform in the city hall parking lot. A one-armed World War I veteran, black, sat by himself in Confederate Park and adroitly rolled a Prince Albert cigarette.

In New York and Washington and Hollywood, the Beautiful People boarded their planes for another reaffirmation of Camelot.

And Charles Evers, the center of the town's ephemeral bustle, was late. Evers' habitual forgetfulness (he once left his wife on the opposite side of Chicago in a speaking-engagement snafu) and tardiness are legend.

But soon the front door to the Chancery Clerk's Building ("I guess that's the official name," shrugged Mrs. O. S. Gillis Jr., wife of the clerk. "Anyhow, that's what we've always called it.") swung open and the mayor-elect walked in. He wore a blue short-sleeved shirt, a dark blue tie and two bodyguards—one the new black chief of police, who looks, alas, more like Rod Steiger than Sidney Poitier.

Gillis, a white man Evers respects and protects from the county's newly-potent black majority, greeted him with a semi-jocular "I've been reading where you're going to get rid of me at the next election."

Evers affected acute chargin. "You know that's not true, Mr. Gillis. You've been reading the newspapers again, and they've got it all confused. I wouldn't let anybody run against you, you know that."

Gillis, who because of a stroke must read his wife's lips, laughed when she relayed Evers' reassurance.

"We're going to take our share, all right," Evers added, "but we'll leave the good ones."

Mrs. Gillis, warming to the mayor-to-be, took the opportunity to side with him on his law-and-order stand—"No more clowning and cursing and disrespecting people in the streets," he has vowed repeatedly. "You really ought to do something about these speeders," said Mrs. Gillis. "It's just not safe anymore."

Gillis then got on with the business at hand, administering the oath of office to Evers. Shortly, Mississippi had its first black mayor of a racially-mixed town since Reconstruction. (Only two reporters—from MF and the Milwaukee Journal—witnessed the actual swearing in, as the attention of the rest of the visiting press was focused on the ritual ceremony later in the day.)

After the mayor had shaken hands and accepted congratulations around the room, Gillis introduced him to his son David, a law student at Tulane, who had driven up for the day. "Come back to Fayette," Evers told him. "We need a good D.A."

The younger Gillis smiled but did not commit himself.

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It was nearly noon now. The sun seared down from its zenith to the asphalt parking lot—grandly referred to in the inaugural program as City Hall Plaza. After a soulsy, singing-and-dancing parade downtown, Evers, his punctuality gap now up to nearly an hour, reached the platform.

He took the ceremonial oath from a black justice of the peace and then spoke, as he always does, of his hopes for racial conciliation. That there was only a handful of local whites in earshot offered an unmistakable measure of the distance to his goal.

The outgoing town administration had pledged cooperation in the change-over (a decade of looking bad on the evening news has had its effect on even the most virulent of racists), but as expected it was mostly lip service. An audit by Wilbur Parker, budget director of the City of Newark, N. J., revealed a near-empty town treasury, depleted by a flurry of extraordinary expenditures in the white administration's waning weeks.

None of this, however, dampened the gaiety of the local blacks, for whom the day was a glorious combination of Saturday night and Sunday morning, of sating the soul and purging it.

For the visiting elite, it was a grand cocktail party. What could be more In than a party at some unlikely out-of-the-way spot? And where more unlikely than Fayette, Miss.?

The Kennedy galaxy was in ascendancy, of course, with Steve Smith, Ramsey Clark, John Doar and Burke Marshall carrying Ted's proxy. Then there were the Urban Blacks (Julian Bond, Whitney Young, Carl Stokes) and Concerned Hollywood (Shirley MacLaine and Raymond Burr, resignedly signing autographs, "Best Wishes, Ironside"). And for want of a more descriptive term, Miscellaneous, or maybe Motley: Father James Groppi and a busload of Milwaukee NAACP Youth Commandoes, fresh from an invigorating confrontation with Mayor Allen Thompson and the Jackson city council.

The weight of the occasion and its participants proved too much for even the speakers' platform, which was undergirded with six-by-six lumber. It sagged for a moment, then gave way with a groan.

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The profound significance some commentators attached to Evers' election—to read Drew Pearson, one would think it portended a second Era of Good Feeling—is understandable if not justifiable; on its face, it is a major political landmark.

But the meaning runs deeper than that. The day was strangely nostalgic, evoking memories of the civil rights movement's halcyon days, when the good guys stood clearly delineated from the bad. Selma and sit-ins and schoolhouse doors. Martin Luther King's leadership still spanned from the Toms to the militants, and the requests he made—not yet ultimatums—seemed pretty much in line with the upper-middle ethic.

The system trembled under the stress, but it gave the illusion of being flexible enough to accomodate, grudgingly, the demands made upon it. Violence was the other side's weapon, the last resort of the rednecks.

Today the movement is in its adolescence. It lurches along like a berserk train, shoving off the Bayard Rustins, taking on the Huey Newtons. Violence has become not only a means but an end. Who are you for? has been supplanted by What color are you?

It is not a pleasant time for the white liberal, who must now defend himself on both flanks. O, for the comfortable simplicity of King vs. Bull Conner . . .

Fayette is a mirage. Those who thought they glimpsed Camelot did so by closing their eyes to reality. A black man became mayor, yes, with the help of the Voting

Rights Act of 1965, and showed that the system could still work—in one atypical Mississippi town. The voting in Fayette was strictly racial (when blacks bloc-vote for a black man we call it racial, rather than racist). Evers won because of the town's concentration of black votes, a geopolitical quirk in a state which is 60 percent white. That white majority has yet to be dented; until it is, Charles Evers will remain a footnote to Mississippi power structure.

Those who came to Fayette looking for evidence that racial harmony was not just a passing liberal conceit of the Sixties went home happy.

And the condemned man ate a hearty last meal . . .

Lew Powell

Hunger spotlight moves on

Washington

Mississippi, once the focal point in the campaign against hunger, has been preempted by politics, moonshots and publicity. Though stirred by stories of starvation in Mississippi a couple of years ago, Congressmen have now turned their attention away from the South.

The other day Sen. George McGovern, chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs (which came to be called the "Hunger Committee"), announced that the thrust of his investigation would begin to deal with middle-class citizens who are not getting their money's worth in food. In line with this, Ralph Nader—lean, dark and iconoclastic—came in to testify about "fatfurters" and "shamburgers," among other pseudo-edibles foisted on the public.

It was dramatic testimony. Nader named names. He charged babyfood makers (Heinz and Gerber) with alloying their products with harmful ingredients; he raked Coca-Cola for marketing a nutritionally-empty drink. And he challenged any of the companies to refute him. The U. S. Department of Agriculture also came in for raps for not revealing the results of surveys which allegedly showed that as much as 40 percent of the weiners and hamburger meat consisted of fat.

There was a time, not too long ago, when graphic accounts of hunger or of jackleg food would have commanded immense attention.

But Washington is a fickle city. It is woefully hot here this summer, and the weather occupies many conversations. On Capitol Hill the headlines are grabbed by the ABM debate, the surtax controversy and ever-present Vietnam. And, of course, there is the chauvinistic love-feast over the men on the moon.

Meanwhile, McGovern's committee takes a back seat.

It has had an erratic existence since its creation last year. Funded with $250,000 to report on the food ills of the country, the committee has ranged to such pockets of abject poverty as Florida, Chicago and the West Coast. All of the hooraw originally grew out of the Mississippi Delta pilgrimage by Senators Robert Kennedy and Joseph Clark in 1967, yet the McGovern committee has hesitated to follow up on it.

The latest hearings in July featured Nader—appearing before less than a quorum of the dozen-man committee, although a standing-room-only crowd sprinkled with youthful members of the "Nader's Raiders" cadre jammed the room in the new multi-million dollar Senate Office Building. Even his stomach-turning assertion that 20 per cent of all dog food manufactured goes for human consumption failed to draw much of a response.

Later in the week a committee hearing degenerated into a squabble among its august members, highlighted by Sen. Allen Ellender's recitation of a Louisiana gumbo recipe.

One disgruntled observer of the committee's inaction blames it on Congressman Jamie Whitten's denunciation of hunger claims in Mississippi, coupled with a reluctance by committee members to be foils in a publicity gimmick. Robert Kennedy made much mileage out of his trip to the rural ghettos of Mississippi, yet Ted Kennedy was castigated recently for a similar tour of Alaska.

The McGovern committee has been urged to hold hearings in Mississippi but has refused to do so. Nor have any Mississippians even been called to testify.

Largely ignored by the national press, the committee moves into the second half of its first year with its curiosity shifted to the nutritional problems of the middle class. Mississippi, with its thousands who can hardly afford "fatfurters" much less complain about their content, has apparently been forgotten.

Curtis Wilkie

We're glad we turn you on.

"I am impressed and exhilarated by your pungent, fearless and literate reporting. Macte Virtute! We need you badly."—T. F., University. . ."Keep up the good work."—M.B., Chicago. . ."The Freelance is extremely well-written, very interesting and doing nobly, I think."—G.O., Austin, Tex. . . ."Looks great!"—L.S., Chapel Hill, N. C. . . ."Keep me entertained."—W.B., Natchez. . ."Great paper—keep 'em coming."—F.V., Memphis. . ."I was very pleased to see that Mississippi Freelance was being published."—M.C., Kalamazoo, Mich. . . ."Congratulations to all you young and blossoming Willie Morrises down there, altho I can't imagine your having a whole lot of subscribers for this radical pink rag you're putting out."—J. R., Charlottesville, Va. . . ."A good paper—please cut me in on the action."—J.H., Memphis. . ."I saw your July number yesterday and felt extremely glad to know there is at last a newspaper which reports local news fearlessly and objectively."—H. M., Hattiesburg. "Whole thing splendid!"—P.D., Jackson.

Won't you reciprocate?

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 5 August, 1969

In this issue:

Camelot revived, SovCom reviewed & health 'n' hunger

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE: Commentary on the Mississippi Scene. Published monthly at 231 S. Washington Ave., Greenville, Miss. 38701. Send remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to Box 836, Greenville, Miss. 38701. Single issue, 35 cents. One-year subscription, $4. Application for second-class mailing permit pending at Greenville, Miss. Vol. 1, No. 5, August 1969.

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Mississippi mini-HUAC

Continued from page 1

were confronted with a "Communist backed conspiracy to thrust violence upon them." The Neshoba affair, he added knowingly, was "a hoax." The FBI found the bodies three days later.

Johnston's report relegates the entire affair to one vague paragraph.

Drawing on its files of 10,000 individual names and 250 organizations (including the Minutemen and Murder, Inc.), the commission, according to the Johnston report, supplied Eastland with Senate speech material on three other occasions: once to re-bait the MFDP, once to reveal "subversive backgrounds" of officials of the Poor People's Corporation, and once to expose the fact that one of the men in the 1966 Meredith March was a communist.

For Senator Stennis, it did the groundwork for his 1966 attack on the Child Development Group of Mississippi, the state's original Head Start agency.

The Sovereignty Commission expanded its covert public relations effort by funneling editorials through a high-priced Washington, D.C., package editorial service "without reference being made to the Sovereignty Commission or that they were originated by the Sovereignty Commission," Johnston's report said. Claiming that the packages reached 3,000 newspapers, the document cited two editorials it said received wide use. One, entitled "False Witness," dealt with charges of police brutality against the Jackson Freedom Riders who were imprisoned in barbed-wire pens in the Jackson Fairgrounds. Another, "Bring up the Children," attacked "the 'drag-in of Head Start students in an attempt to influence legislation in Washington."

Johnston urged governor-elect John Bell Williams to expand the commission to operate "in relation to racial problems just as the Agricultural and Industrial Board makes its services available to cities or counties in contact with prospective new industries."

He wanted the law rewritten to allow for more public relations work for the Commission. He also suggested the Sovereignty Commission be used to arbitrate local civil-rights disputes.

John Bell turned him down on all three points. The commission didn't meet for almost a year after John Bell—the ex-officio chairman—took office. It was refunded, reluctantly, by a legislature which realized the segregation battle was over the hill— and only after copies of Johnston's report were spread around the House. The commission got $200,000 for two years; John Bell waited three months to appoint a new director.

The man he chose was E. Webb Burke, retired FBI field chief in Little Rock, San Francisco and Newark. A native of Hattiesburg, Burke was a strict lawman who had been out of the state for almost 30 years.

"The first time I saw Johnston's report," Burke told MF recently, "was when I read about it in the Reflector. It was a rather derogatory article."

"I was surprised to see it," Burke commented. A solid law-and-order man, Burke says "I wouldn't come back home and toss my reputation out the window."

Calling the commission a "fact-finding body," he said,"We've check to see if laws are being violated. At no time will we be engaged in anything illegal or anything that is an infringement on any man's rights."

On public relations he said: "That was changed before I came. We don't do any now."

On rooting out "subversive" activities: "We've had no occasion for anything like that. We're only interested in law violations."

On money for the Citizens Council: "No money is being channeled into other organizations. That was discontinued before I came here."

Out of the state long before the commission's creation, Burke declines comment on the organization's history.

His staff, selected by Burke from a list of men suggested by the governor, includes a former policeman in Clarksdale, an ex-sheriff in Pontotoc County and a retired resident FBI agent in Hattiesburg.

One information-gathering job which has recently interested Burke is student revolt. While J. Edgar Hoover (with whom he corresponds twice yearly, on Hoover's birthday and anniversary) has been warning Congress about the threat from the student left, Burke has obtained permission from the commission to do fact-finding for college administrators on Mississippi student unrest. "We hope to advise the appropriate authorities if we can find out about things that are coming about," Burke said.

As if to symbolize the change in attitude under John Bell and Burke, the Sovereignty Commission last winter moved its offices from the fourth floor of the New Capital (where it was next door to the press offices) to the State Executive Building across the street.

So Burke sits, talking to his secretaries, writing letters to old friends and keeping the files up to date. In the field his investigators, according to reports, spend much of their time visiting local sheriffs and drinking coffee with newspaper editors.

Over the years the State of Mississippi has appropriated close to $3 million for the Sovereignty Commission; the commission has probably spent a third of that amount.

In spite of that expenditure, whatever segregationist "sovereignty" the state ever had is gone out the door with the poll tax, school and public-facility segregation and voting discrimination. In the eyes of some, that $1 million produced a noble fight for high values. In the eyes of others, that $1 million was a waste, funds spent to perpetuate a tragicomic resistance to black demands for equal rights.

"The commission has never been a threat and never will be a threat to anybody or anything," Hal DeCell says.

He's right; only Mississippi, the poorest state in the nation, just didn't have $1 million to waste. Or another $200,000.

Luther Munford

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 6 September, 1969

The Birch Society finds Mississippians lacking in 'true' conservatism

Mississippi's cup runneth over with right-wing organizations. We have the Citizens Councils, Ku Klux Klan, Americans for the Preservation of the White Race, Southern Baptists and other fundamentalist sects, UDC, DAR and assorted "civic" and "fraternal" orders. Yet in the citadel of conservatism, very little is heard about the John Birch society.

Why?

"Most Mississippians are not as conservative as they think they are," says state Rep. Malcolm Mabry of Dublin. "You put aside the race question and you'll find they're not conservative at all. The average Mississippian is more of a populist or a New Dealer."

Now Mabry might get an argument from some of the state's downtrodden liberals, but it is apparent that for one reason or another, few Mississippians have embraced the Birch Society.

The scope of the JBS in the state is vague, since it is about as clandestine as the Klan. The faithful usually hold unpublicized cell meetings in somebody's living room. One prospective convert described a meeting as a rather drab affair, resembling an intermediate Sunday School class.

Occasionally the Birchers will parade a speaker under a banner such as "Citizens for Constitutional Action." Coming from a mother lode of Birch orators ("the largest speakers bureau in the Free World"), they are usually long on wind and short on originality. Their allegiances overlap agencies like the Christian Anti-Communists or Circuit Riders, the Hargis-Schwartz-Lowman complex.

Two popular purveyors of the Birch line—though they avoid use of the name—are Sheldon Blythe of Lake Cormorant and Mrs. Mary Cain, the maverick newspaper editor from Summit.

Actually, the only things which have openly borne the John Birch imprimatur in Mississippi are roadside signs—showing Martin Luther King at a "Communist Training School" or calling for the impeachment of Earl Warren. Since those targets are both kaput, the only evidence of the JBS is in copies of American Opinion, nestled with True Story and Screen Magazine at the drug stores.

Efforts to determine the number of chapters and total membership in the state have been unsuccessful. Joe Vernon Pace of Forest, state coordinator for the JBS, was asked about these figures. "Well, I don't know anything," he told MF. "In the first place, I'm not willing to discuss it with you. I don't know who you are."

The aura of mystery about the JBS is heightened in that its partisans in Mississippi have lately surfaced as the TACT (Truth About Civil Turmoil) committee.

Mabry, who may be the most conservative member of the Legislature, is quite open about his association with the JBS, however. He said he had a "disagreement" and had not been to a meeting in more than a year. Therefore, he is not up on current activities within the organization. As for the TACT monicker, he suggested that maybe some of the members were reluctant to use the John Birch Society name "because of the adverse publicity" it has received.

But the fact that they use TACT instead of John Birch Society does not bother Mabry. He is more disturbed by the apathy toward public affairs.

The prime concern of the JBS is fighting Communism. Since Mississippi is not menaced by an overt Red threat, might that be a reason for the lack of enthusiasm?

Mabry agreed, partially. "The John Birch Society has no rallying point. The average citizen is not concerned about Communism, and unless a person is confronted with something day-to-day, then he's not interested." The Citizens Councils, conversely, are waxing because they do have an everyday issue—school integration.

A former high-school teacher of government and (anti) Communism before he took over his late father's farming interests, the 35-year-old Mabry is convinced that Communism is a constant problem, too. "It is naive to think that there is no danger from Communism," he said. Mississippi is affected because "there are subversive elements making use of the race question."

This theory generates the most excitement among Mississippi Birchers. Although Mabry contends that the John Birch Society is not racist, he concedes that some of its members are.

If there is a more fervent true believer in back-to-the-Bible conservatism in America, it is Reed Benson, son of former Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson and Washington representative of the JBS.

Benson denies that the John Birch Society has gone underground in Mississippi. He says there is "nothing deceitful" about the formation of "ad hoc committees" such as TACT. Though the committees are arms of the JBS, members are not necessarily Birchers, Benson says.

Benson could not give figures on the state's enrollment, because "to tell the truth, I have not been in touch with the people down there." He has not been in Mississippi since a speaking foray in 1965.

TACT is probably big in Mississippi because it "exposes Communism in the civil rights movement," he observed. "You've probably got some of our Committees To Support Your Local Police," he added, gloating that they had been busy defeating "these civilian review boards which the Communists have been promoting." Then there is the TRAIN Committee—To Restore American Independence Now. TRAIN circulates petitions against foreign aid to Communist enemies. "We've delivered a batch to some of your Congressmen. We took a batch to Gov. Williams when he was in Congress and we took some to Sen. Eastland. . ."

Their new bag is lobbying against sex education, giving birth to MOTOREDE—Movement To Restore Decency. Informed that sexual instruction in the classroom was still mostly taboo in Mississippi curricula, Benson was delighted. "Count your blessings," he said. "If there's not a fire, then there's no need for a fire department."

Curtis Wilkie

R.I.P.

The Brooklyn Dodgers.
Penny postcards.
Passenger trains.
And now, the Orange Crush bottle.

Several years ago, unannounced to the pop-drinking public, Orange Crush International decided to phase out its traditional bottle—dark brown, squatty, substantial—in favor of a svelte new model.

At the average bottle-life of 12 refills, the old browns have been steadily disappearing ever since. For the past year, Greenville bottler (and old brown devotee) Sam Provenza has scoured the country for the last remaining cases.

But now, after one final discovery of a cache in North Carolina, Provenza sees the end in sight. When the old browns now circulating in Greenville expire, there will be no more.

"When the word got out that there weren't many left, they started disappearing even faster," laments Provenza. "Little old ladies started looking for them and saving them."

The ladies' ardor may be as much financial as esthetic: Some antique shops in south Mississippi, it is reported, are asking a buck apiece for the old brown, our latest doomed classic.

New brown

Old brown

School desegregation: 'Damned if we do and damned if we don't'

This is a story of folk black like me
No longer slaves but not yet free
Told what we can do and told what we can't
Told what we should do and told what we shan't
Told what to do and told what to don't
Damned if we do and we're damned if we don't.

Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer of Ruleville was reading the poem and I was taking it down. She was talking about education.

"If they can't get no better kind of setup than that one they've thought up now they oughta just let us keep our own schools and keep the curriculum for what our children need."

Mrs. Hamer didn't like the dual school system. She didn't like freedom of choice. And now she doesn't like desegregation either.

"I guess it's like that poem. If we try we shouldn't have, and when we don't they say we ought to have tried."

This fall the dual school system is taking its final bow in Mississippi. But the state's black leaders don't like the way it's happening any more than the whites.

"They're fixing it now to go against poor folks everywhere—black or white," Mrs. Hamer said. "At one time it was bad enough. Now it looks like it's getting worse. What's happening now is ridiculous, and the way they're doing it is more ridiculous. I just think they're messing up."

Mrs. Hamer and leaders like her across the state know what they want—or at least they say they do. And they know that they don't want what they're getting this fall.

Of some 30 Mississippi school districts ordered to come up with a desegregation plan that would bring "substantial integration" this fall, eight found a new scheme—intelligence testing.

In every intelligence testing plan approved by the courts, the school for the top third of scorers will be a formerly white school—the bottom two-thirds will go to the formerly black school.

Intelligence tests, State Democratic Chairman Aaron Henry says, are designed for middle-class white students.

"Let me write the tests," he said, "and it might be fair. I'd talk about chitlins and two rooms and a path versus six rooms and a bath. I'd talk about black-eyed peas and collard greens and the whites wouldn't know nothing."

In Henry's home county of Coahoma, an NAACP-led boycott shut down placement testing Aug. 27. Said the county board of education: "After viewing the whole situation, it was deemed advisable to postpone the tests and ask the judge (U.S. District Judge Orma Smith)for a clarification of his order. The board was wants to know if the students will be required to take the tests; and if they choose not to do so, if they will have the right to remain in school."

State Representative Robert Clark of Ebenezer, the only black in the Mississippi legislature, is a teacher. He feels, like Henry, that intelligence testing will bring only token integration.

"You just can't test general intelligence fairly. I think that I could prepare a test that would make the Delta black score consistently higher than a child from the white middle class," he said.

Token integration is not what the black wants. They had that under freedom of choice plans. And yet, total desegregation can't come except at high costs to both sides.

For one thing, there are more black teachers than white teachers. When the dual school system ends, many more black teachers are likely to lose their jobs than white, by sheer virtue of numbers.

A single school system would mean more money, and Rep. Clark says he's "just being practical" when he sticks to his conception that this is what Mississippi needs.

"I can't see why the whites don't want to give up," he says. "Children are not vegetables to put in a deep freeze. The way it should be is to just send them to school. The time to start doing it was 200 years ago and forget about all of this black and white talk.

"I know it might put the white child back a grade or two to send him to school with poorly educated students. But that's something that's the fault of his forefathers, not mine. The point is that Mississippi can't afford two school systems and we'll all be better off if they'd just see that."

Clark said he'd "rather see it like in 1930" than continue to maintain white institutions via intelligence tests.

"If I had a child I wouldn't send him to white schools. It's inhumane. We've just started to teach them they're somebody, to be brave enough to do that.

"At a white school the black child is just hearing that he's nobody, so that he'll want to bleach his face and straighten his hair again. And as long as the schools stay that way, they're going to keep turning out Uncle Toms," Clark said.

"If I had the right to form a curriculum for blacks I'd just spend the first year teaching him that you are somebody. We just aren't going to get rid of his feelings of inferiority the way they're doing it now."

Going back to the all-black school system wouldn't be a solution, but it might be better thankeeping minority blacks in an all-white one, leaders feel. In fact, Delta Ministry organizer Jake Ayers testified before a school case hearing that "it's not fair to make blacks go to a white school without making whites go to the black school."

"We're worse off now than at the beginning," Ayers said. "If we could just forget black and white long enough to see what's good for the state. . "

Mrs. Hamer wasn't worried about the state. "I just think how bad it is for the children—a child is a child. They're taking little bitty children with a test they don't know anything about and letting that be the guide.

"If we had our own schools we could at least have what our children need. I am 195 per cent against putting just a few black children under white instructors and letting them do away with black principles. It's demoralizing.

"Sometimes I just wonder what is going to happen. Regardless of what we do we don't seem to be doing the exact right thing.

"We wanted to put the children together and now we're all prepared to. If we say just forget it they'll say we're being racist.

"It would be a wonderful thing if our children were just allowed the chance to know each other as active human beings. They're not responsible for what the adults are doing. They could get along together if people just wouldn't interfere."

Patricia Roberts

the POSSUM

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

"But the fact is impressive that, despite the great driving pressures to retain the status quo, Mississippi is loosening up to an extent. A twenty-seven-year-old veteran who lost an arm won a congressional seat in August, 1946, on a liberal platform, and Negroes voted in the primaries in some number for the first time."

—John Gunther,
In Inside U.S.A. (1947)

Soon after his election, however, the freshman congressman saw the error of his ways, spent the next 20 years preaching to the heathen in Washington and was finally rewarded for his good works, in 1967, with elevation to the governor's mansion.

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It is illegal, under the state's motor vehicle laws, to drive a car with no glass in the door window. It is not illegal, however, to drive a car with no door at all.

A state legislator gave MF this explanation: "Well, look at it like this. If you've got a car or a truck with no door, you're still going to be able to see out all right, aren't you? But if it's just the window glass missing, you're going to put a piece of cardboard or something in there to keep the wind out, and then you won't be able to see. . . ."

Casey Stengel is alive and well and a member of the legislature.

❋ ❋ ❋

Coffee-shop conversation with **Lt. Gov. Charles Sullivan** in Jackson:

"Well, it's good to see you finally got time off from the Coast and the legislature to drink a cup of coffee."

Sullivan smiled. "The Coast and the legislature. . ." he mused. "I don't know which is the greater disaster area."

❋ ❋ ❋

Black marketeers may have been shut down on the Coast, but they still thrive in Greenville.

Tilley's, a sleazy tonk that rocks on through the night, pausing only for intermittent knifings and shootings, has turned its disregard for the unenforced midnight beer curfew into extra income.

Beer at the club costs a nickel more per can after 12—because, as the bartender explains, "It's illegal, you know."

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"We do not need a man in the United States Senate who drives off a paved road onto a dirt road and gets lost. We do not need a man who cannot control his physical and mental faculties well enough to prevent him from running off a road and a bridge 10 feet wide and turning a car bottomside upwards in a deep pond of water and causing a refined and cultured young lady to get drowned."

—Former Governor Ross Barnett, speaking at the Neshoba County Fair, Aug. 7, 1969

"The front end of an airplane is like the back end of a mule—they can't be trusted."

—Barnett, explaining how he came to walk into a spinning airplane propeller, Apr. 22, 1959. After 10 days of hospitalization, he resumed his successful campaign for governor.

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It was the "Governor's Prayer Breakfast" at the Heidelberg Hotel Aug. 5, organized and attended by a congregation of Jackson businessmen and state officials.

It had all the trappings of a poor man's white-tie affair. The Maurice Thompson Singers were there. **Sen. John Stennis,** sans the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was back, presumably to throw in a few entreaties for the ABM. **Gov. John Bell Williams,** plugged as "a man of God" by his jug band during the '67 campaign, was there, of course.

God, it may be presumed, was properly impressed.

Contributors

Patricia ("Not Pat, please.") Roberts is a 19-year-old junior at Douglass College in New Brunswick, N. J. She spent her summer interning on the Delta Democrat-Times in Greenville, across the river from her home in Lake Village, Ark.

We're sorry to see Miss Roberts and Luther Munford (who did last month's piece on the State Sovereignty Commission) return to school, though we'll have to admit to a bit of creeping uneasiness resulting from their apparent don't-trust-anybody-over-20 philosophy. The editors, who are 24 and 27, would like to finish out their antagonistic twenties without having to fight a rear-guard action at the same time.

Speaking of age, MF is now six months old. Are you as surprised as we are?

Cow College no more: Don't look now, but State's a university

Starkville

In the three and one-half years since Dr. William L. Giles left his career in agronomy to become president of Mississippi State University, State has blossomed, virtually unheralded, into a hardy enclave of academic respectability.

Make no mistake: Mississippi State University is not a Harvard, a Vanderbilt or even an LSU; and Giles' politics are probably somewhere to the right of S. I. Hayakawa. But within the limits of this disclaimer, Giles' administration has been enlightened and progressive.

During the last year, Giles has abolished compulsory ROTC, approved the institution of black history and literature courses, testified in court against the board of trustees' speaker ban and authorized a recruitment program for black students. Giles' achievements become even more striking when compared with those of his staunchly status-quo counterparts at Ole Miss and Southern Mississippi; typically, they waited for him to test the water before quietly dropping compulsory ROTC.

It was not long ago that State was the archetypal Cow College, an ambitionless higher-education trade school for the good ole boys who wanted to be county agents or engineers or maybe, if they had a knack with the books, scientists of some sort. The bright kids didn't give State a second thought; it was Ole Miss or, more likely, out of state. "Providing the opportunities for education to sons and daughters of working folk", the school's credo, reflected its narrow vistas, as well as its populism.

There has not yet been a massive reshaping of this situation; institutions, even when the impetus is from within, are slow to change. But State, from administration to student body, is undergoing palpable evolution.

The change is rooted in the school's traditional egalitarianism with its disdain for social strictures (15 per cent fraternity membership, vs. Ole Miss' 50 per cent) and its espousal of the straightforward, common-sense, fair-shake approach. But it is Giles who has nurtured it.

He seems an unlikely man for the role. Though commonly referred to as an "ag" man, Giles' graduate work (he is quick to point out) was in the pure science of botany. Before vaulting from near-anonymity into the presidency, he was vice president for agriculture and forestry, and before that, director of the agricultural experiment station at Stoneville.

In person, William L. (for Lincoln) Giles is similarly unimposing; he looks rather like an undertaker, in fact, with his conservative blue suit and tie. (In fairness, it should be noted that on the day he was interviewed by MF, Giles was on his way to a funeral.) He is a small man, about five-eight, bespectacled, with a last stand of wispy hair covering the front of his pate.

He presses his palms together, as he leans back in his swivel chair to consider questions.

"The decision on ROTC simply grew out of watching the national trend and talking with university presidents all over the country. The attitude of the armed forces was a factor also—only the Army, of the three branches, wanted to keep it compulsory. In the end, it was my feeling that a voluntary program would actually produce better officers that weighed most heavily."

Giles downgrades the influence of a student referendum and a later campus-wide opinion poll—both of which showed a 2-1 majority for a voluntary program. But to make the decision he did, he had to go against the oft-voiced opinions of Sen. John Stennis and Rep. G. V. (Sonny) Montgomery. "It was a difficult decision," he recalls, "made more so by the fact that many of our alumni—including Sen. Stennis and Congressman Montgomery—felt so strongly about it."

The two new black courses in English and history beginning this fall "grew up in a very normal academic way," says Giles. "Several black students had indicated to me that they would like to have the course taught, and we discussed it at length, but there was no confrontation, no demands about it."

Dr. Robert Holland, head of the English department, taught an experimental black lit course in the YMCA's Free University curriculum last year. Says Holland: "This was long overdue. There was a common agreement by everyone involved that it was needed, so there was no real push by the students." But Eddie Washington, president of the black student organization Afro-American Plus, remains skeptical. "It'll be fine, unless they try to make it a watered-down version, all about Booker T. Washington and his cohorts," he says.

How have State's alumni reacted to the changes? Giles is asked. "Frankly, I was a bit surprised. Only one alumnus, who was very bitter about the change in ROTC, wrote about that and I've had no adverse reaction at all to the black courses. . .I guess I was expecting more, since I lived through the changes in football coach and athletic director and got a flood of letters and phone calls about that. . .Maybe the silence indicates a vote of confidence in the way the school is being run—I hope so, anyway."

Ironically, the dissident liberal-to-radical element on campus, while approving of most of Giles' actions, is dubious about his motives. "The administration feels something coming up," complains Eddie Washington, "and they give you a concession to take the wind out of your sails."

Jim Landrum, 37-year-old director of the Y, is generally a Giles backer, but he expresses doubts about some of his subordinates, particularly Dr. Robert L. Jones, vice president for student affairs, who is reported to have Giles' ear on policy questions. "He seems to be a pretty progressive guy, but I wonder how much of it is expediency," he says. "It's like he has a chart he memorized in graduate school on how to run a college, and he's following it to the letter—cutting out all the opportunities for dialogue and confrontation."

Giles smiles (with satisfaction, one thinks) when asked about the cooptation charge. "Well, I don't see why the administration has to get hit over the head to get its attention. What some people might call anticipation of problems I'd just call progress. When young people are serious about bringing change for the better, I'm all for it, and I want to use their ideas to improve the institution."

The burgeoning diversity of political viewpoints on campus is daily demonstrated in the pages of the Reflector, State's controversial student newspaper. For as long as anyone can remember the Reflector has been a forum for provocative opinion, but the past year was probably its liveliest. Under editor Sam Love the paper's enterprising journalism outstripped most of the state's professional press, and an unremitting cacophony of columns and letters to the editor (many condemning Love's left-of-center politics) reflected the student body's growing political awareness.

The Reflector's influence (and even its existence) on a campus that is still predominantly apolitical is an inexplicable anomaly. More typical is the student government, the Student Association, which continues in the para-administration role long since abandoned on other campuses.

President of the SA this year is Jerry Thames, a Starkville senior who looks and acts as if he just stepped out of Ozzie and Harriet. The platitudes he offers about student government are a good fifty light years this side of Mark Rudd: "We've gotten terrific cooperation from the administration; they give full consideration to our ideas. . .Of course, anybody who knows anything about management knows the top man can't sit down on an equal basis with people on the student level. . .The student government is not here to dictate but to work with the administration. . ."

In his campaign last spring, Thames, the son of an Army colonel, promised to support the results of the ROTC referendum held concurrently with the SA election; his opponent tied himself to a voluntary program but found the issue had no coattails, as he lost convincingly. Thames recalls that the major points in his winning platform were "student participation" and "academic atmosphere"—hardly the stuff to give administrators insomnia.

But to say that the average State student has not taken advantage of his freedom is a bit irrevelant; eventually, perhaps, the student body's numerical growth (it is now the state's largest at 9,000-plus) will be complemented by an equivalent growth in quality. "I think the main thing," says Jim Landrum, "is that the creative student can sink or swim here.

"The university is not yet geared to help him develop that creativity, as it should, but it won't stomp it out of him, either. There's no false tradition here to stultify him like there is at Ole Miss."

Though Giles' real tests are yet to come—when, as it will, confrontation calls—this can be fairly said: The combination of his quiet leadership and Mississippi State's latent populism has made State a pretty decent place to go to school. And in this Year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty-nine, in Mississippi, that's saying quite a lot.

Lew Powell

The four-cornered box

To be a black student at Mississippi State is to live within the confines of a four-cornered box: dormitory, cafeteria, classroom, YMCA; sleep, eat, study, socialize.

Overt racism has diminished markedly in the four years since State quietly recruited its first black student. (After James Merideth breached the Barnett line at Ole Miss in 1962, it was commonly said that State, with its xenophobic rednecks, would be the scene of even more violence; as it turned out, when integration came three years later, it was with minimal notice and not even a whiff of teargas.) The last substantial racial incident at State came at a memorial service for Dr. Martin Luther King, when a Dixie-singing pack of about 50 white students hurled rocks at the chapel windows. But even then, the real significance may have been found inside, where a capacity crowd of blacks and whites mourned together.

Today, as is the case everywhere, discrimination at State is largely subtle, underground, institutional. The 150-200 blacks enrolled this fall insulate themselves from friction by sticking to the mechanics of getting a diploma; the Y, a pocket of black and white togetherness, offers what little social life is available to them. "That's where all the social mixing is," says A-A Plus president Eddie Washington. "Within the Y building there's a whole subculture, anything goes, but it's just now beginning to surface on the outside." Elsewhere on campus, he explains, interracial "joking and laughing are fine, but serious social relationships turn off most of the white kids."

Tangible progress, however, is still being made on the administrative front—most notably in housing and recruitment.

Until this summer, black students were segregated into columns—the same two-room section on each floor of State's high-rise dorms—thus giving the superficial appearance of open housing without the reality. "They put us in the room near the RA (resident advisor) and the shower," Washington laughs wryly. "I guess they thought we always need a shower." A change in housing directors, though, has opened the dorms on a non-discriminatory basis, and Washington and another black have been named RAs.

Last spring the university sent out a team of black students to recruit at black high schools in the state. "At first the kids thought we must be some kind of heroes, that State was hell," says Washington. "After we dispelled that idea, most of them wanted to know about social life here. . .The students we get are all good—they have to have confidence in themselves to try it here—but we lose a lot to places like Jackson State because of the social situation."

We are pleased to announce that
in a somewhat heated exchange of opinions
bearing on the state political scene
between a shaggy-haired young activist
and his pro-Wallace old man
while attending
the annual tobacco-spitting contest
at Raleigh, Miss., in July, 1969,
the name MF came up.

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 6 September, 1969

In this issue:

Bircher breakdown
Culvert conspiracy
Redneck renaissance

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Price-fixing to make GE blush

Throughout Mississippi, culvert dealers for years have conspired to fix prices on sales to some counties.

It's an uncomplicated business. Every six months county supervisors advertise for bids for supplies, including culverts. And every six months, in come the mimeographed price lists from culvert companies—identical.

In some counties, supervisors mutter about collusion but wind up accepting the bids anyway. In other counties there is no muttering—silence is assured by the comfortable pressure of cash in the supervisors' pockets, secreted there by culvert companies.

This year the culvert firms' blatant subversion of the free enterprise system has been challenged by two counties, and one of them—Washington County (Greenville)—is considering filing a lawsuit against seven culvert dealers for alleged price-fixing on public contracts.

Leflore County (Greenwood) supervisors called attention to the conspiracy in June in a letter to Gov. John Bell Williams, Atty. Gen. A. F. Summer, State Auditor Hamp King and numerous legislators.

The letter didn't make any allegations about price-fixing—it stated simply that price-fixing exists, and asked what can be done about it.

While state officials and the General Legislative Investigating Committee—the legislature's sometimes-effective snoopers for the public weal—are researching the problem, supervisors in Washington County are considering a more direct route.

"Let's sue the hell out of them," said Supervisor Paul Love. "The county's been taken for thousands of dollars over the years."

The other Washington County supervisors agreed. They accepted identical bids from seven companies, then instructed the board attorney to determine whether under present law grounds exist for a lawsuit.

Roy Fulton of Greenville, the state's only Republican supervisor, says the price offered counties is higher than the price quoted to private contractors for identical culverts.

A unique slip-of-the-bid last year gave credence to Fulton's charge. A Jackson broker submitted a bid for Washington County culvert business. His firm doesn't make its own culverts—it buys them from culvert firms. Yet the bid he submitted was five per cent lower than the bids submitted by the culvert manufacturers.

The county snapped up the bid. By that time, however, the broker had a letter in the mail informing the board that he had submitted the mimeographed bid "through error" and asking supervisors to disregard it.

That's the story for the record. But Fulton says the broker's supply of culverts was cut off suddenly after supervisors accepted his bid.

Fulton doesn't base his charge on that isolated occurrence, however. It was driven home again when he bought a culvert for his private use. "I bought one culvert cheaper than the county can buy in truckload lots," he said. "That brought up some questions."

The answers may not be found in present state law. Supervisor W. J. Lipscomb of Leflore County, resigned to the fact that "it's been going on for a long time. . .looks like it's going to keep going on," believes new legislation is needed.

So does Rep. H. L. Merideth of the Delta's 17th district (Sharkey, Issaquena and Washington Counties.)

Merideth has asked the attorney general to draft stringent legislation making it illegal for suppliers to agree to submit identical bids to any government agency. Merideth's proposal would also outlaw "informal" agreements by making submission of identical bids a prima facie case of conspiracy and allowing the attorney general to bring civil action against the companies submitting carbon-copy bids.

But although Merideth and other legislators feel the time is right for legislative action, the task won't be easy.

Culvert companies will certainly lobby powerfully against such legislation. And a noticeable lack of enthusiasm for reform is found among mossbacked supervisors.

County boards of supervisors are the most powerful and least scrutinized government agencies in the state. Their discretionary powers are multitudinous, and in most counties a certain amount of graft is part of the job.

In many counties, the five supervisors represent beats determined by area rather than by population. Since supervisors are elected by residents of their beats, a veteran office-holder can build up a reservoir of goodwill by doing favors for the right people and virtually assure his re-election term after term.

In some counties, however, federal courts have ordered county-wide elections in response to suits filed under the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote ruling. Although the board must still consist of one supervisor residing in each of the beats, the fact that the entire county votes on each candidate makes back-scratching with the home folks a far less important factor.

County-wide elections have broken up the courthouse clique in some counties, such as Washington, where three first-term supervisors have attacked practices which remain unmentioned in other counties.

Supervisors elsewhere are disgruntled at the culvert-price situation. The problem came up at the annual supervisors' convention in Jackson last month.

"But it was discussed in executive session, not out in public where it should have been," said one dissatisfied supervisor.

Why? "Because most of them don't want it changed," he said. "I've talked to some of the oldtime supervisors—they're making money off of it," he said. "They'd never admit it in court, but they got kickbacks from culvert companies."

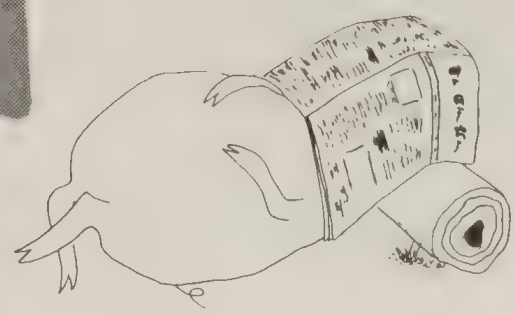
Merideth says he's considering making legislation to prevent price-fixing "a priority item" during the 1970 session. The effort should be interesting to watch.

Ed Williams

CLARKSDALE—As MF No. 6 went to press, Tunica County supervisors filed suit in federal district court here under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act charging four culvert companies with conspiring to fix prices and eliminate competition by "knowingly submitting rigged identical bids."

The suit says the companies regularly sell culverts to private firms "at prices far less than those charged" Tunica County. The supervisors spent $115,016.44 on culverts in the last four years, but private firms could have bought the same culverts for $17,000 less, the suit maintains. The board seeks treble damages ($51,000) plus an injunction to prevent future price-fixing.

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE



Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol, 1, No. 7 October, 1969

Achievement testing: Segregation manages yet another reprieve

Oxford

In the fifteen years since the U.S. Supreme Court outlawed segregation, wily Southerners have thrown up any number of obstacles to prevent school integration. The philosophy of "Never" was the midwife to the nullification and interposition concept, the pupil placement laws, alumni approval of new enrollees and gerrymandered zoning. Despite the jellyfishing by the Nixon administration, it appears that school boards bent on maintaining a dual system are at the last ditch. And as a final resort they have come up with what may be the most subtle plan yet—testing.

Under orders this summer to produce new desegregation plans, nine North Mississippi school districts offered to assign pupils on the basis of scores on achievement tests. Generally, these plans provided that students scoring in the top 25 per cent would attend previously all-white schools; the lower 75 per cent would be assigned to the previously all-black schools.

The creator of the testing method remains anonymous. But to those who have followed the history of desegregation litigation in Mississippi, testing could be the handiwork of attorneys Hardy Lott of Greenwood or Semmes Luckett of Clarksdale—two men who have masterminded resistance to integration in repeated cases.

The testing proposal was accepted by U. S. District Judges William C. Keady and Orma R. Smith, and in some instances it was favored over alternative plans submitted by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare which utilized either zoning or pairing. The judges were apparently persuaded by arguments of educators that drastic integration brought about by the HEW plans would destroy the public school system; i.e., whites would refuse to go to school.

Acceptance of the testing system has unleashed a storm of controversy.

A contrasting example of reaction to testing is evident in the heavily-black Delta area. Coahoma County Negroes have refused to take the tests on the grounds that the plan is dehumanizing and the tests are weighted against them. In Tunica County, whites scoring in the lower stratum have balked at attending the school for that category.

Critics have complained that the tests are unfair and unprofessionally administered with a bias to the white child. They have charged that placement testing is just another cruel scheme to perpetuate segregation.

Proponents, on the other hand, contend that it follows the widely-accepted ability grouping concept. Assuming that the black students will score lower, they think it is the only way to save the system.

This last assumption opens the debatable question of whether the black race is innately inferior in intellect, and it exacerbates the issue.

At the University of Mississippi—the seat of the testing service being used in all but two of the school districts—it is possible to find a variety of opinions on testing.

Dr. John McPhail, director of Extension Classes and Testing Service at Ole Miss, winced at the criticism. He acknowledged that all of the personnel assigned to conduct the tests were white, but said he had tried to enlist some Negroes for the work. (A university professor, who asked that his name not be used, noted that one of the members of the testing team was the wife of a rabid Citizens Council member.) In response to claims that the testers were rookies in the business, McPhail said six of 29 working on the project were graduate students and the rest were experienced teachers.

McPhail showed no interest in getting involved in a fray over the subject and preferred to talk about the efficiency of his operation rather than the equity of testing as a means of determining school attendance. He said the tests being used—the Metropolitan Readiness Test prepared by Harcourt, Brace & World—were standardized for the South and were being given "as fairly as possible." Portions of the tests involving subjective judgment on the part of graders have been ruled out, he said, leaving only direct answers to be hand-scored. There is the chance of human error in grading, McPhail said, but he minimized it.

The tests for young pupils unable to read rely on pictures and symbol identification. Faces in the drawings are of white persons. Typewriters, pianos and a family coat of arms—items which might not be familiar to black children—are pictured in one type of tests.

"There is no such thing as a culture-fair test," said Dr. James Henderson, director of the Student Counseling Center and a professor of psychology. "You can not develop tests that are appropriate for all backgrounds." In many cases, instruments used in the tests are especially unfair to blacks not trained in that direction, he said.

Dr. Roscoe Boyer, an educational psychologist who is director of the Ole Miss Bureau of School Services, called objections to tests on the basis of the color of faces "picayunish." But, he added, "the parents were right not to let the kids take the tests."

"Why," Boyer asks, "should you participate in something that will discriminate against you?"

Testing is not going to effect much desegregation, Boyer said, because blacks are not going to rank high on the tests. To substantiate his reckoning, he cited the mean scores on the American College Tests during 1962-65. The national average was 20.4 while the Mississippi average was 16.8. Broken down by races, whites scored at 18 while blacks averaged a shockingly low score of 7.

Boyer also pointed out the controversial evidence in Arthur Jensen's study in Harvard Educational Review which showed Negroes tested about 15 I.Q. points below whites.

The black race, he said, has produced laborers instead of verbal persons succeeding in society today. Tests, likewise, are "prepared to show those who will be successful in our society."

The concept of testing is unsatisfactory, he continued, because "I don't think society should tolerate this great difference in school achievement."

Boyer advanced the idea of massive "educational parks" to serve as attendance centers for all students in an area. There would be no arbitrary assignment based on race or intelligence; rather, everyone on every level would be accomodated at the single center—which would feature tracking classes according to the progress of the individual student.

Other shortcomings of the testing plan were brought up by Henderson. He said students should be given at least two chances on the tests, because there was a possibility that a bright pupil could score low on a one-shot proposition.

"The concept is to predict performance or the ability to perform...Some people have an aversion to being put on the spot," he said.

Asked about the chance of psychological damage to children assigned to the lower bracket schools, Henderson said that school assignments needed to be very carefully explained to the school children. It could conceivably be traumatic, he said, but not necessarily so. And it could have two effects—(1) a child might be relieved that he did not have to compete with smarter students in his school, or (2) a pupil might not set his sights as high in the "dumb" schools and fail to live up to potential.

Support for testing came during federal court hearings from Dr. Harley F. Garrett, professor of education at Ole Miss. Garrett said he had always favored "judicious use of testing," and he opined that black students would score well because most had attended Head Start classes and would have a jump on whites.

Another witness widely used by school boards was Dr. Frank McGurk, a professor of psychology at Alabama College, who was brought in to trumpet the merits of testing. McGurk's objectivity was questioned when civil rights lawyers brought out the fact that he was the author of a paper stating that blacks are inferior.

It is early in this latest phase of manuevers over integration; too early for a final determination on the merits and demerits of testing.

However, it does not seem unreasonable to arrive at several hypotheses.

Testing will not eliminate the dual school system. A disproportionately low number of blacks will score well enough to attend the previously all-white schools, but whites who score poorly will refuse to go to the formerly all-black schools. The Supreme Court's last major decision on school desegregation declared that any plan which did not work would be unacceptable. The district courts have retained jurisdiction in these pilot schools involved in testing, and in line with the Supreme Court mandate, they should be in a position to strike down testing if, indeed, it does not work. Meanwhile, testing orders have been appealed to the 5th Circuit Court of Appeals and may be thrown out before a verdict is in on whether it "works."

It appears that testing will have a short life, but it will have succeeded in buying more time for white school officials and in further aggravating the growing animosity between the races in Mississippi.

Curtis Wilkie

Editors

Since we have no new bylines this month, we'll forego the usual Contributors box to belatedly introduce ourselves:

Ed Williams is 27 years old, a native of Hornersville, Mo., and a veteran of Ole Miss (where he edited the Daily Mississippian) and the U. S. Army...has covered politics and other human frailties for the Jackson Daily News (happens in the best of families) and the Delta Democrat-Times (likewise)...now a part-time copy editor for the DD-T, which keeps him in food, gin and tonic, and a notoriously temperamental MG-B...Makes great draperies and tunafish salad...harbors an on-again off-again desire to go to law school...sleeps in the nude...conceived MF last December while eating spaghetti at his landlady's house.

Lew Powell, 25, is from Dundee. ("Dundee. D-U-N...")...onetime Eagle Scout and co-chairman of Coahoma County Youth for Jamie Whitten...BBA (accounting) from Ole Miss...after flunking draft physical (world's worst myopia), he sportswrote for the Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal for two years...returned for eight months on the DD-T before taking up MFing full-time...hates parties, hard-boiled eggs and Rod McKuen records...loves turnip greens...saw Your Cheatin' Heart (the Hank Williams story) five times... defies parental authority with beard and wire-rimmed glasses but lets his mother cut his hair.

Ole Miss: Rebels si, 'beatnicks', no

Oxford

The athletic sobriquet at Ole Miss is "Rebels," but any students considering rebellion against the antediluvian administration might consider the cases of a pair of Davids.

There is David Parish of Port Gibson, who is back for his final semester sans his $1,000-a-year Carrier Scholarship after participating in an antic anti-ROTC demonstration last spring.

Then there is David Molpus, formerly of Belzoni, who has been the recipient of an assortment of ill-tempered epistles from college board member Tommy Turner for his part in a lawsuit to revoke the school's speaker ban.

The effect of these and other ominous gestures, coupled with the ouster of Quaker speaker Earle Reynolds (MF No. 1), has been to stifle campus dissent. But Parish, sporting neck-length locks and a beard, hints that there might be some tricks up students' sleeves yet.

If the mild jibes at ROTC blew the minds of the Lyceum crew last spring, apparently it doesn't take much to get them uptight against the wall.

Parish's "demonstration" consisted of eight students, outfitted with one peace symbol and one Mickey Mouse flag, lolling under a tree adjacent to the drill field. Campus security forces, with other area gendarmes standing by, swooped down to cart the protesters off to the city jail. Parish says no specific charge was ever filed. The closest thing to it was Campus Cop Burnes Tatum's assertion at a school judicial hearing that he picked up the group because they were "dressed unusually."

Parish was put on disciplinary probation and informed that his Carrier Scholarship was being lifted for "conduct detrimental to the reputation of the University."

"I thought about legal action, but I was told that it was a private scholarship and that they could take and give at their discretion," he said.

(Parish's brother Paul, an Ole Miss alumnus now taking advantage of a Rhodes Scholarship at that other Oxford, is faced with the possibility of losing his grant because of the military too. He has a draft board hearing on his conscientious objector application scheduled in October and may be recalled from England.)

Meanwhile, Molpus' transgression was to lend his name to the federal court suit against the college board after powers-that-be nixed a Charles Evers speaking engagement.

Turner, an ardent Rebel (football) fan and chum of Dizzy Dean, once helped Molpus get a special grant-in-aid to cover out-of-state tuition of $600 yearly after Molpus' parents moved from Belzoni, which happens to be Turner's home.

Upon getting his court summons, Turner penned "This is the thanks I get for helping you all" across it and mailed it to Molpus. Turner also fired off a message to Molpus' father: "This is disgusting. I am sick & tired of having this kind of situation thrown at me several times this year. ...I wish I hadn't ever recommend (sic) him at Ole Miss. If he is a beatnick (sic), he should go to Berkeley, Calif." And in case anyone missed the point, Turner added a memo "To: David Molpus; Subject: Beatnicks. . .It is a disgrace & I am sick & tired of being served such papers as enclosed. You should go to Berkeley, Calif., where all bearded idiots go."

Molpus, it should be noted, has only a moustache and knows how to spell.

C.W.

the POSSUM

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

The blatantly boondogglish Natchez Trace Golf Club—which was to have been financed by a low-interest Farmers Home Administration loan—is being reevaluated by the Department of Agriculture.

Its all-white membership roster was the most obvious reason, but there is also the question of priorities: Is a golf club in a state still plagued with hunger a proper concern of the federal government?

Mrs. Patricia M. Derian of Jackson, Democratic National Committeewoman, thought not. She fired off an incredulous letter to Secretary of Agriculture **Clifford Hardin**, concluding with this wry warning:

"I hope that your department will immediately establish a sensible, rational, coherent policy which will come to grips with such a concept as the 'public good,' keeping in mind, at all times, the fate of the late Marie Antoinette and her 'let them eat cake' philosophy."

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Dr. William D. McCain, president of the University of Southern Mississippi (MF No. 4), welcomed this fall's incoming freshmen with an apology for making ROTC voluntary. Said McCain, a general in the army reserves: "The fact that some of you won't take military training means that you won't be prepared and some of you are going to die and your blood will be on my hands."

McCain, who runs his campus as an academic adjunct of nearby Camp Shelby, did not explain why he thinks military training should be a required subject in a college curriculum...or say if he favors the teaching of biochemistry and English lit in boot camp.

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Recommended: South Today, a new monthly digest published by the Southern Regional Council.

The August issue of the eight-page tabloid reprinted articles on business and the ghetto, the nascent radical "Southern consciousness," Memphis' racial outlook and the Ole Miss law school. (Its diversity of sources is unmatched; where else can you find MF and The Wall Street Journal cheek by jowl?)

And it's free! You can put yourself on the mailing list by writing: South Today, Southern Regional Council, 5 Forsyth St. NW, Atlanta, Ga. 30303.

"Violence is as American as cherry pie."

H. Rap Brown

At its September meeting, the Coahoma County Homemakers Council voted to prepare Christmas decorations and recipe lists, to undertake an afghan weave and to form a rifle club.

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Rep. G. V. (Sonny) Montgomery, who voted against the fiscal 1970 food-stamp bill, has introduced his own legislation.

The Montgomery food-stamp bill provides for a predictably stingy outlay, but its major change for the worse is a matching clause under which states would have to pay up to 10 per cent of the program's cost.

While this appears reasonable enough at first glance, one has only to look at the Mississippi legislature's current wrangling over Medicaid (which requires one state dollars for every six federal dollars) to see its underlying dangers. Montgomery's bill, as he is no doubt aware, would offer Mississippi and its like-minded neighbors a ready excuse to drop the food-stamp program entirely.

When Montgomery was elected to succeed Republican chicken farmer **Prentiss Walker** in 1966, there were those who thought he might prove a notch above his older, mossbacked colleagues. Montgomery, one of only five congressmen who voted against last summer's supplemental appropriation to feed poor school children, has quickly dispelled this notion.

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In the spirit of cooperation he espoused at a recent luncheon with Clarksdale civic folk, Memphis Mayor **Henry Loeb** returned some demagoguery past due.

After all, the mouth of Clarksdale native son **Jesse Epps**—garbage-strike organizer and dedicated Loeb antagonist—had taken up plenty of Memphis TV time in the past two years.

In a far-ranging speech and question-and-answer session, Loeb proved equal to his task.

"I'm a conservative and proud of it," he boasted. And the problems of Southeast Asia are apparently far less inscrutable than those of Memphis. His Vietnam solution, in all its circumspect subtlety: "We should go in there and win, and to hell with the peace mongers."

He suggested a similar approach to future Pueblo incidents. He was so rankled by the North Korean seizure, said the mayor, that he wrote the president. "The fifth Undersecretary of State" replied, Loeb recalled, "and it was pure garbage—and I've been in the business."

Ah...past tense, Mayor?

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Transition:

—**Dr. James W. Silver,** former Ole Miss history professor and author of Mississippi: The Closed Society, from Notre Dame to the University of South Florida; for health reasons.

—**Ken Vinson,** law prof and MF contributor, from Ole Miss to Florida State; to teach under ex-UM Dean **Josh Morse.**

—**Charles (Peanut) Overby,** onetime editor of Ole Miss' Daily Mississippian, from press aide to **Sen. John Stennis** to Washington correspondent for three Southern newspapers, including the Jackson Daily News; "to get back in the newspaper business."

Note: Shortly after leaving Stennis' employ, Overby, in a copyrighted story, revealed the senator's role in the Nixon administration's school-desegregation backsliding. Overby reported that Stennis had told Nixon he would abandon his role as floor manager of the hotly-debated military appropriations bill if a slowdown were not effected. This would leave the bill in the hands of second-ranking Democrat Stuart Symington of Missouri—an outspoken military skeptic. Three days after receiving the Stennis ultimatum, the administration asked U. S. District Court in Jackson to postpone the desegregation deadline for 222 Mississippi schools until Dec. 1. Spokesmen for Stennis denied the Overby account.

The Sept. 15 issue of New York magazine lists this item in the Would You Believe Department of its Some Random Worsts section:

"...And **Conway Twitty** from Oklahoma City, who is some kind of singer, is franchising Twitty-burger Restaurants. They specialize in hamburger, cheese, bacon, pineapple ring and a special batter with candied juice. The pineapple makes it, according to press information, bitey."

MF certainly doesn't want to take issue with New York's culinary expertise; we do, however, feel compelled to correct Twitty's hometown. He's from Friars Point, Miss., and he owns a nightclub-restaurant overlooking nearby Moon Lake. His real name (you talking about trivia!!!!) is **Harold Jenkins.**

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Willie Morris and **Ralph Ellison** have agreed to appear together in "some sort of dialogue" at Millsaps College early next year.

Morris, editor of Harper's Magazine, is a native of Yazoo City. His precocious autobiography, North Toward Home, has become a Southern standard since its publication in 1967.

Ellison's Invisible Man, a novel of a young black man's search for identity, was judged "the most distinguished single work" published in the last 20 years by a 1965 Book Week poll.

Dr. Lee Reiff, the Millsaps history professor who arranged the joint appearance, said it was suggested by Morris.

Details on the evening were not settled as MF No. 7 went to press.

MF vs. the elements

Putting out four little ole pages a month, you're probably telling yourself, can't be that difficult...So why was MF No. 6 two weeks late?

Well, a funny thing happened to us on our way to the post office. A number of funny things, actually.

To wit:

1) Contributing editor Bob Boyd filed a story on Cesar Chavez' visit to Clarksdale. After six hours of introductory prolixity by such labor notables as Jesse Epps and Claude Ramsay, the meeting was terminated before Chavez, the main speaker, could get in a word.

Funny, right?

Just in time, somebody noticed that in his copy Boyd—ordinarily as meticulous a reporter as you'll find—had referred to Chavez as "Memphis-based." Hmmm..."Say, Bob, is this the same Chavez who was on the cover of Time a few weeks ago?" "Uh, yeah, I guess so." "What did he look like?" "Tall, blond, a young guy..."

"Chavez", it turned out, was Derry Olsen, who is indeed Memphis-based and not exactly a national celebrity. Chavez, at last report, was still in California, blissfully unaware of all the havoc he had caused.

2) And then a Delta State brochure that beat MF to the press cost us a three-day delay. Labor Day weekend accounted for three more days. And on the seventh day...

3) A Possum item about John Bell Williams' election came out "erection," and 1,000 freshly-printed copies had to be dumped. (Thanks, but we'd rather become famous some other way.)

It was that kind of month. Thanks for your patience.

As always, the Mississippi governor's race of 1967 was dominated by hard-core segregationist demagoguery; as always, the prize went to a candidate who vowed to slay the federal dragon and protect the Mississippi Way of Life.

There was a difference in '67, however: Two candidates attempted to raise the level of rhetoric to the real issues facing the state, and one of them actually led the first Democratic primary.

The approaches of the two, William Winter and Bill Waller, offer an interesting contrast in the opposing concerns of political victory and ethical chastity.

Winter, who was then state treasurer, ran a carefully-planned, well-financed campaign. From the beginning it disappointed many of his moderate supporters, who recoiled at his repeated claims to being a "Jim Eastland-John Stennis Democrat" and his ritualistic attacks on "the goons and beatniks." Winter defends his general seg cant, his statements on George Wallace and his move further right after the first primary as justifiable means to an end. But they cost him dearly in true believers—and probably were futile in converting right-wingers who had him pegged as a liberal.

Waller, known to the few who knew him at all as the district attorney who prosecuted Byron de la Beckwith, was the darkest horse in the race, and he finished a distant fifth. The impression he made around the state, however, was consistently favorable—even among the most irrationally racist. One observer noted that if the election had been decided on second choices rather than first, Waller would have walked in. His secret weapon was candor—a radical approach indeed for a Mississippi politician—and the people appreciated it, even if they wound up voting for John Bell Williams. That Waller managed to make himself fairly well-known without an attendant increase in enemies marks him as a candidate with a future.

MF editor Lew Powell interviewed Winter and Waller recently in Jackson, where both are practicing law and thinking discreet thoughts about 1971.

Winter

MF: You are usually referred to in the press and by both your supporters and opponents as a moderate. Do you object?
Winter: Well, I think it needs to be called something else; the term itself has become self-defeating in Mississippi politics. But I do try to take a reasonable, rational, common-sense approach, steering between the shoals. History shows that our government has always operated best on that basis...When moderation was forsaken, the result was the Civil War.
As far as labeling is concerned, I prefer "realist," since to attach the label "moderate" to a candidate is to kill him politically. I'm really more a conservative, I think, in that I am committed to achievement of things in an orderly, reasonable way, without knocking people down in the process...And, in time, I think that will sell as a viable political philosophy in Mississippi, as opposed to the traditional "we won't give an inch" approach.

MF: In the campaign you proposed "common-sense leadership that represents the spirit and thinking of 90 per cent of Mississippi people." In light of the outcome, don't you think that figure too high?
Winter: If you could catch the people of Mississippi when they are not emotionally diverted, probably 90 per cent would make the rational decision. The trouble is, political campaigns are carried on in the white-hot center, and the ability of the people to discern is often distorted.
MF: Won't campaigns always be held in the "white-hot center"?
Winter: Yes, surely. But the key to a more rational electorate is, I think, raising the educational level...But I have no delusions about the continued role of emotional politics. To be successful, a candidate has to find the nerve ends, to make people react. I have to believe, though, that we are gradually moving away from the effectiveness of this technique as the state's educational level rises.

MF: Do you foresee a time when black support will not be an albatross on the candidate seeking the white vote?
Winter: The climate in which the election is conducted will be crucial. If there are a lot of manifestations of black militancy—rioting in the streets and inflammatory conduct—the tendency will be to react dramatically. At this time there is a great deal of consciousness of race because of the school-desegregation situation, but this is not necessarily permanent...Even now, there is an adverse reaction to the man who makes an overtly racist appeal; the majority will no longer respond affirmatively to it.
MF: Meaning the covert appeal is still effective?
Winter: When it is couched in subtleties and semantics, yes...I think the average Mississippian genuinely, honestly wants a political leadership that will not intensify racial differences, that will seek to work out a basis on which all the people can live relatively harmoniously. There is an increasing awareness that everybody is entitled to the basic rights to work, to make a living, to live with dignity. People are beginning to understand that we can't build a great state as long as we hold people down.
MF: What about your widely-discussed "move to the right" before the second primary? And your statement about supporting George Wallace? Do you regret that?
Winter: In the second primary, in order to get elected, I had to make a special appeal for the votes of the eliminated candidates. I realize that for some of my supporters there was a reluctance to get down off the high ground, but there is the practicality of politics—getting votes where the votes are. Being concerned with winning, as I was, tempers one's position, no doubt about it. Our flexibility, however, was in approach rather than principle. A political race is no place for a dogmatist.
No candidate can please all his supporters 100 per cent of the time. As President Kennedy once said, politics is often a matter of choosing between two blunders.
As for my statement about George Wallace, I said the same thing in Meridian in April but it wasn't reported. I said I recognized that Wallace had great support in Mississippi and that he had been a good governor of Alabama. I said that I would certainly consider supporting him, as I would any legitimate candidate. I made no commitment then or later, to any candidate...It was a case of a phrase being picked up and blown up into headlines.

MF: What are your political plans now?
Winter: None, at present, though I'm keeping all my options open...I would be less than frank if I said I do not want to make another race for office...

Waller

MF: During the '67 campaign you called yourself "the only conservative in the governor's race." Apparently your definition of conservative differs from that of the average Mississippian.
Waller: By conservative, I mean espousing the use of modern business practices in government. The administration of government in Mississippi has always been liberal—that is, run by politicians who give away the tax bounty for political purposes. I support operating the machinery of government in such a way that the people do not need crutches such as farm parity payments, industrial subsidies and grants for education.
MF: If you are a conservative, then what are the politicians who are elected as "Mississippi conservatives"?
Waller: Mississippi has been deceived by these politicians whose conservatism is strictly vocal. They are entirely negative in their approach, concerned only with screaming about their vendetta with the federal government. Then after they are elected, they turn out to be liberal in their ideas about the role of government.
It's so much a matter of image. Paul Johnson got it with that one picture, of him standing up to the Justice Department at Ole Miss. Sullivan got it by running for vice president on that Conservative Party ticket in Texas. John Bell got it by losing his seniority in Congress. Once you get a label, you never lose it. If it's a negative label—like the "moderate" they've stuck on William Winter—the only way to shake it is to accuse somebody else of being moderate or liberal. Just saying "I'm conservative" doesn't do any good. Nobody is convinced until you take the offensive.
MF: Do you foresee your brand of conservatism ever becoming relevant in a Mississippi election?
Waller: I don't think so, not any time soon. A man can still win without a constructive program at the state level, simply by attacking HEW or the Supreme Court. The winner is the man who yells loudest...The old doctrines of interposition, state sovereignty and state's rights are worn out politically; they have evolved into a George Wallace-style, hate-the-federal-government ideology that has no real meaning.

MF: What would implementation of your conservatism mean at the state level?
Waller: Little if anything has been done by the state government to help a person be or remain independent. Even at the county level, the boards of supervisors dispense help, legal or not, for the privileged who have the gall to ask for it, but what has been done to keep the average man from being dependent on government? I'm not talking about subsidizing anybody; I am saying the state should involve itself in furnishing technical know-how otherwise unavailable.
Take cotton, for example. In 1920 the state government was pleased with the state's agricultural progress; it had no vision at all of the tailing off of the thirties. Per capita income dropped to $400, but nobody made a move to try to supplant cotton as the No. 1 cash crop. And now, 30 years later, still nothing has been done...Soybeans. There's just one processing plant in the whole state; all we do is grow them and ship them out of state. What has the state done to encourage promotion or research? There's no hand of cooperation between the government and the man on the land.
Instead, the policy is to attract northern runaway plants, that are broke or trying to keep from paying labor. We give them all sorts of incentives and tax breaks for bringing in one more, in most cases, sweat industry. Nine times out of 10, there's no utilization whatsoever of our natural resources; they cut up a bolt of cloth on one side of the room, sew it on the other and come up with a pair of pants. Converting sweat into pants isn't my idea of industrial growth.
This may sound visionary, but with Mississippi's rain, soil and climate and the millions of people starving in the world today, why couldn't we become the world's breadbasket? We need men in government who can see these opportunities. Now we're spending all our money feeding the governor's political cadre.
MF: How do you go about raising the quality of political debate from the segregation-forever rhetoric we've always had in past campaigns?
Waller: I don't know. I don't think there will be a change in the foreseeable future. There's a bedrock of folkways and mores that hasn't been touched yet—one man ran on that alone and got 136,000 votes. But I think change will come eventually from the vast group of young people under 25, who are demanding a more intelligent approach from the people they vote for. But it's always been the hard-core voters who have elected the governor, and there is still a majority of them around. Their vote goes to the man who best represents custom and the past; they're scared to death of change. They feel comfortable only when they have an 1890 or 1920 politician in the governor's mansion.
MF: What chance does a non-screamer have in this situation?
Waller: Idealism is out in Mississippi politics. A real conservative might slip in one day, but he'll have to be a man so steeped in yesterday's tradition that he can't be tagged a moderate or liberal. A philosophy based on images and contrivances can be sold best right now...But I can't help thinking that if you could take 400,000 voters and sit down with them one by one and define for them what you think modern government should do, you wouldn't have any trouble convincing them. But in the campaign...
MF: If you had been a major contender in the governor's race, do you think you would have been tempted to make an appeal to the hard-core voter?
Waller: No. I'm different from most people who run for office; it's not an ego thing with me. I have some things to say, and I'm going to say them, regardless, whether I'm practicing law or running for governor...Of course, you have to make your campaign adaptable enough to accommodate new issues as they arise.

MF: Are you interested in running for office again?
Waller: I'm in an enviable position—I don't have to run if I don't want to. There are as some personalities in the state who can't say that; they're committed to make one race or another...I'd like to run again, but you have to have media to win, and you have to have money to get the media, and you have to sell yourself to get the money. If I don't run again, it will be because I can't resolve that problem...I'd say the chances are about 50-50 right now...

"The Mississippi press mounts vigilant guard over the racial, economic, political, and religious orthodoxy of the closed society...To read the Hederman press day after day is to understand what the people of the state believe and are prepared to defend."

—James W. Silver, in Mississippi: The Closed Society

"Mississippi has the weakest press of any state in the South, one sure reason for the terrible difficulty the state has had accepting the changes thrust upon it."

—Columbia Journalism Review

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 7 October, 1969

In this issue:

Blacks & tests

Winter & Waller

Crime & punishment

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Gas chamber at Parchman awaits Capler

Parchman

The State of Mississippi had planned to kill Willie Capler on September 16.

The state's blood-thirst went unquenched, however, when Capler, convicted of murder, appealed his conviction to the Mississippi Supreme Court. Now Capler sits powerless in a cell on death row here, his fate tightly bound to that of William L. Maxwell, who inhabits a similar cell on death row at Tucker Prison Farm in Arkansas.

Maxwell's appeal of a 1962 rape conviction and Capler's appeal of an August, 1969 murder conviction have in common two factors which make up a constitutional challenge to capital punishment as it is meted out in many states today.

But first, Willie Capler.

Capler, age 48, Negro, was born and reared in Mississippi. Since 1959 he had worked for a construction company in Greenville, earning praise from his boss as "one of the best men we have ever had." His marriage had ended when his wife ran away with another man, but he had set up housekeeping in Greenville with Mrs. Idella Harris, who was separated from her husband, a man called "Muddy Water."

On September 21, 1968, Capler and Mrs. Harris picked up Mrs. Harris' 23-year-old daughter, Mrs. Leedorothy Lee, shortly before midnight and went to the V&S Barbeque Cafe in the Paducah community on the outskirts of Greenville.

There the three shared a half-pint of Old Grand-Dad and three quarts of beer, "telling jokes and laughing," the bartender recalled. About 2 a.m., Willie Capler and Mrs. Harris went outside to his car. Leedorothy Lee followed. Moments later, Mrs. Harris was shot five times with a .32 caliber pistol. Four of the bullets went into her thighs and lower abdomen. The fifth entered her neck—"just below the goozle," as Capler's attorney described it in the trial—struck her spinal cord and killed her instantly.

Capler was arrested and charged with murder. He pleaded not guilty and went on trial in circuit court in Washington County on July 31, 1969. During the next four days, eyewitnesses testified that they saw Capler with a pistol in his hand outside the V & S Barbecue Cafe minutes before Mrs. Harris was killed.

Leedorothy Lee said Capler fired his pistol at her then told her, as she recalled, "that I wasn't going to get my damn ass in his car no more, that I wasn't going back with them, and told her (Mrs. Harris) to get her damn ass in the car..." Then Capler killed Mrs. Harris, Leedorothy Lee said.

On the fourth day, testimony ended. The jury—seven women, five men; seven blacks, five whites—deliberated an hour, then returned the verdict: guilty of murder, with no recommendation of life imprisonment. Circuit Judge B. B. Wilkes sentenced Capler to die in the gas chamber at the Mississippi State Penitentiary on September 16.

Before 1955, Mississippi conducted its executions in county jails throughout the state, using a portable electric chair. Since that time, executions have been performed in the gas chamber at Parchman. Thirty-one men (no women) have died by inhaling the lethal cyanide fumes. Of the thirty-one, seven were white. Twenty-one were convicted murders. Nine (all blacks) were convicted rapists, and one was convicted of armed robbery.

No one has died in the gas chamber at Parchman since May 1, 1964.

Capler joins five persons on "death row", the southwestern wing of the penitentiary's maximum security compound.

All, like Capler, have stays of execution pending the outcome of their appeals before higher courts.

After Capler's conviction, James Robertson, a young Greenville lawyer, was retained to appeal the verdict.

In an unsuccessful motion for new trial in circuit court, Robertson attacked the conduct of the trial on several fronts, including two which are the guts of Maxwell's appeal now pending before the U. S. Supreme Court.

In Capler's trial, as in Maxwell's, the jury which decided the defendant's guilt at the same time fixed his sentence at death. The "single-verdict procedure", as Robertson calls it, poses a cruel dilemma for the defendant.

A man accused of a crime has the right to remain silent during his trial. He is not required to testify against himself. But if he chooses to remain silent, he has no opportunity to present evidence which might influence the severity of his sentence, so he is deprived of his right to due process of law.

Capler's second contention, and Maxwell's, is that he is deprived of his right to equal protection of the law when he is sentenced to death for a crime for which others receive lesser sentences. In Capler's appeal, Robertson has gathered evidence to show what he considers "the complete irrationality of jury choice as to whether a man should live or die."

Records at Parchman show that in the last ten years, 222 persons have been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder. During the same period, ten persons have been sentenced to death for murder. The law provides no standard to guide jurors in their determination of who shall live and who shall die because of a murder conviction. Capler contends that the absence of a guideline for sentencing leaves determination of sentence to the whim of the jurors, and therefore deprives him of his right to equal protection under the law.

These two contentions are central to Maxwell's appeal, which the U.S. Supreme Court will hear October 13. They are the heart of Capler's appeal to the Mississippi Supreme Court.

A vivid illustration of the second contention came in Washington County in 1968. John Henry Morgan, who called himself the "Witch Doctor" from the "Bamboo Tribe" in "New Africa", pleaded guilty to seven crimes, including murder, kidnapping, grand larceny, attempted kidnapping, and assault and battery.

All the charges stemmed from one night of terror on a Mississippi River levee near Greenville when Morgan shot and killed a man, attempted to rape the man's wife, then shot her and took their car, and later kidnapped another man.

After Morgan pleaded guilty, he was sentenced to life imprisonment. He is now in the same maximum security compound where Capler awaits death.

So Willie Capler sits in his spare, well-lighted cell here, a prisoner of the state which seeks his life. His appeal is awaiting action by the state supreme court. His best hope of salvation lies in the appeal of William Maxwell, a man he doesn't know.

Meanwhile, William Maxwell sits in a similar cell in Arkansas a hundred miles away. He waits for his plea for life to be decided upon by the United States Supreme Court, composed of nine men he doesn't know.

Ed Williams

Uncle Sam's own grass: How it's grown, guarded and (exclusive!) stolen

Oxford

Marijuana was the gathering's raison d'etre, but it was not, by a long shot, your typical pot party.

A dozen or so physicians and pharmacists (and two very conspicuous MF editors) sat in a classroom on the second floor of Ole Miss' new pharmacy building. At the front of the room stood a burly, cowlicked young man wearing a bow tie and a white lab coat. He wrote CANNABIS SATIVA on the blackboard, then started a Kroger orange juice bottle circulating among his audience. "I'm keeping an eye on it," he warned, no more than half in jest.

The bottle contained about four ounces of dried cannabis; it was unexceptional in appearance, but had one unique quality: It was legal, sanctioned by the United States government.

Dr. Norman J. Doorenbos, chairman of the department of pharmacognosy, is directing the nation's first major study of marijuana. The project, which the government assigned to the National institute of Mental Health during the Johnson administration, began at Ole Miss in July of 1968. Today, the school is opening its marijuana garden to the public for the first time in recognition of National Pharmacy Week, a pseudo-event which ordinarily passes with properly minimal attention from the outside world.

Dr. Doorenbos recovered his orange juice bottle, took chalk in hand again and began a half-hour survey course in Elementary Grass. Some of his more interesting revelations:

—The tremendous variation from sample to sample of THC marijuana's most potent hallucinogenic agent, may help account for the inconsistent reactions of smokers. The most active varieties tested contained as much as 14 per cent THC, others less than one one-thousandth that much. "Good quality" grass runs about one or two per cent.

—The results of past experiments with marijuana are dubious; scientists considered the male plant to be inactive and used its leaves as a placebo. Doorenbos' studies show it to be, in many cases, as active as the female.

—Smoked marijuana, were it not subjected to detoxification in the lungs, might well be a more powerful hallucinogen than LSD.

His backgrounder completed, Doorenbos, driving a pickup truck, led a procession down a rutted dirt road to the pot patch, or "cannabis garden" as the pharmacy school discreetly refers to it.

It is, in the idiom, a weird scene: a 2 1/2-acre weed garden, surrounded by a 10-foot chain-link fence topped with six strands of barbed wire. . .two campus cops on duty at all times. . .enough street lights to illuminate a football field. . .a guard tower, rumored to house a closed-circuit TV camera. . .in all, $25,000 worth of security measures per year.

Inside, the pot plants receive careful irrigation and cultivation. Some strains are scrubby, some the size of Christmas trees and loaded with seeds. At one end of the garden stands a beehive; Doorenbos is eagerly anticipating testing its honey for THC. Overall, the tour is something of a disappointment, like going through a brewery with a Temperance Union.

"We have the lawyers and law enforcement people coming through tomorrow," Doorenbos confided, "but we're not going to let them inside.

"If we did, one of the lawyers might say 'How can you prosecute my client for going in the garden? He just did the same thing I did.' You know?"

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"We knew it was just a matter of time until somebody tried a raid," Nick Roberts recalled. "With grass getting to be in short supply and the price going up in Memphis, this spot was pretty tempting."

Roberts is regional coordinator of the state division of law enforcement assistance, which was created under the 1968 Onmibus Crime and Safe Streets Act. His job is "to help upgrade" the quality of law enforcement in his assigned eight-county area.

One of his duties under this rather broad charge is to advise Ole Miss how best to protect its garden.

And sure enough, as he expected, the raids came. The first two were successful, taking advantage of the still-rudimentary security, but they were the last to net their perpetrators anything other than trespassing charges. One subsequent raider left behind shoes and clothing, from which the sheriff's department's bloodhound tracked him to his apartment. Two others were so foolhardy as to park their VW bus on the bypass adjacent to the field; one was caught inside, the other scaling the fence.

"I think we've gotten fairly sophisticated out there now," said Roberts. "When you're dealing with college students, you have to be."

To Roberts' view, the patch lacks only one deterrent for maximum security: an electrified fence. "At first we were planning on putting one in, but the university nixed it. They were afraid a deer or maybe a student would be electrocuted on it. . ."

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The initial foray into the hallucinogenic gardens was made last spring, when the plants were brimming with THC and guarded by only the fence.

It was, as retold here by one of the participants, a grand success:

"We were sitting around one night, just talking and smoking a little hash, and my buddy says, 'You know what we ought to do? We ought to hit the garden tonight.' So we just did it...

"We had to troop out there the back way, through the swamps, and it was real dark except—you're not going to believe this—for these three stars lined up right underneath the moon, pointing the way for us.

"When we got there, he climbed over the fence and started picking—we knew which corner the best stuff was in—and putting it in this green garbage-can liner we brought with us. I stayed outside and watched; we figured that would be better than both of us trying to pick and watch at the same time.

"He picked it real carefully, in an irregular pattern, so they couldn't tell anybody'd been there. We knew if we left any big holes or anything, the next guys that tried it would get caught. And that's what happened—the ones that hit it after us were careless and tipped off the cops.

"Anyway, on the way back, it was pitch-black dark in those woods. My buddy had to take off his shirt and put it on the end of a stick and set it on fire to see the way. You won't believe this either, but the only thing that got us back was this red star, I think it's the morning star, that we followed all the way back. It was incredible! Like a Tolkien adventure!

"We were dead tired when we got back to the apartment, but we had to try some of the stuff before we went to bed. We dried it in pans in the oven. It was 3 1/2 pounds before we dried it and cleaned it, 10 ounces afterward.

"It was good stuff, all right, though not the best I've ever had. I guess it tasted so fine because we'd earned it, you know, and it was wild, smoking some of Uncle Sam's own homegrown grass. . ."

Shrugged a friend, who had no emotional ties to the contraband grass: "It was better than parsley leaves, I guess."

Lew Powell

MF

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 8 November, 1969

'This is Webb Burke, Mr. Powell'

Greenville

"Hello?"

"Is Lew Powell there?"

"This is he."

"This is Webb Burke, Mr. Powell. I'm with the State Sovereignty Commission..."

That's how I awoke the morning of Oct. 1. Or at least that's how I remember it; I'm still a little boggled by the ensuing confrontation.

To the best of my recollection, a gray unmarked sedan pulled up across the street from MF Tower a few minutes after the mysterious phone call. Burke, a blocky, gruff man who looks exactly like the retired G-man he is, was accompanied by Mac Mohead, the commission's Clarksdale operative.

"I'm here to find out the story on this," Burke began, pulling out a white envelope from his briefcase.

I told him: It was an outdated Sovereignty Commission mailing envelope, which I had come onto by accident and tucked away for a rainy-day prank. In late September, some friends were vacationing in Europe and would thus miss MF No. 7; it would give them a mild chuckle, I thought, to receive it in a SovCom envelope. . .and it probably would have, if I had put enough postage on it. Instead, the post office returned it to Burke, who found it about as funny as a draft-card burning.

And he obviously didn't swallow my explanation; maybe it wasn't diabolical enough for a man so familiar with the intricacies of the criminal mind. He was also angered by our (Ed Williams sat in to make it two-on-two) refusal to reveal the source of the purloined envelope.

"I've checked with the attorney general on this, and he tells me you've broken no postal or criminal laws," Burke said, "and we don't plan to take any civil action against you at this time.

"But I would think you'd be men enough to level with me."

When he saw that his efforts at interrogation-intimidation were futile, Burke turned to Luther Munford's article on the Sovereignty Commission in MF No. 5. He said he had talked to Munford's mother about the story—Luther having departed for Princeton—and that she had apologized for the "unfair" accusations her son had made.

"He said I spent all my time writing letters to friends and drinking coffee with newspaper editors and talking to my secretaries," Burke said indignantly.

"What do you do, then?" Ed asked.

"We're an investigatory agency."

"Are you investigating us?"

"No."

Burke knew, however, where Ed and I were from and where we went to school. Several days later, he inquired of at least one Jackson newsman what he "knew about" us.

Mohead, who is really a rather likeable guy, later ran into Ed at a Moratorium rally in Greenville and into Curtis Wilkie at an NAACP march in Clarksdale. When he encountered Wilkie, Mohead had on his person a copy of MF, perhaps to help him blend with the crowd.

The impression that lingered after Burke left was that of being called in for a chewing-out by a wholly humorless high-school principal. Whether this is a justifiable role for a state agency, especially in a picayunish matter that could have been cleared up with a phone call, is clearly questionable.

In all, it was much ado over a single discarded envelope. . .Or was it one more addition to the "Newspapers, Subversive" file? With the Sovereignty Commission, as with the FBI, one never knows.

L. P.

The diverse approaches taken on the Vietnam Moratorium by presidents **William D. McCain** of Southern Mississippi (MF No. 4) and **William L. Giles** of Mississippi State (MF No. 6) again offer an excellent case study in campus administration.

At State, Giles refused to close down classes on M-Day but added that he hoped students could work the scheduled Prayer for Peace memorial service into their schedules.

At Southern, McCain had this to say prior to the Moratorium: "If you want to know my personal opinion, I think the thing's designed to give aid and comfort to the enemy. And anybody who knows what's going on should be able to see that." Then, to give weight to his convictions, he had the campus police break up a peaceful protest march on M-Day.

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Joe Hemingway of Greenville, a regular MF contributor, is teaching creative writing and English at a black high school this fall. To illustrate a point of semantics, he polled his 10th- and 12th-grade classes on their preferred racial designation.

The sophomores opted overwhelmingly for "Negro;" the seniors, who have had more time to develop racial awareness, chose "black."

Muttered one senior, when told about the 10th-graders' preference: "Wait'll I get home and have a talk with little brother..."

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Recognizing that the Legal Services Program "was not looked upon favorably by some political and civic groups," the Fifth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals recently reversed a lower-court ruling against two Ole Miss law professors who attempted to moonlight in the OEO War on Poverty program.

Mike Trister and **George Strickler Jr.** had been given a choose-one-or-the-other ultimatum by the university in the spring of 1968. They chose legal services, but went to court to contest the case. The U. S. District Court had ruled against them initially.

The circuit court of appeals noted in its ruling that other professors held less controversial outside jobs without interference from the university.

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Road sign noted on U. S. 49: "Think, Did You Try To Buy It in Tchula First?"

Contributors

Sam Love, 22, was an August graduate of Mississippi State, where he edited the campus newspaper, The Reflector. He is now acting as news editor of the Delta Democrat-Times and reflecting on his scheduled induction into the Army next spring.

With this issue, contributing editor Curtis Wilkie becomes chief of MF's new Washington bureau. Wilkie will also be enjoying the educational and monetary benefits of a Congressional Fellowship. As much as we hate to see him leave Clarksdale, we look forward to his contributions from the capital.

A ring of fraudulent magazine solicitors was broken up at Ole Miss last month after it had taken in about $1,000 in a hit-and-run sweep through the dormitories. They told prospective customers that they were accumulating points for college scholarships.

Apparently they were accumulating even more points for chutzpah: Some of the ring's members escaped in a 1968 Lincoln Continental.

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The first annual Mississippi Youth Jubilee (MF No. 2) was such a free-form success that its promoters couldn't wait a whole year to hold an encore.

As of press time—these things are notoriously subject to change—it was scheduled for Nov. 1 and 2 at Mount Beulah, outside Edwards.

There will be bands and films and handicraft booths and lots of left-hip getting-it-together. Scheduled to speak (again, don't count on it) is **Jeff Shero**, editor of the New York's underground paper The Rat.

(Shero and **D. Gorton**, an expatriate Mississippian, are collaborating on a book on the Southern white; Shero writes, Gorton takes pictures.)

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The federal court suit by the Tunica County board of supervisors against four culvert firms (MF No. 6) has been bogged down by customary legal delays and will not be tried until at least next year.

In a suit filed in August the Tunica board charged Choctaw Inc. of Memphis, Trans-Mississippi Corp. of Winona, Dixie Culvert & Supply Inc. of Oxford, and Natchez Culvert & Drainage Corp. of Natchez with conspiring to fix prices of culverts.

U. S. District Judge William C. Keady has granted the defense until early February to answer interrogatories in the case. A jury trial has been requested.

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"Some people were not amused," said Memphis cottonman **Julien Hohenberg** of his intention to name a new street in an exclusive East Memphis subdivision "**Jesse Epps** Boulevard."

The right to name it was auctioned off for "something like $75" at a recent Memphis Symphony Charity Ball and Hohenberg bought in on half the deal, afterwards announcing his plan to immortalize the Epps name in the heart of a $100,000-per-home development.

Memphis social circles did not take kindly to the idea since Epps—a vocal black labor leader—is as much an anathema to them as **Mayor Henry Loeb** is to the Negro community.

Hohenberg mused that it might be good to name a cross street in the budding neighborhood "Loeb Drive" so that some folks could live at the corner of Epps and Loeb.

Meanwhile, the matter lies dormant pending reviews by planning commissions, etc. The latest black-white confrontations in the Bluff City have superseded the Epps Bldv. imbroglio, Hohenberg says, and he doesn't know what will finally come of it.

According to a particularly incredible story in the usually-incredible Jackson Daily News, the Forrest County Committee to Support Your Local Police (FCCSYLP) has asked state **Attorney General A. F. Summer** to take legal action against Mercury Records for "allowing vicious propaganda to be produced under their label."

Cause for action: Mercury's "Best of **Nina Simone**" album has a song titled "Mississippi Goddam"

Atty. Gen. Summer trucked the task on down the line to Miss **Velia Mayer**, special assistant attorney general, who will investigate. In good bureaucratic form, Miss Mayer had "No comment" for MF on the investigation.

However, another source in the attorney general's office said the investigation is rather low on the department's list of priorities at present.

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Pat Massengale, the onetime Hattiesburg bartender arrested in the recent alleged assassination attempt on Fayette Mayor **Charles Evers** (MF No. 5) was a member of **Jimmy Swan**'s campaign staff during the 1967 governor's race. Massengale was charged with furnishing a machinegun to maverick Klansman **Dale Walton** of Tupelo.

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A recent Daily Mississippian interview with the new dean of the Ole Miss law school (MF No.2) gave a between-the-lines picture of the new directions taken by **J. William Bunkley.**

Bunkley, who succeeded activist **Josh Morse**, told a reporter that "the primary goal of this law school is to prepare our students to practice in the state...the faculty that we now have are people with experience..." Translation: "The law school is again entering a period of inbreeding and isolationism...Morse's Harvard and Yale whiz kids are moving out, to be replaced by reliable old heads..."

Note: The interview is also notable in that Bunkley is quoted as referring to Oxford as "a cultural center."

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The Clarksdale Press Register, in the spirit of boosterism common to the state press, had been planning a big Buy At Home promotion for about a month. The newspaper launched the project with a front page article on Oct. 6. On the same page was a news story announcing plans for a Negro boycott of all white-owned Clarksdale businesses to protest segregated schools and discriminatory hiring.

During the current demonstrations in Clarksdale, Negro pickets armed with placards opposing city school board attorney **Semmes Luckett** demonstrated by mistake in front of the law offices of the relatively moderate **William O. Luckett**. When a secretary tried to shoo the pickets down the street to the proper Luckett office, the protesters hooted that they could not be fooled and stood their ground all afternoon.

For the MF reader in New Orleans who was browbeaten by her friends when she didn't call **Aaron Henry** "Doctor," we offer this explanation, suitable for clipping and carrying in one's billfold for quick access:

Although he is referred to as Dr. Henry by both friend (**Sen. George McGovern**), foe (seg spokesman **Semmes Luckett**) and his own state NAACP stationery, Aaron Henry is a pharmacist, not a physician, and holds no doctorate.

Henry, who does not use the title himself, says that it apparently emanates from his drugstore business. "I guess 85 per cent of your druggists are called 'Doc' or 'Doctor'," he says.

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MF recently sent the following letter to **Richard Helms**, director of the Central Intelligence Agency:

"Dear Mr. Helms,

"In a recent issue of the Kudzu, a Jackson underground newspaper, a Mr. **Michael Klonsky** writes that your organization supports Southern liberalism and 'pays for its upkeep.' Mr. Klonsky is national secretary of Students for a Democratic Society.

"As a struggling young newspaper which many would describe as 'liberal' (as opposed to 'radical' or 'conservative') Mississippi Freelance could certainly use any funds the CIA might have available in the area to which Mr. Klonsky refers.

"We realize that you probably have many requests for financial aid from all over the world, so we will not be disappointed if you cannot see providing us with a subsidy, as such.

"A patron subscription to MF is only $25, however, and this would be appreciated almost as much as a larger contribution.

"Also, if you know any other governmental agencies which might be interested in promoting Southern liberalism, please let us know about them as soon as possible. We have an issue coming out shortly and need the money to pay the printer. . ."

Thus far, we have received no response.

We are not giving up, however. MF has learned from a usually-unreliable source that President Nixon is a CIA front and that is sometimes channels its funds through him.

"Dear Dick. . . ."

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"We express the hope. . .that the new president will join us in further steps toward restraining the U. S. Department of Education and the Federal Courts from using force to destroy our schools. . ."

— **Congressman Jamie Whitten's** Christmas card greeting to his constituents, 1968

Nixon as Santa Claus is absurd enough. . .but Mitchell as the chief elf?

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Which reminds us of this month's winner in our now-and-again Headline of the Month competition.

From the Clarion Ledger:

STATE SHOULD BE HAPPY --WHITTEN OVER WATER

❋ ❋ ❋

Death announced: The Delta Review, **William King Self**'s narcissistic mirror of the neo-Tara South; as of its November issue; of undetermined causes, though its owner blamed the Memphis Chamber of Commerce's proposed entry into the high-gloss, low-content magazine field; with few mourners.

Mental commitment: How many Mike Blacks are still in the asylum?

Mental commitment has long been used against social and political deviants of both the right and left in this country. The situation, as one might expect, is at least as bad in Mississippi as it is elsewhere.

For his eccentric actions at Ole Miss in the 1962 integration crisis—he was reported leading an infantry charge on the Lyceum—Gen. Edwin Walker was subjected to a lunacy hearing in another state. He was not committed, but Clennon King, a Negro professor who tried to enter the Ole Miss law school in 1958, was summarily hauled off by the Highway Patrol on orders from Gov. J. P. Coleman. King was tucked away for two weeks for observation and then committed to Whitfield for 30 days.

It was a deft move on the part of Coleman, and he had no qualms about rehashing it on the stump. According to writer Robert Sherrill, Coleman made this boast in 1963: "The point of this story is not the fact that one man was kept out of Ole Miss. Rather, it shows that we knew how to protect your rights (sic) in such a way that the federal government could find no excuse for putting hands on the State of Mississippi. . ."

Since that time, the state's commitment laws have gone unchanged—but not unused. In many cases, the person committed no doubt legitimately requires it; in others, personal avarice or vindictiveness or callousness is being effected; in still others, such as the case recounted here, there are chillingly distinct overtones of political imprisonment.

Jackson

Once upon a time, boys growing up wanted to be president. Now they want to be rock singers.

This alteration of goals, almost a 180-degree reversal, has even filtered down to Mississippi. In high schools across the state, the rock band is replacing the football team as the symbol of Making It.

But getting involved in a band and its attendant life style does things to a boy; he makes money and he wants to use it on weird clothes and cars and who-knows-what-else. And he wears the badge of his new liberation on his head, hanging over his ears and curling up around his shirt collar.

When the hair starts getting thick in the back, the neighbor ladies talk. The rock star becomes the village hippie, and mothers lock up their children when they see him coming.

Michael Black went to high school in Louisville, Miss.—pronounced Loo-iss-vil for some obscure reason—and he played in the Revised Edition, a local band.

Michael went off to Mississippi State, and the band stayed together. And through it, he met Jill, a student at Louisville High who, she recalls, "grooved on his music."

They began dating in serious, though Jill's parents did not like Mike—his hair, his gold-rimmed glasses, his life style in general. After a particularly bad session between parents and children last November, Mike and Jill decided to get married and escape the hassle.

They went to Livingston Ala., to get a license, but the county probate judge turned them down because of Jill's age (16, two years younger than Mike) and their lack of the required blood tests. Undeterred, they decided to live together anyway, in Jackson, where Mike had friends.

Their fathers, with the aid of the police, ferreted them out and threatened them with charges ranging from kidnapping to cohabitation. Jill and Mike, understandably frightened, gave in and went home to their parents.

Back home in Louisville, they were not allowed to see each other at first, but eventually they managed to renew their intimacy. In December, Jill became pregnant and "in the best interests of everyone," their parents gave their consent to marry. An apartment was set up in a building Mike's father owned in Starkville, and Mike enrolled at State for second semester.

By March, however, Jill's father had become upset because the newlyweds were not, to his mind, "being a good little married couple." He took her car away and told them that, as far as he was concerned, they could "live on the street." Once again, Mike and Jill left for Jackson.

They pawned Jill's jewelry to rent an apartment and started looking for jobs. Three days after their arrival, police and fathers barged into the office of the Kudzu, Jackson's underground newspaper, through which they had located the wayward couple before. Again, word was passed to Mike and Jill, and they agreed to meet their fathers at the Kudzu.

Mike was arrested there and charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Jill was held as an accessory to her own delinquency. After they had spent three days in jail, charges were dropped against them—but Mike was held for a lunacy hearing in Hinds County.

Mississippi law delegates the administration of such hearings to the county's deputy chancery clerk, in this case Mrs. Jewell Burton.

Mrs. Burton appointed two Jackson physicians, Dr. R. W. Naef, a neurologist, and Dr. Mitchell H. Harkins, a surgeon, to examine Mike. Neither of these men is an expert in psychiatric cases, but state law provides only that the appointed physicians have the "best available qualification in the field of mental medicine." This criterion is usually interpreted to mean "any doctor."

Mike interested an attorney, Jim Lewis of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee in Jackson, in his case. But Lewis was stymied by the legal status of the lunacy hearing; the subject's mental health is considered a medical rather than a legal question. A psychiatrist brought in by Lewis was not allowed to testify.

After a lengthy hearing, in which Jill's father made a heated attack on "the hippies at the Kudzu," Mike was diagnosed by the two doctors as suffering from "schizophrenia, latent type." He was sent to East Mississippi State Hospital near Meridian for two weeks of observation to determine his sanity.

Lewis then filed a petition with the clerk for a writ of habeas corpus to get a hearing on the issues of the case. It was rejected. Further requests for a hearing were turned down by the county court and the state supreme court.

While Lewis was trying to find a foothold in the state's statutory barriers, his client was getting the mandatory East Mississippi crewcut. He found the place overwhelmingly depressing; patients may wear nothing but pajamas and are fed a liquid depressant three times a day. He met other youths there who had been sent up for sniffing glue or using marijuana.

After Lewis' rejection by the courts, he still had two courses of action: to take the case into federal court, contending that Mike's civil and constitutional rights had been violated under "the normal procedure of Mississippi law," or to threaten the hospital with a suit to have Mike released.

After Mike's two weeks of observation, however, he was found sane and was released before Lewis could take further action. He is now attending Belhaven College in Jackson.

After his release, a hearing was held before Jackson juvenile court judge Carl Guensey to determine whether Jill could continue to live with Mike or would be returned to the custody of her parents; Mike won. Jill let her parents adopt the baby. .

Mike's problems started because he did not look or act like other teenagers in Louisville, Miss. More and more Mississippi kids like him are growing their hair long and rejecting their parents' values. Some have already been shipped to East Mississippi.

Lewis feels that the procedure for committal is inherently haphazard and that "It will make you ill if you are not already." Legally, he said, "A sick person is treated worse than a pickpocket."

One of the main problem with Mississippi's committal laws, Lewis argued in his petition for a writ of habeas corpus, is that there is no provision for a hearing before a judge—only a deputy chancery clerk. Additionally, the clerk has no power to appoint counsel; even if the subject can afford to pay his own attorney, he may use him in an advisory capacity only.

And, unlike many injustices of the Mississippi legal system, the commitment problem is almost entirely one of inadequate procedural safeguards. The deputy chancery clerks of the state are as Mrs. Burton told MF, only doing their duty. "We just conduct them according to the law," she said. "the only way we've ever done it."

Lewis is awaiting another commitment case with which to test the system in court, but in the meantime it continues to put away people as sane—if not more so—as you and I.

Sam Love

Warm welcome awaits Leonard

Congressman Allard Lowenstein of New York (MF No. 1) returns to Mississippi Nov. 6 to keynote the annual state NAACP convention in Hattiesburg.

Other Washingtonians scheduled to speak at the four-day session are Bruce Rabb of the White House staff and—NAACP President Aaron Henry swears it's true—Jerris Leonard, head of the civil rights division of the Justice Department.

Leonard has had a rough summer.

His legal staff verges on rebellion because of the Nixon administration's decision to go slow on school desegregation in the South. That decision has given 33 Mississippi school districts respite from more stringent desegregation plans called for in suits now pending in federal courts.

Leonard summarily fired an assistant attorney general who said he couldn't in good conscience support the administration delay. Another ranking CR assistant quit, blasting President Nixon, Attorney General John Mitchell and Leonard for "contributing to the recalcitrance of Southern segregationists."

Leonard displayed an Agnewesque propensity for the quotable quote by saying "there just are not enough bodies and people" to enforce "instant integration" in the public schools. That statement brought an offer of aid from the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, a legal group which in the last five years has handled more than 2,000 civil rights cases in Mississippi alone. Leonard hasn't responded to the Lawyers Committee offer.

A Jackson CR lawyer, told that Leonard was coming to Mississippi, mused: "Hmmmmmmmmm. . .I guess we'll have to prepare a reception for him."

Looks like Leonard's in for a rough winter, too.

E.W.

Good Lord! It's him! Wearing a leopard-skin dashiki and giving the Black Power salute! Is nothing sacred?

No. Memphis' new underground paper, The Root, featured on the cover of its first issue this updated rendering of the Commercial Appeal's long-running (until last year) cartoon standard. In his pre-revolution incarnation, Hambone offered the Mid-South a daily foot-shuffling apothegm and a reassuring, unchanging racial stereotype.

Hambone, boy, yo' sho' has done changed.

The Clarion-Ledger

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 8 November, 1969

In this issue:

Jim's judge
Sam's grass
Mike's nightmare

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE: Commentary on the Mississippi Scene. Published monthly at 203 McAllister St., Greenville, Miss. 38701. Single issue, 35 cents. One-year subscription, $4. Application for second-class mailing permit pending at Greenville, Miss. Vol. 1, No. 8, November, 1969.

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In re Clark: Yeas, nays, and maybes

Jackson

Jackson lawyer Charles Clark, bearing Sen. James Eastland's stamp of approval, breezed through U. S. Senate confirmation proceedings last month to a seat on the Fifth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

Some observers attributed the ease with which the 44-year-old Clark gained approval to Senate liberals' unwillingness to risk any of their anti-Haynsworth support in a fight over another judicial confirmation.

But Clark drew no fire at all in his passage to the bench, and that's somewhat surprising for a man so regularly the courtroom advocate of the status quo in Mississippi for the past decade.

Charles Clark is, in a word, establishment. He is the great-grandson of the Charles Clark who was a Confederate general and Civil War governor of Mississippi.

The Memphis-born Clark studied at Millsaps College in Jackson and Tulane University in New Orleans before receiving a law degree from the University of Mississippi in 1948. Clark eventually joined the Jackson law firm founded by Vardaman Dunn and Harold Cox, James Eastland's roommate at Ole Miss during the 1920s. Cox left in 1961 to become a federal judge in Mississippi'sSouthern District, but the same year his son graduated from Ole Miss law school and joined the firm.

Cox, Dunn and Clark represent bigness. Their clients include the Deposit Guaranty National Bank, Citizens National Bank, the Sperry and Hutchinson Co., and Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.

Clark was obviously Eastland's man for the post. State Republican Chairman Clarke Reed of Greenville would have preferred U. S. District Judge William Keady, but Eastland nixed Keady because of the Greenville judge's rulings in school desegregation cases. Two-time GOP gubernatorial candidate Rubel Phillips of Jackson would also have suited state GOP leaders, but not Eastland.

Clark, more than any other attorney, has been the defender of the Mississippi way of life in courtroom action during the 1960s.

As state assistant attorney general, he defended the University of Mississippi against the intrusion of James Merideth, whose eventual admission in 1962 sparked a night of rioting in which two persons died.

Clark was the attorney chosen in 1967 to contest the seating of Robert Clark, the first black elected to the Mississippi legislature since Reconstruction. That contest never took place, however, and Clark was seated without challenge.

Clark represented the all-white Mississippi Democrats in their losing battle for seating at the 1968 national Democratic convention in Chicago.

In short, his credentials as the ideal Eastland nominee for the appellate court seem impeccable.

Speaking in support of Clark, Eastland told the Senate that the nominee carries the endorsement of "every race and every creed" in Mississippi. While there is some reason for wondering who—if anyone—speaks for the Negro in Mississippi, there is greater reason for assuming that plantation-boss Eastland doesn't.

What about Clark? Is there another view?

Possibly, says a Jackson civil rights lawyer who asked that his name not be used. Yes, says Kenneth Dean, director of the Mississippi Council on Human Relations. Yes, says Father Nathaniel Machesky, a priest who works primarily with blacks in Greenwood.

"Clark has been counsel in all Mississippi's really outragesou things in the past few years," said the CR lawyer. "He's their main guy. On the other hand, it doesn't mean he's a bad guy—could be he's the best lawyer around. He may not be too bad. . .but I'm not sure there's anyone in this state I would put on the circuit court."

Dean, who's been in the forefront of Mississippi civil rights activities most of this decade, thinks Clark "represents the best possible choice" for the judgeship.

"I had a request from some people in Washington to study his background," Dean told MF. "He has been a man of legal and political involvement, involvement in the old Walter Sillers type politics. Clark is a cousin of Sillers, you know." Walter Sillers, a Rosedale lawyer, was speaker of the Mississippi house for more than 40 years. His politics consisted mainly of a fierce struggle to reestablish the 19th century in Mississippi.

But Dean detects a broadening in Clark. "In the past two or three years, he seems to have become more broad-minded. I've talked to him about school desegregation and about race. He has given legal advice to people involved in race relations. . .he has attended two or three meetings to see what's going on.

"The accounts of the Merideth hearings don't describe him (Clark) as a particularly vicious man," Dean said. "He seems to have been more passive than anything else. He took the best way to defend his client."

Father Nathaniel, of St. Francis of Assisi Church in Greenwood, has known Clark about 18 years. Clark's sister works with Father Nathanial at St. Francis. "She was one of the organizers of Pax Christi, a group of dedicated women who do full-time social work, primarily with black people," Father Nathaniel said. Greenwood's reaction? "Oh, the black community loves them," said Father Nathaniel. "Most of the whites don't."

Clark came to the aid of Father Nathaniel on one occasion. "We were in a very difficult situation here," said the Franciscan Father. "We had organized a consumer cooperative, but we couldn't get a state charter for it, probably because of my background"—Father Nathaniel is a leader in Greenwood civil rights activities. But Charles Clark interceded with the governor, and the charter was granted, Father Nathaniel said.

"He's a fine man, a man of honor," said Father Nathaniel. "I think he'll make an excellent judge."

There is no way to predict what course Clark will take once he is seated on the appellate bench. But before he has donned the judicial robes, he has accomplished one near-impossible task—he has caused Kenneth Dean, Father Nathaniel and Sen. Eastland to agree on something.

That is an auspicious beginning.

Ed Williams

The president said it was a fine day for watching football

Washington

It was like a scene from a Brueghel painting, carried out by countless thousands: the cast of "Hair" singing interminable choruses of "Let The Sunshine In" to a sea of weaving, bobbing, dancing humanity; a forest of two fingers—the victory sign co-opted into a peace symbol; uncaged white doves swooping into the twilight; smoke curling from trash fires built against the numbing cold; the stark Washington Monument; and beneath it a band of demonstrators bearing Vietcong flags, threading their way out of the mass for a confrontation at the nearby Justice Department.

It was the climax of the most spectacular manifestation of war protest in America's history, the peace march on Washington that was belittled by the Nixon administration, relatively ignored by TV, but which left its participants with a glowing feeling, like worship is supposed to bring.

The president was ensconced behind a barricade of D. C. Transit buses less than two blocks away. According to reports, he bowled a few frames with the White House chef and then saw an Ohio State game telecast that afternoon. His comment that it was a "fine day for watching football" was compared by the Washington Post to Marie Antoinette's "Let them eat cake." However, his intransigence coupled with the bombast of the vice president was credited with drawing the legions to the capital.

Dick Gregory, one of the keynoters for the five hour program of song and speech which followed the march down Pennsylvania Avenue, said he was fearful each time Nixon left Agnew in charge because Spiro was the type who'd make a crank call to the Russians on the hot line. That the crowd was predominantly youthful was not lost on Gregory. Recalling that Nixon said he would not be affected by anti-war demonstrations, Gregory suggested that the president invest in a long distance call to the LBJ Ranch and "ask that boy" about the power of youth. Cheers. "Right on!" "Are you listening, Nixon?" "1-2-3-4, Tricky Dick, Stop the War!" "Screw Agnew!"

The general tone of the day was pacific and at times antic. Dave Dellinger was there, flanked by Yippies Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, his "co-conspirators" who, he said, had finally had been given a 9-to-5 job by the government as defendants in the current Chicago trial.

Leonard Bernstein showed up to express solidarity, and four members of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra played Beethoven to contrast with the hard rock and folk presented by Peter, Paul and Mary, Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger, John Hartford and Richie Havens, who sent the multitude into paroxysms with his hard-driving sound of "Freedom!" Earl Scruggs, who has come a long way from the barn dances at Batesville, Miss., also broke up the crowd with his "Foggy Mountain Breakdown." Hundreds formed small circles and cavorted crazily in the music in an effort to get their blood circulating in the cold.

There were soberer sides and violent episodes during the three days. Begun with a grim 40-hour, candlelight march from Arlington Cemetery past the White House to the Capitol, in which each person carried the name of a Vietnam victim, it was culminated with a teargas melee at the Justice Department. In perspective, the latter event should not be allowed to mar the image of the Moratorium, despite scare tactics and "I told you so" accusations by the administration. On Friday night, red flags were flying in Dupont Circle. A few blocks away helmeted police manned battle stations at the Saigon Embassy, where SDS had promised to serve an eviction notice. A fight flared, arrests ensued, and you could almost hear John Mitchell chortle. He got his just deserts the next night when gas wafted into his office at Justice.

The Washington police received high praise from both sides. They were, by all accounts, pleasant and patient. It seems to say something about the state of law-and-order polarization when cops are congratulated for behaving like human beings, their profession having fallen into disrepute after Chicago, Selma and Detroit.

But during the hour that a small clot of Weathermen, Weatherwomen, Crazies, Maddogs & associates mixed it up with the police Friday night, hundreds had to be turned away from a memorial service for the Vietnam dead at National Cathedral, which says something for this college generation. Five thousand voices joined Seeger in "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," the sound welling to the rafters while fundamentalist counter-protesting minister Carl McIntyre ranted on the church steps outside.

At 2 a.m. Saturday, a steady procession of pedestrians, bundled in blankets, continued to stream past the White House with name cards and candles. The names of the Mississippi dead were marched by on Friday night, mostly by volunteers since few anti-war protestors had made the pilgrimage from the state. After all, there was the big game with UT in Jackson. Nixon returned from the latest moonshot and presumably retired early. By the time of the main march the next day, the White House area was isolated from traffic, troops were conspicuously "hidden" and armed guards watched proceedings with field glasses from atop buildings. It was reminiscent of the Berlin Wall, which says something about the attitude of the administration.

Through the streets the people wound. The police count, acknowledged as "modest," was a quarter of a million. The New Mobe claimed from 800,000 to a million and a half. Long hair and old clothes, bizarre signs, papier mache Spiro heads and upside-down American flags—a distress signal--stood out. Wearers of suits or dresses were suspected FBI infiltrators.

The music was great. The speeches, by Coretta King, Senators McGovern and Goodell, Dr. Spock, et al, with exceptional clauses, were ho-hum affairs. Rhetoric is rhetoric, whether right or left wing. A "businessman for peace" who extolled the need for "better management" in government was loudly hooted by the SDS faction, bunched near the stage, refusing to sit on the grass like everyone else.

The administration would rather have the public remember the super-radicals.

* * *

But to those who took part, the masses of people who kept flowing down Pennsylvania Avenue in a broad, unbroken column for hours, even after all space in the 31 acres surrounding Washington Monument was jammed past belief, it was a memorable experience. It was a pageant pitting the joy of life against death.

The president went to the Redskins game the next day.

Curtis Wilkie

MF

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 9 December, 1969

High school is one thing but college...

Jackson

If the three-judge federal panel expected to rule soon on the latest speaker ban proposed by the state college board decides to declare it unconstitutional, the judges need look no further than the Jackson public high schools for a more enlightened model.

No doubt the college board members—who authored an allegedly discriminatorily—administered policy banning all candidates for public office and their spokesmen from speaking to state college students—would be embarrassed and the three-judge panel impressed to learn that Jackson public high schools have been allowing political speakers, black and white, along with nationally-known civil rights leaders to address their students for some time.

This revelation concerning policies governing what the college board apparently considers impressionable youth who must be protected from alien thoughts was unearthed by a University of Mississippi journalism student last spring during a study of high school and college speaker policies.

Telephone conversations with several Jackson high school principals revealed that during the past two years both Charles Evers, mayor of Fayette, former NAACP field secretary and civil rights leader supreme, and longtime state NAACP president and Clarksdale boycott leader Aaron Henry have espoused their ideas before Jackson high school students with an apparent minimum of fanfare and criticism.

One Jackson high school held a program during the recent presidential campaign featuring adult spokesmen for the three major presidential candidates. Such a program would be prohibited, oddly enough, at institutions such as the University of Mississippi.

As a result of the college board's regulations, for example, former Jackson Murrah graduates who attend Ole Miss could be denied the chance to hear an on-campus speech by some of the same persons they were allowed to listen to in their high-school days.

Jim Merritt, principal of Murrah High School, Jackson's pride and joy of predominantly-white public education, says his school has "no set written speaker policy," but he sits with a committee composed of faculty members and students to select speakers for assemblies.

"We try to present a variety of speakers and programs," he said, explaining that any time a school invites a controversial speaker (Murrah's National Honor Society has hosted Evers) it can expect to receive criticism from some quarters.

Jerome Smith, Callaway principal, says that other than himself, no one restricts speakers at his school.

"We have never rejected any speaker that I know of," said Smith, whose school hosted a talk by Henry.

"We actually have no policy on restricting speakers. I do review them. What we do is let our clubs and students decide who they want to invite," he said.

David Sessum, Provine High School principal, echoed the "no set policy" policy.

Sessums said Provine has an assembly committee composed of Student Council members who invite and select speakers and submit them to him.

The College Board may be hard put to explain why they want to ban practically all political speakers even though no such policy exists in some of the best public high schools in Mississippi's capital city.

Whether one is conservative or liberal, he must at least admit that it is a peculiar state of affairs when speakers allowed to address high-school students are banned from appearing before college students.

But that's the way it is in Mississippi.

Bill Rose

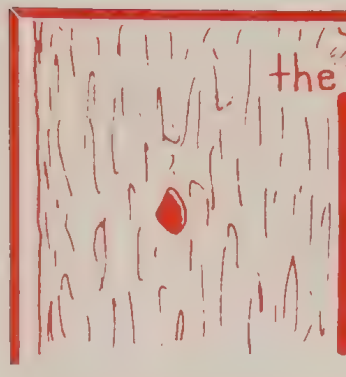
On Jan. 14 a panel of three federal judges threw out the speaker regulations under which the state college board had sought to bar state NAACP President Aaron Henry from speaking at the University of Mississippi and Democratic National Committeeman Charles Evers from speaking at Mississippi State University.

The judges instructed the college board to submit new regulations for approval. On March 14, the board did.

The new regulations ban certain speakers (political candidates and their representatives, persons convicted of felonies or crimes of moral turpitude or breach of the peace, persons who have "advocated violence", etc.) In addition, the new regulations give solely to the college president the right to invite speakers to campus, and the regulations don't say he may refuse to issue the invitation only if the proposed speaker falls into the categories listed.

The students who challenged the original policy believe the new regulations give unrestricted power to the college presidents. On March 26, lawyers for the students branded the new regulations "equally as unconstitutional" as the old ones, and called for the judges to refuse to approve them.

The new regulations and the plaintiffs' objections have been in the hands of the judges since March 26, and the judges apparently have been sitting on their hands in the matter for the past eight months.



the POSSUM

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

Like its predecessor of last spring. Jubilee II was held at Mount Beulah, a onetime college campus, and it again featured all the standard accouterments of the 20th Century pop festival: bad weather, bad food, bad accommodations and grand camaraderie.

About 200 Mississippi high-school and college-age kids attended this time, while thousands of their clean-shaven (with a grudging concession to lobe-length sideburns) peers watched a football doubleheader 20 miles away in Jackson. The straights never knew, or cared, what happened at Jubilee II, and nobody at Mount Beulah was heard to ask about Archie Manning.

But there was a difference this time: A schism appeared between the political, save-our-society-now people and the hallucinogenic, let's-do-it-in-the-road people. One end of the campus was taken over by the pols with their Black Panther and Che Guevara films, the other by the heads with their rock music and chemically-induced smiles.

The activists left Sunday with still-vague plans for a state-wide organization. But a follow-up meeting in Starkville, attended by representatives from every major college in the state, produced the Mississippi Action Coordinating Committee. MACC's ambitions--to link campus reform groups with activist urban interests—run contrary to its creators' reservations about organization. The Starkville Twenty even declined to elect officers. (Another meeting is tentatively planned for December if enough organization can be mustered to produce a news letter.)

The politicals suffered from lack of repression at Jubilee II. Last year, the Highway Patrol went out of its way to radicalize the apolitical, patroling the grounds, searching cars and issuing citations for such crimes as "No inspection sticker." This year they were absent; three ineffectual shotgun blasts from a pickup truck driving by· the ticket-taking stand caused a minor ruckus, but it wasn't the same thing. The drug set, in fact, viewed it as an entertaining light-and-sound diversion. . .with the Aquarian Age emerging, who could kill?

Where are the billyclubs and teargas, the politicals might well ask, now that we really need them?

Sam Love

Bill Minor, longtime (22 years) Jackson correspondent for the New Orleans Times-Picayune, has been barred from the governor's press conferences for reporting John Bell's inaccessibility to the press and his frequent out-of-state junkets.

Minor and Williams met recently to talk over their disagreement but nothing came of it, according to Minor. "I think he expected me to apologize," he said, "but he was sadly mistaken."

Minor said that, considering the infrequency of the governor's press conferences, the ban is "an endurable deprivation."

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The committee on academic freedom of the American Association of Law Schools is sending another investigating team to Ole Miss.

The AALS and the AAUP had earlier studied the de facto firing of professors **Mike Trister** and **George Strickler** for their legal-services moonlighting. On its first visit, the AALS team also inquired about the installation, over faculty disapproval, of **J. William Bunkley** as dean.

Trister told MF he is "pessimistic" about the outcome of the probes. "When they send the dean of the Georgia law school to investigate," he shrugged, "what can you expect?"

❋ ❋ ❋

Rep. Thomas G. Abernethy has his own ideas about "bringing the war home."

In a speech before the House, Abernethy lamented the recent protests against Department of Defense research at MIT and offered his own solution:

"I suggest, Mr. Speaker, that there are institutions in our great country where the leadership, personnel and students would welcome the presence of these essential research activities. And I also might suggest that the Administration and Department of Defense would not have to go beyond my own State to find what it needs and is looking for, for instance at the University of Mississippi, Mississippi State University, University of Southern Mississippi, Delta State College and other Mississippi educational and research institutions."

But why stop there, Tom? Why not move the Pentagon to Jackson. . .Dow Chemical to Pontotoc. . .Rand Corp. to Perkinston Junior College. . .

❋ ❋ ❋

A three-judge federal panel will hear arguments on the state's latest segregationist maneuver, the private-school tuition grant, Dec. 12.

The Justice Department and civil-rights groups obtained an injunction against payments under the plan shortly after it was passed by the legislature and signed into law by **Gov. John Bell Williams**.

The plan, called patently unconstitutional by its critics, would provide "loans" of $200 per year to private-school students. Repayment would not be required if the child continues his schooling in the state.

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Virginia Graham, a daytime-TV talk show hostess who combines the most abrasive characteristics of Ann Landers and Jackie Susann, spoke at Ole Miss recently at an ODK-Mortar Board program.

"America has one hope," she said, "and that lies in the Southern woman, with the beauty, charm, intelligence—but who knows how to make a man feel like one."

Miss Graham also ventured a somewhat cryptic opinion on campus demonstrations. "Student unrest is justified," she said firmly, "but don't be in such a hurry and be patient."

Six days later, she restated her high opinion of Ole Miss girls on ABC-TV's Joey Bishop Show, adding that they are "on a sex diet (and) are sick and tired of having the burden of virtue and virginity on their shoulders. . ."

We can remember, not too many years ago, when ODK had to scrape up such relatively unenlightening speakers as Margaret Mead, who doesn't even have a TV show.

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Dr. William L. Giles, president of Mississippi State University (MF No. 6) is nothing if not responsive to criticism.

We referred to him, in an otherwise favorable piece, as looking "rather like an undertaker. . .with his conservative blue suit and tie."

Well, we've been co-opted again. Giles, speaking to a civic club in Jackson, cited the MF article and modeled his new maroon blazer as evidence that he has abandoned his sartorial stodginess.

Right on, Prez!

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The October issue of The Washington Monthly ($10 per year, 1150 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington 20036) contains a devastating, if less than surprising, account of one congressman's stranglehold on the Department of Agriculture.

"**Jamie Whitten**: The Permanent Secretary of Agriculture," is excerpted from Nick Kotz' forthcoming book Let Them Eat Promises: The Politics of Hunger in America.

Kotz' reconstruction of Whitten's hatchet job on the National Nutrition Survey's plan to study conditions in Mississippi is particularly interesting.

"Jamie Whitten's found out Mississippi is on the list and is raising hell," one Agriculture bureaucrat warned another. "I think we'd better drop it."

It was dropped, posthaste.

Contributors

Bill Rose, 22, is an August graduate of Ole Miss, where he was president of the Sigma Delta Chi journalism society. He is now employed as Cleveland bureau chief of the Delta Democrat-Times, while he awaits the call of the Army reserves. Rose insists that he has no noteworthy eccentricities, but we are checking.

Sam Love, who authored last month's piece on mental commitment (in answer to several inquiries: yes, it is a true story), is news editor of the Delta Democrat-Times in Greenville.

If you're a genuine, bona fide $4-or-more MF subscriber, you should have received all our nine issues to date. If you haven't, let us know so we can remedy the situation. (MF, alas, stands in the postal pecking order somewhere between supermarket throw-aways and hard-core pornography. And our efforts to obtain a second-class permit—well, you wouldn't believe it anyway. . .)

Money talks (and votes) in Jackson

"We all know how badly our state needs money," noted State Sen. Bob Perry, speaking about Senate Bill 1536 which, now that it is law, will require banks in Mississippi to pay four per cent interest on monies held on deposit by the state general fund.

Sen. Perry, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, was an advocate of the measure, which will produce about $3,000,000 in new revenue for Mississippi during the next fiscal year. Perry was greatly responsible for getting the bill through the Senate and onto the governor's desk by Nov. 7.

Eleven men stood against the rest of the Senate and opposed the bill to gain revenue for Mississippi. They were: Senators William Alexander, Ellis Bodron, William Burgin, E. K. Collins, William Corr, Ollie Mohamed, Merle Palmer, John W. Powell, Fred Rogers, H. C. Strider and Cecil Sumners.

There is nothing unusual about opposition to any bill before a legislative body, but it's always interesting to see who led the opposing factions and what their possible motives could have been.

The eleven men who cast the negative votes have been reverently referred to by Sen. Ollie Mohamed of Belzoni as just trying to "prevent another financial burden from falling on the shoulders of the people." Sen. Mohamed feels that had the majority of the people known "all the consequences" of the bill it would have failed to gain support--as had earlier movements of this legislative genre.

Gov. Williams allowed Bill 1536 to be considered in the last special session of the legislature only because he saw an opportunity for a financial boon to his problem-ridden highway program.

State banks will now be required to pay four per cent interest on excess state funds which they hold on time deposit, the same interest rate banks pay to the public on passbook savings. The state depository commission has been directed to invest 50 to 75 per cent of all funds declared to be in excess of actual need.

Eight attorneys, one farmer, one businessman and one once-upon-a-time sheriff voted against the bill. (Two senators with bank holdings, Perrin Purvis of Tupelo and A. J. Foster of Aberdeen, abstained.)

Vicksburg attorney Ellis Bodron, 1960 chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, voted against the measure. He said in an interview with MF that he did not like to give "quotable 'capsule' statements" concerning his vote against the bill, since such answers were so often "misinterpreted."

Sen. Bodron then cited "a number of reasons" for his No vote, including the possibility of banks increasing the interest rate charged individuals for personal loans and an increase in bank service charges.

Four reasons Sen. Bodron did not list could be the four banks in which he holds stock. The senator's holdings are in two Vicksburg banks and, he noted proudly, "two of the big banks over in Jackson."

Sen. Bodron pointed out that a "real" conflict of interest is difficult to define and Mississippi's statutes certainly do not aid in interpretation.

Mississippi legislators are not required to reveal anyof their financial holdings. But then being on a boardof directors or having substantial amounts of stock, or both, are not the only financial interests a legislator might have that would cause him to go against a measure that is sure to cut the amount of profit made by banks.

One prominent Delta legislator who voted for the bill pointed out that possession of bank stock did not automatically produce a vote against the measure, for, as he added, "Hell, I've got stock in every bank in Greenville!" He did agree that others could have very easily let personal interests guide them.

William G. Burgin does not appear on state banking records as a director or board member of any bank in Mississippi. Yet Sen. Burgin's Columbus law firm is counsel for the Columbus National Bank of Commerce.

Some of the senators among the eleven nay-sayers, whom Sen. Mohamed inaccurately referred to as the Twelve Disciples, probably voted against the bill for other political reasons.

One Senate wag pointed out that H. C. Strider, Charleston's contribution to the senate and a former Tallahatchie County sheriff who admits to buying his way into that office, "almost without fail" will vote the way of Sen. E. K. Collins of Laurel.

Sen. Collins was characterized by the same colleague as an arch-conservative who votes against almost everything involving money.

Joe Hemingway

Political anti-hero: The life and times of Jack Shearer Jr.

Jackson

The role of the character in Mississippi politics seems, lamentably, to be passing.

Ace Carter has gone back to Alabama to run for governor. Jimmy Swan lost his share in a south Mississippi radio station and has been reduced to disc-jockeying and haranguing right-wing pep rallies. Blowtorch Mason has retired from politics, and former Gov. Ross Barnett's most recent political forum was a Baptist Sunday School class.

Who falls heir to the wild-man mantle? No one, probably. But we offer for your consideration a new type of Mississippi politician—the anti-hero, buffeted by blind fate in the Melvillian tradition: Jack Shearer Jr.

Jack Shearer Jr., born and reared in Jackson in the heady atmosphere of far-right politics. . .Jack Shearer Jr., who in an era of long hair and sideburns wears his blond hair crewcut and his sideburns not at all. . .Jack Shearer Jr., who confronts critics with an aw-shucks smile and a cheerful disclaimer that the whole thing is just a misunderstanding. . .Jack Shearer Jr., age 31, the once and future Mississippi politician.

Shearer's father moves in the murky realm of the far-right in Hinds County—Americans for the Preservation for the White Race and associated groups. The elder Shearer has run two unsuccessful campaigns for county supervisor and has been active in other local political ventures—his name was on the advertisements opposing the $7,000,000 school bond issue, invoking the sacred names of Thomas Jefferson and Big Jim Eastland and linking support for the bond issue with support for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's "social experimentation with our children" and support for the NAACP, a bit strange since the NAACP also opposed the bond issue.

But never mind. . .the point is that the younger Shearer came by his interest in politics at an early age, and the brand of politics he learned was that of the ultra-right yahoos.

Jack's entry into state-wide politics came in 1960, when he was a senior at Millsaps College in Jackson. He was a member of the Millsaps Young Democrats, an organization of no particular political leanings but a good political forum. Others in the loose group of political hobbyists were John Perkins, now a seg newspaper columnist and state representative from Meridian; Bill Wilkins, now a Republican PR man in Jackson; John Ellis, now a Vicksburg lawyer; John Sullivan and David McMullen, now Jackson lawyers.

"I got to piddling around in politics with some of the Cholly Sullivan brains"—Bill Spell, now Sen. John Stennis' administrative assistant, among them—"and got tied up with them on some of these conservative causes," Shearer told MF.

"Not long after I got out of school that summer, Bill called and wanted me to go up in Holmes County and run a newspaper there."

The Holmes County paper was a struggling weekly founded in opposition to Hazel Brannon Smith's Lexington Advertiser, itself a struggling weekly. The newspaper battle later settled into a Mexican stand-off: Mrs. Smith won a Pulitzer Prize and her opposition won almost all the local advertising.

"The paper had been in existence about a year and a half, and it was in bad trouble financially," Shearer recalls. "But some of the people up there wanted it—they were mad at Hazel for a bunch of reasons. Of course she oversimplifies it, says it's all the racial situation, which isn't really true. She's kinda obnoxious anyway. And besides, any editor in any small community who's been there twenty years is going to be more unpopular than popular."

So Shearer went to Lexington. "I stayed there two and a half years. About half the time I was there I was trying to figure out some halfway honorable way to get out."

He got out, with no hard feelings, and returned to Jackson in 1963, when Clarksdale lawyer Charles Sullivan was preparing for hs first run at the governor's chair. "It looked like I could do more for Cholly working at the Clarion-Ledger, the Ledger being what it is," Shearer recalls. "And my old man was running for county office. The Hedermans (owners of the Jackson Daily News and Clarion-Ledger) were backing the other slate, so I thought I should stick around the Ledger. It was all right for a while, but one night Purser (Hewitt, executive editor of the Ledger) called me in and said J. P. Coleman was going on a week-long tour of north Mississippi, and they wanted me to pack up and be ready to go at six the next morning. It was clearly a case of getting me out of town. . .I hadn't been writing any politics at all."

The Ledger supported Paul Johnson, the eventual winner, and Shearer thinks their news coverage showed it. "I wasn't pleased with the way they covered the campaign," he recalls. "Of course they had such an intense relationship with Johnson, a longtime relationship. Anyway, I thought the news coverage had been slanted for Johnson, and I quit about three days after Sullivan lost in the first primary. I did go on and work until about three weeks after the second primary, though. Then I saw a chance to get back in the bus business."

Shearer and his father ran a small bus company during Jack's college years. In 1960, "Dad had about seven buses," Shearer recalls. "That year they expanded the city limits, and we bought a few more buses. We got into a hot fight with the city lines. . .They (the city) couldn't figure out why people were riding our buses. We were charging higher fares and still they were riding our buses. Of course we had a whispering campaign going on. We had the kids say bad things to the people who rode city buses. It finally became sort of a status symbol to ride the private buses."

After leaving the Ledger, Shearer got back in the bus business with a half-dozen cantankerous buses catering mostly to school kids. The summer of '64 he started to work part-time for Jackson Daily News sports editor Lee Baker. But life wasn't beautiful. "My parents kept on and on. . .they felt like I was wasting my life, fooling around here driving schoolbuses. To me it was a business proposition—who's to say? The year before I'd made enough to live."

But it wasn't just his parents. "People on the street I'd gone to school with, they'd see me and say 'What're you doing now? Last time I heard you were editor of a newspaper.' and I'd mumble something about running a small bus company. They'd say 'What do you mean—you driving a bus?' and I'd say 'yes, sometime when a driver doesn't show up.' They'd back off like, you know, you drunk or something, and they'd shake their heads and walk off."

The social pressure got to Shearer, and in the fall of '64 he went to work for the Commercial Appeal in Memphis. "I figured if I had to go back to work, I might as well go with the best paper around here—it has a good reputation, anyway," he said.

"All our agitation must have had some effect, though. After I went to the Commercial, I got a call from the old man. Mayor (Allen) Thompson had called and asked if we wanted to take over city lines. They were having labor trouble, and he was using us as a stick over their heads.

"Dad talked to him. The mayor asked if we were interested, and Dad said 'You're talking about a million dollars.' 'Why Jack, that's all right,' the mayor said. 'We'll arrange for a loan at the bank, and the city'll back the loan. Money? Money? That's no problem.'

"We knew what he was doing, of course. The mayor had given the drivers a deadline. He said if they weren't operating by a certain time, he'd pull them off. He told them 'I've got this private party that wants to run the buses.'

"I told Dad to make a deal with the union president not to end the strike under any circumstances, and as soon as we got the franchise we'd put all the old drivers back on and give them a $15 a week raise. But they wouldn't deal, and they ended the strike about three hours before the deadline. All this time I was in Memphis trying to come up with twenty or twenty-five buses."

Shearer left the Commercial in early 1966 to become press aide to Congressman John Bell Williams. He stayed on John Bell's congressional payroll until May, 1967— a bit longer than he should have.

"All that DD-T business. . ." Shearer grinned and shook his head. "It was all an administrative error. Here's the way it happened. When we started in February, it was decided that I'd come down here and handle the press for the campaign. But a campaign—especially one that's thrown together quickly—puts you in a situation where it takes awhile to set up the administrative processes, the payroll, etc. You just get paid once a month in Washington, so it takes a little time to get payroll changes made. So I came down here, and I was handling some congressional work—if someone came into the office with a problem, I'd try to help them—but mostly campaign work. When we were making up the campaign payroll, somebody said 'We don't have to put Jack on it, do we?' and the governor said yes, of course. Mr. Williams was very insistent about it. But somehow it just coasted a few weeks into April.

"Then Pic (Firmin, managing editor of the Greenville Delta Democrat-Times) came through doing a round-up story on the campaign. He wanted to quote me on some things, and I was honest with him. I said I'd rather he wouldn't since I was on the congressional payroll and not formally associated with the campaign, even though this is the campaign headquarters and you find me working in here. He said sure, and chuckled to himself, I guess.

"So he didn't do anything, but he used one of these old techniques that's often used. They got their Washington bureau to contact our Washington office. They talked to Cholly (Charles Griffin, then Williams' administrative assistant) and he was candid with them—he said I was on the congressional payroll but it was anticipated that I would soon be off. But they just pay once a month in Washington, remember.

"That story was in the DD-T and nobody knew about it or would have been interested in it but they used another old technique—they called UPI to get a response to a story in the DD-T that no one had heard anything about. So UPI did.

"I talked to Mr. Williams. He said he didn't see that it was worthy of comment. So I told UPI that, but you know they can make a good story out of that. We never got any kickback from it, though. Personally, it bothered me—I wasn't accustomed to being in the statewide limelight."

The experience was just a warm-up for Shearer, however. He suffered some painful burns from the hot glare of publicity shortly after Williams was elected.

"After the second primary, Nov. 7, I'd already decided I wanted to go it on my own. I was going back on the congressional staff to help wrap that up, and the idea that I'd take some kind of job with the state. But I didn't want to do that. I was dickering around with this"—he picked up a copy of the Rankin County Press from his desk—"among other things. But he wanted too much money. But I'd already quit Mr. Williams when I went to the fund-raising rally."

Shearer maintains he went in complete innocence to the APWR-sponsored dinner to raise defense funds for the 18 whites charged in the death of three civil rights workers in Neshoba County in Freedom Summer of 1964.

"A friend of mine from the Daily News was working on a series on right-wing organizations in the state. I told him this meeting would be a good opportunity for him. The Clarion-Ledger had told one of their young reporters to staff it. He was a little scared to go out there. I felt like I'd know some of the people there, so I said I'd go along with them. I told the night man at AP I was going, and I'd be glad to call him if anything came of it.

"We got there, and the man at the door thought I was still with the

Continued on page 4

Politics, principles and profits

"Why vote a present of $7 million more to the N.A.A.C.P. and to the ruthless and tyrannical administrators of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare?" asked the quarter-page ad in the Nov. 17 edition of the Jackson Clarion Ledger.

The ad went on to inveigh against passage of a proposed school bond issue by Jackson voters, invoking the names of Jefferson, Eastland, and Gov. John Bell Williams.

The man listed as the ad's sponsor: Jack Shearer Sr.

"Damn!" exploded Jack Shearer Jr. when he saw the ad. "If the old man had let me place that for him, I'd have made thirty or forty bucks!"

Shearer Jr. later learned the ad had been placed by Elmore Greaves, Jackson lawyer and backer of almost every seg cause. That afternoon Greaves came to Shearer to enlist his aid in placing some radio spots opposing the bond issue. Shearer did, and wound up losing money on the deal.

Ruin a bigot's Christmas. . .

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 9 December, 1969

In this issue:

Jack Shearer Jr. and other trips into the bizarre

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE: Commentary on the Mississippi Scene. Published monthly at 203 McAllister, Greenville, Miss. 38701. Send remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to Box 836, Greenville, Miss. 38701. Single issue, 35 cents. One-year subscription (issues 1-12), $4. Application for second-class mailing permit pending at Greenville, Miss. Vol. 1, No. 9, December 1969

Editors: Lew Powell, Ed Williams. Washington bureau chief: Curtis Wilkie. Contributing editors: Bob Boyd, Joe Hemingway. Circulation assistants: Rebecca Boyd, Amy Generelly, Llewellyn Greenwood, Penny Jenkins, Lucie Lee Maynard, Patricia Roberts, Sharon F. Zoeller. Contributors this issue: Sam Love, Roger Mills, Bill Rose.

Anti-heroism in politics

Continued from page 3

Commercial Appeal. We got in free and sat at a small table marked PRESS. Commissioner Horton (Jackson city commissioner Clark Horton) was there, and he made a speech. The implication later was I did something similar, which wasn't true.

Shearer thought no more about the meeting until he called the Clarion-Ledger a couple of weeks later looking for A. B. Albritton, then a Ledger reporter and now a PR man for the state highway department.

"The fella I talked to said A. B. wasn't there—he'd gone to a press conference where some guys were fixing to tie me in with the KKK. I thought he was joking, until UPI called me that afternoon for a comment on the thing."

Between the APWR rally and the press conference Jackson had witnessed two apparent KKK-bombings aimed at white persons sympathetic with civil rights activities. Jackson Rabbi Perry Nussbaum had issued a statement saying that meetings such as the APWR rally "create an atmosphere of violence that leads to bombings."

Kenneth Dean, head of the Mississippi Council on Human Relations, called the press conference. He told reporters that a John Bell Williams staff member had attended the APWR fund-raising affair, and three men who were identified at the gala as members of John Bell's campaign organization were members of hate organizations.

"He told everybody before the press conference that he was talking about me, but he didn't mention my name during the press conference," Shearer says.

"I don't think Dean knew who he was talking about. It probably stemmed from a campaign joke we had. Like Winter and everybody else, we tried to pick up support after the first primary. We picked up three Swan field men." Swan, a south Mississippi radio executive and political unknown, ran a surprisingly strong third to Williams and state treasurer William Winter. Swan and his campaign aide Ace Carter made sure Mississippi's traditionally racist governor's race remained that way.

Williams' campaign headquarters was a two-story house on State Street. "We set up a little office for the Swan men in a room in the back of the house," Shearer recalls. "There was a lot of joking about our shock troops in the back room."

Shearer maintains that he wasn't on the governor's staff when he attended the APWR meeting. "For all practical purposes I was off the staff, but I didn't know what the date of my last paycheck would be. As it turned out, I didn't get another check after Oct. 20—before the second primary—so I had been off the staff a month at the time of the APWR gala."

The publicity put heavy pressure on Shearer. "Looking back, I guess I overreacted," he says now. "But the governor had issued a very strong statement about the bombings. I was with him at the VA hospital when he did it. He wasn't even governor yet, but he said, in effect, 'I'm going to be, and this sort of thing is not going to happen.' Then to come out and insinuate that somehow his campaign was tied in with the bombing was a low blow."

Shearer went into seclusion for a few days. "It was the first time anything like that had ever happened to me. I was on the defensive, and I couldn't fight back because of the governor. If I'd come back and tried to say anything, it would have tied the governor in with it. The governor thought I had over-reacted. 'So some civil rights nut called a press conference,' he said. 'It ain't bothering me.' Cholly (Griffin) tried to console me. He said in a week nobody'd remember it.

"A few days later I was in the capitol press room and a friend of mine said he'd heard the APWR had scheduled some television time to defend me. So I called a buddy of mine and asked what they had in mind. He said 'Ace Carter's going to come on and talk about how they're getting on you and the APWR and he's going to call Dean a communist and all that stuff.'

"I said 'Wait a minute. . .where is that crazy fella?'" Shearer rushed to a Jackson motel where the APWR was meeting that night to find Carter, whom he'd never met. "I sat in the cafe and told them to get Ace and bring him out to me—I wanted to see him out in the middle of that cafe, and I wasn't going into that meeting. Ace and two guys I didn't know came out. About a week later one of them was arrested when they found satchels of dynamite in his house, but I didn't know him then. I told Ace, 'Friend, I don't need anybody to defend me. You go on TV and do anything you want to, but leave me out of it.' I got the message across."

Shearer today is philosophical about the furor. "Anybody who's been in Mississippi the past 10 years and has really worked as a newsman—has really gone out to find out what the hell's going on—or in politics, he's going to get to know some really way-out folks. That's a fact of life. We used to joke about me bombing people in the old press club days, but it never was more than a joke.

"When I first went with the Commercial Appeal, they sent me to cover an NAACP meeting, thinking that would rile me. But I found it fairly interesting. I must have done a pretty good job from the NAACP viewpoint, because after that when they wanted something in the paper, they'd come up and give it to me. That's the sort of thing you get into—if somebody you know wants to get something in the paper, he comes to you."

The controversy passed, and Shearer soon was back in politics helping John Bell's assistant Charles Griffin win the vacant congressional seat. When Griffin went to Washington, Shearer went along as top congressional aide. He left Griffin early this year and returned to Jackson to found an advertising agency. Most of his contracts are with state agencies too small to require a fulltime PR man, although he is picking up some larger accounts. He's gotten most of the accounts through old political contacts.

His vacation from politics will probably be short. A vacancy in the Jackson delegation in the state legislatiure was created when Rep. Russell Davis was elected mayor this year. "I came within an inch of running in that special election," Shearer says. "But then Sen. Stennis' son (Jackson lawyer John Stennis Jr.) got into it, and I stayed out. Two reasons: one, it was pretty obvious that he would win, and second, I didn't think it would be smart politics to start by running against a Stennis in Mississippi."

Ed Williams

A veteran Jackson political observer mentioned to MF that although he and Jack Shearer Jr. have been on opposing sides of almost every political question, he has always liked Jack.

"I used to think the right-wing stuff was just superficial with Jack—that inside he was different," he said "But the more I think about it, the more I believe that Shearer himself is superficial all the way down to his bones."

Pornographers beware: The Clarksdale PTA wants your evil hide

Clarksdale

Probably the epitome of the insane man in Clarksdale today, replacing even the white liberal political hopeful in that respect, would be a Caucasian opening a newsstand.

Merchants here, already weak from a just-ended black boycott, are now threatened with the wrath of the PTA. Thus far, the Waspish matrons have been heavy on talk and light on action, but their budding radio campaign may be just the start of a blitzkrieg. Flanked by Middle American folk heroes J. Edgar Hoover and Richard Nixon, they think they have found the root of the problems of a city beset with severe poverty and racial antagonism.

Pornography.

At a recent PTA meeting you could almost feel the President's presence as his words were read to the crowd in the auditorium of Kirkpatrick Elementary School, snuggled safely among the neat suburban homes, two mile safe from the rental shacks:

"When indecent books no longer find a market, when pornographic films can no longer draw an audience, when obscene plays open to empty houses, the tide will turn."

Armed with the word of Nixon, an abundance of Hoover crime stats and a handful of proselytizing pamphlets (which can be obtained by writing the Christian Action Commission of the Mississippi Baptist Convention, c-o Clark Hensley, Box 530, Jackson), the porno hunters are ready to wage war against anything which might conflict with puritan morals.

The commission provides a set of detailed guidelines to steer the movement but the vital catchword is "youth." "My main interest is children," said the PTA president, waving a pulpy man's adventure magazine in the same hand with a Playboy.

The "experts" rally the parents with CAC shibboleths. "A very large portion of this obscene material falls into the hands of children and teenagers" sets up the audience for "In many cases young people have become sex perverts selling pornography or serving as models for obscene pictures."

The second volley warns, "People become slaves of obscenity. Addicted to pornographic material, they have a craving for it which is in some ways similar to a narcotic addict's craving for drugs. They are constantly searching for more stimulating materials. Committees investigating this problem have discovered that many young people are 'hooked' on pornography."

To add authority to their arguments, they dip into the well of statements released over the last half-century by the director of the FBI. "Distribution of pornographic material prepared especially for juveniles is now so efficient that it is quite accurate to say that no child is beyond its reach."

Who's responsible for the "two billion dollar cesspool network?" The righteous mothers tell us that it is partially the fault of unscrupulous profit-seekers. Everett Dirksen once shocked America when he said, "A Los Angeles smut publisher, by his own admission, is in the business primarily to make money."

Another portion of the blame lies with apathetic parents, but mostly today's spread of pornography is the fault of the American Civil Liberties Union.

The "ACLU defends pornographers in the courts, and thus helps free them to turn out more mountains of filth."

The group is called a "great legal vigilante committee" which advocates "no laws at all." "ACLU has also infiltrated press, radio and television," warns one pamphlet.

* * *

To save Clarksdale from "sex-saturated books, magazines and movies" the PTA recommends support of a Dirksen-introduced bill (S.1077) which, according to an article by the late senator in Readers Digest, would "allow free juries of local citizens to make the final determination as to whether a book, magazine or movie is obscene." This law, according to the PTA president, "would not let the Supreme Court review the question of whether or not the material was obscene. Thus we in our own community could decide what we think is obscene. It would allow us to set the moral standards that our young people would be raised under."

What is obscene? The CAC sets several suggestions for determining what is objectionable. The list includes the use of blasphemous, profane or obscene speech indiscriminately and repeatedly; to exploit horror, cruelty or violence; to feature indecent, lewd or suggestive photographs or illustrations; to portray sex facts offensively; to carry advertising which is offensive in content or advertise products which may lead to physical or moral harm (cigarette companies beware); and at the very top of the list "to hold lawful authority in disrespect." Watch it, MF, the PTA is out to get you.

Fred Grimm

MF

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 10 January, 1970

Contributors

Fred Grimm, 22, is a Clarksdale newsman. This is his first contribution to MF.

Lovett Hayes Weems Jr. is the new pastor of a Methodist church near McComb. A native of Forest, he graduated from Millsaps College and recently received a degree in theology from Southern Methodist University. He has also worked as an intern in the office of Sen. Vance Hartke of Indiana.

Weems' piece, which appeared without warning in our mailbox one day, is a bit different from the typical (if indeed there is such a thing) MF article. After we managed to overcome our prejudice against the non-scandalous, we found that we really rather liked it, for its perception and its unabashed Southernness.

Thanks also to Willie Morris for the accompanying comments.

'Self-hatred disguised as liberalism'

It may well be that Willie Morris' North Toward Home will be one of the most profoundly influential books for my generation of white Mississippians—and indeed all Southerners. Born following World War II, we finished high school in the mid-1960s at the height of Southern racial violence. There were, for us, few alternatives as to how we would view our traditions. In those days of extreme intolerance, one was either "fur us or agin us"—there was no middle ground. We could either accept and defend unquestionably what a few had been allowed to define as the Mississippi Way of Life, or we could reject this style of life and thought. Obviously, with the issue so polarized, there was only one choice acceptable to those who were opposed to the many injustices being practiced—total rejection.

This rejection of our culture led to an unhealthy one-sidedness. This view was especially prevalent among Mississippians who, unlike Morris, were "liberated" without leaving the state. We were blinded to those aspects of our past and present which were quite decent. It also led to a certain naivete. We thought things were right everywhere else and that we should try to become "like them." One had to remember that this was a time of national naivete, when we thought prejudice and discrimination were almost completely limited to the South. One can scarcely blame those of us who had never left Mississippi for believing this.

One fairly common response was what Robert Penn Warren has called "self-hatred—sometimes self-hatred disguised as liberalism." This self-hatred is not unlike that felt by many Negroes, especially in years past, who could not accept their blackness. It should not be surprising if a renewed appreciation of the values of Southernness corresponds with the black man's pride in his blackness. Both movements arise from minority groups which have been saddled with the notion that they are inferior. Just as the black man has always been told, or at least made to feel, that he is inferior—so has the Southerner. No one who is sensitive to the repeated assurances that he is receiving an appallingly inadequate education in the poorest, most backward state in the country can escape this feeling. For the white this self-hatred is greatly intensified by a tremendous burden of shame and guilt.

But this total rejection or self-hatred is not a satisfactory solution; it causes a crisis of identity. I believe North Toward Home is causing many young Southerners to reevaluate their relation to their past and, most importantly, their relation to the South of today and to their fellow Southerners. Why do I give such significance to Morris' part in this? Morris is an articulate Southerner who, without condoning any of its social evils, obviously appreciates much of his past and his distinctive Southernness. He recognizes how dangerously easy it is "to turn one's back on his past, on the isolated places that nurtured and shaped him into maturity, for the sake of some convenient or fashionable 'sophistication.'"

After reading of his encounter with Robert Frost in London, I realized that Morris had a unique relationship to his home state. Frost had called Mississippi the worst place in the country, only to be reminded by Morris that it had produced some admirable writers. The more common reaction would have been to agree immediately with Frost, lest one be considered "one of them." It is so easy to forget, even for native Mississippians, that ours is the state of writers William Faulkner, Richard Wright and Eudora Welty, statesman L. Q. C. Lamar, opera singer Leontyne Price and journalists Turner Catledge and Hodding Carter.

We must stop being moralists and become students of our past and present. Only in doing so can we alter their meaning and create something new. To quote Morris: "For a long time in my life, I had been ashamed of my Mississippi origins. Yet shame was too simple and debilitating an emotion, too easy and predictable—like bitterness. It was more difficult to understand one's origins, to discover what was distinctive and meaningful in them, to compare them with the origins of others, to give shape to them for the sake of some broader understanding of place and experience."

To seek to understand one's past does not mean to become a captive to it. Rather, this understanding may radically free the Southerner. It may free him to live and work once again with his fellow Southerners, not as a missionary, but as an inheritor of a common past of which he is both beneficiary and victim.

Lovett Hayes Weems Jr.

MF asked Willie Morris about the reaction of Mississippians to North Toward Home. His reply:

"From where I sit I can only say that the response to North Toward Home in Mississippi has been fantastic. The book has sold very heavily in Mississippi and the South, as well as in Yazoo City, and people tell me it is still selling. I've received literally hundreds of letters from down there, most of them favorable.

"I think the reaction in Yazoo City was somewhat mixed, to say the least. Norman Mott Jr., the editor of the Yazoo Herald, has been a staunch supporter of the book. There were a number of critical letters published in the Herald. The Jackson papers have been quite fair to the book from the start, running both critical and favorable pieces on it.

"There's not a book store in Yazoo, so they sold the book in the P&S Pharmacy on Main Street, and I gather sold out a huge order overnight. Two days later my old friend Bubba Barrier phoned me up here and said, 'This book of yours is the biggest thing to hit Yazoo City since the Civil War.'

"In general I think I can say that the most favorable response has come from the younger people in Mississippi, and my impression is that the book had a wide readership among the young there. I'm sure there is a certain amount of hurt and suspicion in Yazoo City that I haven't heard about.

"People there should realize, and I believe in time they will, that the book was an act of love—complicated, to be sure—but still an act of love."

Bleeeaaaaagggghhh!

YOU JUST PUCKER UP, HONEY, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST: The reigning world champion tobacco spitter, a Mississippi State student from Eupora, had this comment on the title's fringe benefits: "Most of the girls know me for my tobacco spittin', and being champ has really helped my social life."

TITLE XXI, SECTION 14, PARAGRAPH TWO—IODINE AND BAND-AIDS: Two state legislators resorted to an old-fashioned punch-out to settle their differences over the Medicaid bill.

HELLO, CENTRAL?. . .CENTRAL? With the change-over of Rosedale to dial telephones, Sunflower became the last town in the state on a manual system.

THE NORMAN DACEY "LAW FOR THE LAYMAN" AWARD to Pride Magazine for this explanation (reprinted verbatim) of a Greenville murder-rape hearing: "The attorneys for the defense drove home the idea of. . .if the court so ruled the innocence of the defendant whether guilt of rape had been established, due to the fact that if evidence proved that her virgincy was previously removed before the accused so acted in this case, would they (the jurors) then acquit if the court so deemed it so."

OH, THAT JOHN MITCHELL: State NAACP President Aaron Henry had this to say about the attorney general after the administration's civil rights backslide: "Yes, John and I have had our differences. . .in fact, sometimes we don't get along at all. . .actually, I called for his resignation the other day. . .did you get a copy of that speech?"

The sex life of S. Claus

THE STOWAWAY

If this cartoon had run in the Kudzu instead of the Jackson Daily News, it might well have occasioned multiple arrests. Obscenity, thy name is Janus.

MARSHALL McLUHAN WAS WATCHING "LET'S MAKE A DEAL" AND NOT AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT: Two Jackson women picketing a dealer in laboratory animals (one sign: "How many cats have you skinned and killed this year?") said they "learned what to do from watching television."

WOW, JUST WHAT WE NEED: Gary Odom, chairman of the Mississippi Youth Advisory Committee on the draft, explained to a reporter that the committee was formed as "a hope to become a communication break between the generation gap."

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TWO LARGE SACKS OF GRAVY TRAIN to State Sen. Charles Henley of Hinds County, who gave this defense of his resolution of commendation for a dog that took first place in a field trial: "Red Water Rex is a champion. Too, we are developing a good-sized quail industry around here. . .besides that, his owner is a friend of mine."

KEEP COOL, GUYS: Assistant attorney general Jerris Leonard, arguing for more time for Mississippi school districts to desegregate, warned the Supreme Court "not to be caught up in the frustrations" of 15 years of non-compliance.

COW POWER: A Washington County man complained to the board of supervisors about target shooters near his home. "They used to shoot toward the levee, before they found out they'd get in trouble if they hit a cow," said Charles Haik. "So they turned around and started shooting toward the people."

AND THE OBVIOUS ANSWER? Sen. James Eastland remarked on his investigation in the Martin Luther King assassination that "the obvious question is—were there Communists involved?"

WOW, JUST WHAT WE NEED: Former Parchman prison superintendent C. E. Breazeale testified at a federal court hearing that it was "standard procedure" to strip prisoners and feed them milk of magnesia because "you don't know how long they're going to be inactive."

A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF FOOD STAMPS to welfare recipient James O. Eastland of Doddsville, who received $116,970 in cotton subsidies last year.

WELCOME TO LILLIPUT: Gov. John Bell Williams said that to him, "Spiro Agnew stands 14 feet tall."

WHY, MY MAID WAS SAYING JUST THE OTHER DAY. . .State Attorney General A. F. Summer attended a Hattiesburg private-school rally and made this comment: "I think one of the greatest avenues of help we are going to have down the line is these poor black people who have been caught up in the swirl by these civil rights lawyers in getting them rights that they really didn't know what they were getting."

THE GREAT ESCAPE: Ben Givens, 27, was found stuck in the attic of the Washington County jail six days after he attempted to escape. "I guess he was too ashamed to come down," a deputy said.

UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR: USM President William D. McCain prefaced an article in a historical journal with the comment that he had "relied heavily" on a graduate student's thesis. Sure enough, fully 60 of the article's 65 paragraphs came verbatim from the thesis.

BUREAUCRAT IN THE CORNER POCKET: The state attorney general's office, asked for a ruling on the legality of shooting pool on Sunday, first said it was legal, then decided it wasn't and ultimately seemed hopeful the whole thing would be forgotten.

THE NEW MORALITY: Third place in the Memphis Commercial-Appeal's youth poll on "my favorite politician" went to a Shelby County election official under indictment for voting irregularities. The Commercial cautiously allowed that this could "just possibly be a put-on."

THAT'S TELLING 'EM, RHETT: The Daily Mississippian excoriated Sports Illustrated in a front-page editorial for "libeling" an Ole Miss coed. It had referred to her good Lord!—as "sexy."

BUT WHAT ABOUT BOA CONSTRICTORS AND KILLER WHALES? The Mississippi Game and Fish Commission formally banned walking catfish and piranha (ambulatory or otherwise) from the state.

EET'S A BIRD! EET'S A PLANE! EET'S A BAG OF GAS! Trinity Baptist Church of Clarksdale held its annual Gospel Balloon Day, at which members of the congregation launch helium-filled balloons bearing printed religious messages. "Some of our gospel balloons," boasted a church announcement, "have flown as far as Cuba."

THE GREEN SLIME ARE HERE, AND CHICKENMAN, TOO: NASA gave Mississippi State $200,000 to investigate the possibility of spaceships being devoured by slime. The Pentagon gave Ole Miss $600,000 to study the feasibility of substituting birds for soldiers.

SAY, OUT THERE—ISN'T IT TIME FOR SPRING? The Madison County grand jury discovered a "large dead owl" in the refrigerator of the county jail. "This was apparently not its customary nesting place," it noted, "since it was frozen stiff."

WOW, JUST WHAT WE NEED: A cafe known as Uncle Tom's Restaurant opened in Oxford.

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD: Speaking at a "pep rally for Jesus," Delta State baseball coach Dave (Boo) Ferris reported that he had "learned at an early age that God and baseball go together."

GEE, CHARLES, YOU LOOK GREAT IN THAT TOGA: "The convention came here to expose Mississippi," Charles Evers complained at the NAACP convention in Jackson, "not to praise it."

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY: Mississippi Secretary of State Heber Ladner blasted those "who cry out for a new image for Mississippi. . .I am proud of Mississippi's past and of her picture window of tomorrow."

SOMEBODY HAD BETTER TALK TO OLE JAMIE: The Americans for Democratic Action gave Sen. Eastland and Rep. Colmer zeroes on their voting records, Sen. Stennis a 10, Reps. Abernethy, Griffin and Montgomery 13s and Rep. Whitten (we can see him blush from here) a fat 25.

JUST ADD MORE FATBACK, MA'AM: A Coast woman created a stir when she said in a Huntley-Brinkley interview that most of the hurricane relief she had received was "soiled collard greens."

WORST NEW SONG OF THE YEAR: "The Ballad of Archie Who?" a quick-buck ode to Ole Miss quarterback Archie Manning. Sample lyrics: "It was Tennessee's last chance to savor a big, big thrill, for it would be a long sad journey back to dear old Knox-ville."

If 1969 was a preview of the '70s we don't want to go

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LAW 'N' ORDER: A Tunica highway patrolman was arrested for murder two weeks after he had been named the state's lawman of the year. . . Houston Davis billed himself as "The Law and Order Candidate" in a Jackson JP election but somehow managed to lose anyway. . .A Coahoma County judge dismissed a police-brutality manslaughter case with the remark that, had he been the cop, "I would have hit him twice as hard."

JAKE JAVITS IS GONNA BE AWFUL DISAPPOINTED, GOVERNOR: John Bell decided against joining the Republican Party.

IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE CUBA: A pilot ferrying a cropduster from Tutwiler to Jamaica encountered bad weather and was forced down in Camaguey province, Cuba.

IF IT'S WEDNESDAY, WE MUST BE BANKRUPT: The morning after the Cleveland board of aldermen and Mid-Continent Airlines agreed on arrangements for the city's first daily flight service, the company learned of "impending peril" and filed for bankruptcy.

PFFFFT: Rev. Dan Ferguson of Friars Point resorted to protest marches and federal court orders to get his name on the city election ballot, then got beat, 240-45.

MUTHA POWER: During the Clarksdale NAACP's protest of achievement testing, an elderly black man was seen wearing a sign reading "I didn't take the tests because my mama told me not to."

HMMMMMMMM. . .Two legal challenges to the state's "monkey law," the nation's last remaining anti-evolution statute, met defeat. Meanwhile, the largest banana shipment in U. S. history was unloaded at Gulfport.

WHEREFORE ART THOU, ROMEO? At least two Mississippi moviehouses cut the bedroom scene out of Romeo and Juliet.

WOW, JUST WHAT WE NEED: Between his histrionic hand-wringing over the state's perilous financial situation, Gov. John Bell Williams managed to push for the purchase of a defunct Jackson hotel ($1,600,000) and for a campaign to integrate Northern schools ($1,000,000).

HERE WE COME, 1984. READY OR NOT: A 20-year-old Metcalfe soldier was court-martialed at Ft. Bragg, N.C., for distributing unauthorized literature, including the Bill of Rights.

MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1968. . .OR WAS IT '67? Three English journalists wrote a book (An American Dilemma) on the American presidential campaign, in which they discussed at some length the relationship of crypto-candidate Ronald Reagan and Mississippi GOP Chairman Clarke Reed. Included was this passage:

> **". . .However, Reed was the only one of the three who took real pleasure in the prospect of double-crossing Reagan. He had an old score to settle. Back in 1966, Reed had found himself in a tough fight for the Mississippi governorship against John Bell Williams, a man who had already been a popular Congressman. Reed, struggling at around ten per cent in the polls, needed help badly. He first appealed to Reagan, but got no reply. 'It suddenly hit me that he wasn't interested. He didn't want to know a loser.' But Nixon came and spoke—to some effect. Reed ended up with thirty per cent of the vote."**

Verrry interesting. Especially since 1) John Bell ran for governor in '67, not '66; 2) his opponent was Rubel Phillips, not Clarke Reed; and 3) Richard Nixon neither came nor spoke.

WOW, JUST WHAT WE NEED: The Jackson Daily News praised Gov. John Bell Williams as "one of the most mature political figures in the nation today."

PANIC IN PLEASANTVILLE: Latest circulation figures indicate that MF now trails Readers Digest by only 17,777,417 paid subscribers.

THE SEEDS OF MEGALOPOLIS: Horn Lake (pop. 600) discovered an ancient ordinance which would permit it to annex the Memphis suburb of Southaven (pop. 7,200).

BEST RUMOR OF THE YEAR (VERACITY DOESN'T COUNT): That Hodding Carter III tried to enroll his kids in an Indianola seg academy... and was turned down.

M-I-C (SEE YOU REAL SOON) K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E: Eight Ole Miss students known as the Mickey Mouse Patrol were arrested for disturbing the peace when they picketed an ROTC drill.

RING OFF, BUDDY: A Pricedale man was shot and killed in an argument over who got to use the party line. He lost.

NO KISS-KISS: Fayette Mayor Charles Evers fired his city attorney (white) and a city policeman (black) when he learned they planned to wed.

NO BANG-BANG: Evers issued an order requiring guests at his inaugural ball to check their guns at the door.

WOW, JUST WHAT WE NEED: With dead bodies still strewn about, Rep. Sonny Montgomery toured the tornado-ravaged Hazelhurst area, shaking hands and giving away pamphlets on how to start your own business.

JACK PAAR IS LOOKING BETT ALL THE TIME: Jerry Lewis, act as Tonight show host, quipped t his lifelong ambition had been to over Mississippi and use the bathroc A spokesman for the show said Le read the remark off a cue card a "did not know what he was going say until he said it."

HALTINGLY, MISSISSIPPI GE WITH IT: A Tupelo barber w arrested when a narcotics agent foui 4,000 pep pills in his shop.

EVER SO HALTINGLY: 24-year-old Kilmichael man w: arrested and charged with growir marijuana in his grandmother garden.

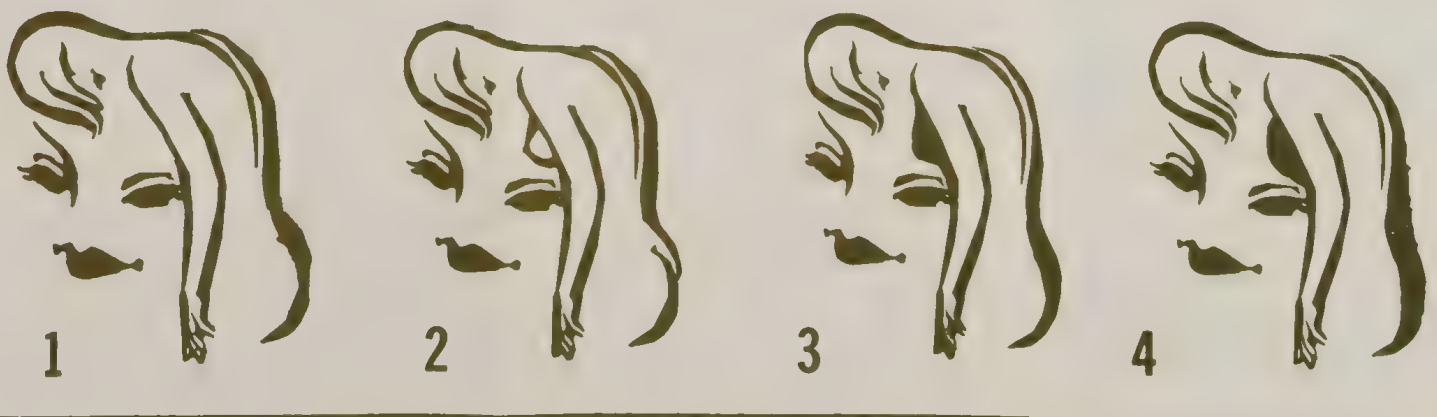
EIGHT MEN IN BLACK (AND ON IN WHITE): John Stennis and J. F Coleman were rumored as possibl Supreme Court nominees.

YOU CAN COME OUT OF THE CELLAR, MAMA, IT WAS A FALSE ALARM: Purported prophetess Jeane Dixon issued a statement through her secretary denying that she had predicted another hurricane on the Coast.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FREE ENTERPRISE: An Alcoholic Beverage Control agent testified that he had bought a bottle of whiskey from an on-duty Canton cop. . .Ole Miss alum James Meredith served two days in jail for harassing the elderly tenants of his New York apartment building. . .The state association of justices of the peace voted unanimously in favor of retaining the fee system; a state commission had suggested salaries might foster more justice. . .Joe Lee III, editor of the Grenada Star, was hospitalized after an altercation with a fruitstand vendor. . .Former Jimmy Swan campaign manager Asa (Ace) Carter kicked off his Alabama gubernatorial race with a plan for "free-enterprise education."

The Bowdlerization of Sister George, as performed by the inmates of the advertising departments of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal and the Delta Democrat-Times

While The Killing of Sister George was premiering in Memphis, the Democrat-Times editorially made sport of the Commercial's mutilation (1) of the original advertising copy (2). This fall, however, George came to Greenville and was immediately sanitized (3) and further refined (4) by the DD-T's own ad people.



Despite our

inexhaustible family fortunes,
shrewd investment practices,
substantial subscription income,
spiraling advertising revenue,
fat bribes from those in high places,
generous grants from foundations,
talent for strong-arm robbery, and
our $15 limit on expense account lunches,

we still need money

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

OK, MF, your high-powered sales pitch has bowled me over. Against my better judgment, I'm enclosing $___ to help keep your staff off the welfare rolls.

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE
Box 836
Greenville, Miss. 38701

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Charter (No. 1-12): $4
Half-a-loaf (No. 7-12): $2
Patron: $25
Benefactor: $50
Sugardaddy: $100

Name_____

Street_____

City/State_____

ZIP Code_____

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 10 January, 1970

In this issue:

Follies of 1969

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE: Commentary on the Mississippi Scene. Published monthly at 203 McAllister, Greenville, Miss. 38701. Send remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to Box 836, Greenville, Miss. 38701. Single issue, 35 cents. One-year subscription (issues 1-12), $4. Application for second-class mailing permit pending at Greenville, Miss. Vol. I, No. 10, January 1970

Editors: Lew Powell, Ed Williams. Washington bureau chief: Curtis Wilkie. Contributing editors: Bob Boyd, Joe Hemingway. Circulation assistants: Sharon Ayling, Rebecca Boyd, Amy Generelly, Llewellyn Greenwood, Penny Jenkins, Lucie Lee Maynard, Patricia Roberts, Sharon F. Zoeller. Contributors this issue: Fred Grimm, Lovett Hayes Weems Jr.

'I am a racist'

Hattiesburg

M. M. Roberts, president of the state college board, recently spoke to the AAUP chapter at the University of Southern Mississippi. We think his remarks offer an rare insight into not only the intransigence of one life-long segregationist but also into the antagonism with which the board views higher education.

As reported in USM's Student Printz, here is a candid sampler of the philosophy of M. M. Roberts:

On racism: "I have been on the board for nine and a half years now, and some of them haven't been so pleasant. The first real task I had for myself was to try to decide what to do with (James) Meredith going to the University of Mississippi, and I said, 'No, he won't go.' I felt like he would go over my dead body.

"But as I've gone along through the years and looked back, I've said to myself really that I am a racist. Every time I read a definition, I say, 'Well, that's me.' I have no apologies for it, though. It's me. And maybe that's the reason why we have some of the problems we have—because of how I feel about certain things that have come out of my childhood long ago, but it's my philosophy, and that doesn't bother me, and I hope it also doesn't bother you that I don't share yours."

On accreditation: "(Theodore Bilbo) was the one who got us off accreditation, and I got tired of hearing that. Somebody said, 'If we don't do this, we'll lose our accreditation,' and I always said, 'To hell with it,' you know, because what do we have?

"Do we have education for accreditation, or do we have it to educate boys and girls? Are the schools run for the students, or are the students run for a university complex?"

On the board's restrictions against political interference: "It's difficult to do what we say there. . .because of this one thing: We get our money from the legislature. State legislators are elected. The legislature is then a political body.

"You can't go up there and say, 'Listen, you chuckleheads are going to give us this money; we're going to do as we please; we're independent; we're not going to let politics have anything to do with it.' Then you have to tell yourself, 'How stupid am I'."

On campus harmony: "Say good things about your fellows, about your institutions, and about the administrative heads, and be very kindly disposed in a Christian manner."

On the possibility of Southern's hiring full-time black faculty members: "I hope none of you are stirring for that sort of thing. I think if you want to be a stupid idiot, just stir for that kind of thing. That's a thing that's destructive, and one who thinks it seriously in his heart ought to get out of this institution, because you don't belong in our society if you think that is necessary—a thing we've got to do."

On last summer's faculty upheaval at Southern: "It really made me sick... that things got in the press."

On a local newsman (Keith Glatzer of WDAM-TV) who reported the controversy: "I thought he was a stupid idiot trying to castigate others, throw them down the drain because he had something he thought was newsworthy, but destructive newsworthiness."

On the vice president: "I can't keep from being proud of Agnew that he would go out and say, 'Listen, why in the hell don't those that are getting protection under the first amendment be worthy of the protection the first amendment sought to give them?"

the POSSUM

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

Mississippi's year-old ACLU chapter has two new publications out: the monthly Student Rights Newsletter and a booklet entitled Know Your Rights.

The latter offers simply-written instructions on how to deal with police during and after an arrest. It's interesting reading, even if you think you are already aware of your rights.

Both are available without charge from ACLU of Mississippi, Box 2632, Jackson 39203.

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Another freebie: Jackson's surprisingly hardy underground paper, the Kudzus will send you a sample issue in exchange for your name and address. Send it to Kudzu, Box 22502, Jackson 39205.

The speaker ban (MF No. 9) is no more. As expected, a federal court panel threw out the board of trustees' revised ban as "either invalid for vagueness under the Due Process Clause, as were the former regulations, or in clear violation of the VFree Speech and Assembly provisions of the first (amendment.)"

The court ruled that only a speaker who constitutes a "clear and present danger" to the school may be barred.

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The competition for the vacated license of WLBT-TV in Jackson is starting to resemble the California gold rush.

At first it appeared that biracial Civic Communications (Aaron Henry, Charles Evers, Hodding Carter III, Mrs. Patricia Derian, Charles Young) had the inside track, but the 40 percent ownership of Weyman Walker, a Texan, will be a disadvantage when the matter comes up before the FCC, which leans toward local management.

Hence, all sorts of entrepreneurs are busily putting together model (i. e., local and biracial) companies to impress the FCC. WLBT's current ownership, Lamar Life Insurance (the Murchisons), has reportedly given up hope of recovering its license.

Pure avarice, rather than politics, is the main motivating influence of the newcomers: WLBT has been making about 25 per cent return per year on its capital investment.

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Willie Morris (see page one) is planning a return to Yazoo City to do an article or a book, or both, on school desegregation.

Morris will be in the state in early April, with black writer Ralph Ellison, for a program at Millsaps College.

Fact, fiction fill West Point fish pot; but which is which?

West Point

Two fledgling catfish industries have the water swirling and turbid with attempts to prepare a comfortable financial bed in West Point, capital of a newly arisen fishdom in Clay County. The centers of power are Mississippi Fish Equity and Country Boy Corporation.

Mississippi Fish Equity is a catfish farming cooperative organized and directed by Rev. Clifton Whitley, chaplain on leave from Mary Holmes College. Other members of the MFE staff are Sam Davis, marketing specialist, and James Hampton, accountant.

Country Boy Corporation, which recently bought the Swift and Co. packing plant in West Point, is a restaurant-franchising operation whose president is Richard Stone of Okolona. Other members of the Country Boy board are T. R. Ewing, Tupelo, chairman; Wallace Poole, Corinth; Don Colbert. Tupelo; Marvin D. Clowers, Pontotoc; Gene Allen, Vicksburg; T. G. Jackson, Marks; Saunders Carson, Columbus; and Joe Woods, Jackson. According to Stone, who is father of Country Boy, the West Point plant will be processing headquarters for CB restaurants, which will also specialize in steaks, country fried chicken and country cured ham.

In a Nov. 4 Clarion-Ledger article announcing the acquisition of the Swift building by Country Boy, the new catfish plant was described by Morris Denton of the Clay County Industrial Development Corp. as something over which the community was "particularly enthused." In a conversation at a community gas station, the attendant described Mississippi Fish Equity as that place up the road "where those damn niggers are trying to raise catfish."

Indeed, up the road about four miles is a conservative gray metal building that is MFE headquarters, just across Highway 45 from a rustic eatery called the Catfish Inn (not affiliated with MFE).

According to Whitley, Stone paid a visit to MFE last summer and made this proposal: "Let us buy into you or we (Country Boy) will move into West Point and run you out."

That, Stone says, is a fish story. "I don't know why he said that," Stone declares. "I offered him an opportunity to buy into Country Boy because I could provide an established retail market for their fish.

"I wanted him to feel that he was a part of it. I sought to establish a relationship with them due to the fact that I planned to use labor instead of machines, as most companies now do to process catfish. The majority of people in the United States have neglected good relations with the labor class of people," Stone maintains. He says Country Boy is at MFE's disposal and that CB "will be proud to help them" if they run into any problems.

According to Whitley, veteran of NAACP and Freedom Democratic Party organizational work in Mississippi and 1966 opponent of Sen. James Eastland, there were a few problems in getting set up.

Whitley says his headaches began in March, 1968, when MFE's first application to the Office of Economic Opportunity for $1.5 million was rejected. He says there was no reply to the request, and he attributes the denial of OEO funds to activities of county agents in the area. "We made the mistake of assuming we could get their help. They played along for a while, then fought us, organizing a letter-writing campaign to (Sen. John) Stennis and (Rep. Thomas) Abernethy."

After a second application six months later was rejected by OEO, Whitley persuaded the Presbyterian Economic Council of the National Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church that catfish farming in West Point was feasible, and MFE's first funds were obtained. Then came partial funding from the Episcopal Church, the Ford Foundation and, after a third request, OEO.

In September, 1968, when MFE went hunting for land on which to dig the catfish ponds, acres that had been selling for $200 and $300 suddenly increased in value to $500, according to Whitley. "So we put it out that an out-of-town owner was selling land to us, and people began to come around. The place we finally bought was sold to us by the Clay County agent for $350 an acre."

When MFE tried to have ponds dug, dirt-moving prices jumped from 15 cents to 41 cents a cubic yard, says Whitley. "We bought some books and learned a little engineering on our own." After Wayne Ethridge, a landscape architecture major at Mississippi State University, drew up the plans, MFE's home-grown engineers began scooping out ponds.

Work went on from before sunrise to after sundown, seven days a week, Whitley recalls. "We used floodlights, digging away from the lights during the day and close to them at night. At the end of the first 40 days, 24 acres of pond surface had been prepared, a job requiring the removal of over a half million cubic yards of dirt."

Then MFE met a corps of Colonel MIM's disloyal West Point lieutenants in a battle over supplies. "The worst experience of the whole project," says Whitley, "was trying to buy supplies in West Point. The businessmen knew us, so they knew to double the price of whatever we wanted. One merchant did not raise prices, but he could not supply all we needed. We bought a truck and went to Columbus, where we were not known. When word got around that we could go somewhere else and get supplies, prices in West Point came down."

It was soon after MFE had begun test operations to sample the local market that Stone made his proposition, according to Whitley. That was nine months ago.

MFE is now a 400-member, nine-county cooperative which furnishes information about care and feeding of fish and digs ponds for members at about one-half the going rate, Whitley says. "Our purpose is to put more money in the pockets of low-income farmers. We have no board that distributes profits among the members." Whitley says he believes Country Boy will make sharecroppers of the farmers who become part of it.

Meanwhile Country Boy has begun renovation of the old Swift plant and expects to begin operations early this year, according to Stone. He says Country Boy's interest is "strictly in the farmer. We guarantee him a retail market or outlet for his fish. Country Boy's operations will be completely vertically integrated from the growing, production and processing of catfish to the retail dispersement and distribution of these items through franchised restaurant outlets nationwide."

Stone says his company provides an opportunity for farmers, growers and producers to become partners with investors and developers in a unique business operation. Country Boy, too, will furnish information concerning the raising of the fish and offer supplies at discount rates. Country Boy trucks will pick up the fish from the farmer for delivery to the West Point plant.

According to Whitley, Stone does not have any fish. "And I don't have any idea where he will get them. We have firm commitments from people in this area. Already we have received a load of fish from a man who is on the board of directors of Country Boy. That tells me a lot."

Stone sounds equally optimistic: "I have up to 1.5 million pounds of fish waiting for processing. One retail market has already told me they want a million pounds a year. It will take 10-15 years for the supply to catch up to the demand."

Stone says he believes Country Boy's superior organization and larger scale of operation will insure its success. He plans to have 100 workers at the plant in West Point within the next 5-10 years.

MFE, now engaged in operations to test the local market, employs 15. According to MFE marketing specialist Sam Davis, the cooperative now has its feet firmly on the ground and expansion into other parts of the South is planned.

But Stone seems to think MFE will not make it. "I don't think those people have that type of get up and go about them."

It makes one wonder what would happen if those catfish down there in the mud knew someone thought that about THEM.

Merrill Merkle Jr.

MF

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 11 February, 1970

the POSSUM

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

A concerned mother recently made a trip to Parchman penitentiary to see about having her son released to her.

When Mrs. Ripper (not her real name) met the prison superintendent and a consulting psychiatrist, she was told that Jack (not his real name) had severely damaged his chances for release. With only a month remaining until his eligibility for parole, Jack had forced a nurse into a washroom and stabbed her seven times.

"Is that true, son?" she asked.

"Yes'm, I stabbed her."

"Did you stab her seven times?"

"No ma'am, just twice."

"There, you see!" Mrs. Ripper crowed and then launched into a justification of Jack's original sin, the strangulation of his grandmother.

"Well," said Mrs. Ripper of her late mother, "she deserved it anyway."

As night fell, Jack was still incarcerated, but Mrs. R was at large.

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The usual pecking order of hedonistic sins came in for a reshuffling on a recent Greenville radio panel show.

Washington County Youth Court Judge Zelma Price offered this unique chronology: "It all starts with that first beer. Then they have to have a little whiskey. Then it's anything they can get—pot, heroin or even wood alcohol.

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The Silent Majority of Coahoma County, organized to combat school desegregation, met the other night and considered, as one weapon, cashing in their U. S. savings bonds.

Arthur Burns and David Kennedy were unavailable for comment.

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Some capitol observers think former Jackson Mayor Allen Thompson is testing the political wind in contemplation of the '71 governor's race. Thompson re-entered public life last month as head of Freedom of Choice in the United States (FOCUS), a group which believes a little integration is bearable but a lot is disastrous.

Similarly, Lt. Gov. Charles Sullivan's flying trip for a Washington conference about public schools with the state's Congressional delegation is seen as an attempt to show Sullivan's position on the (politically) right side of the school situation.

Some observers credit Bill Spell, a longtime Sullivan man, with the idea. Spell recently quit Sen. John Stennis to return to Jackson as ace political idea man with Godwin advertising agency.

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Speaking of FOCUS, one car parked in the capitol lot had on its rear bumper a black-on-orange FOCUS bumper sticker mutilated so it read FOC-U.

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Rep. Ney Gore of Marks, replying to a charge that legislators punish state agencies by giving them a hard time over appropriations, unearthed this gem of Quitman County rhetoric: "I don't get revenge that way. I hide in the grass by the side of the path that leads to the spring, and when they walk by to get a drink of water, I jump out and bite 'em!"

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When Yazoo City schools reopened under a court-ordered desegregation plan, the Yazoo theater was running an Elvis movie called "Change of Habit."

$20,000 bribe: Not much to pay for peace of mind

Curtis Wilkie was commissioned by Dispatch News Service, a small Washington-based operation which broke the story of the My Lai massacre, to return to Mississippi in late December to investigate the Ole Miss law school story.

His copyrighted article with details of a $20,000 bribe offer was released on Dec. 26, and offered to about 25 newspapers throughout the country, including major Southern papers. It was bought and published in the Washington Star, Boston Globe, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Los Angeles Times, San Francisco Chronicle, etc.

The lone Southern paper to purchase the story was the Delta Democrat-Times.

Only three other papers mentioned the offer at all—the Memphis Commercial-Appeal and the New Orleans Times-Picayune, both on Dec. 31, and the campus Daily Mississippian, on Jan. 9. Typical was this single, cryptic paragraph in the Times-Picayune, in reference to the AALS action against the law school:

"One piece of information which came to the attention of the committee, it was learned, was a report that Trister had been offered $20,000 by the board of trustees of institutions of higher learning as a settlement if he would not attempt to resume teaching. University officials Tuesday said they had no knowledge of any such offer to Trister."

Below, Wilkie expands on his original Dispatch article, revealing, among other machinations, how the chancellor and the dean of the law school conspired with the president of the state college board to buy their way out of an embarrassing legal bind.

Washington

A $20,000 payoff. It sounds like the Mafia, but actually it was a last-ditch maneuver by the University of Mississippi this winter. Its law school, in the throes of transition from Dean Joshua Morse to the status quo ante posture of new Dean Joel W. Bunkley, had just lost a 5th Circuit ruling reinstating renegade professors Mike Trister and George Strickler. As a result of the case, the Association of American Law Schools was conducting an investigation into infringement of academic freedom and the institution's accreditation was in jeopardy. So someone came up with a solution: offer Trister $20,000 to drop his case.

Trister, a member of the corps of young Yale Law School professors imported to Ole Miss during Dean Morse's progressive movement in 1966, was apparently viewed as the most immediate threat. After he and Strickler were ousted from the university payroll for their participation in a legal aid program for the poor in 1968, Trister stayed on in Oxford to run North Mississippi Rural Legal Services and become a gadfly to the Ole Miss administration. Strickler, meanwhile, moved to a civil rights organization in New Orleans.

They finally won their faculty posts back in a federal court appeals case in October, 1969, and panic set in through the groves of academe.

"I think it's astounding that they were so frightened about my teaching there again," said Trister. He characterized the $20,000 offer as "a payoff to keep me away." After some soul-searching he turned down the money.

Dean Bunkley, questioned about the unusual offer, confirmed that it had been made in an attempt "to settle the federal court case." He refused to elaborate. In the lawsuit, Trister and Strickler simply sought their jobs back—not a cash judgment.

An off-hand remark he made to a friend still on the law school faculty may have instigated the offer, Trister speculated. It was at a party after he had won the 5th Circuit appeal.

"I said, half-joking, that if the price were right, I'd drop things. Not much later Bunkley called me up and said he heard I was interested in a settlement. I said, 'Fine, get a contract.' He said, 'No, a monetary settlement.' So I mentioned a preposterous figure—$50,000. He said, 'That's outrageous.' I said, 'Oh, I don't know. . .' That was Monday. On Friday, he got back in touch and talked about 15 to 20 thousand and asked if he could pursue it. I told him I'd give it serious thought. On Sunday (Dec. 14) he called back with a firm offer of $20,000 and said, 'You're going to accept it aren't you?' He was very upset when I told him I wasn't. He seemed to feel it was bad faith on my part."

Bunkley may have also been put out that all his efforts had been in vain. It was at his suggestion that he and Chancellor Porter Fortune flew to Hattiesburg the day before to approach college board chairman M. M. Roberts about the deal, one university source said. Members of the college board were reportedly polled about the idea on the phone and agreed to it, although no one who is talking knows where the money was to come from.

"Bunkley had convinced everybody this was the thing to do," the source said. "So when it fell through he looked pretty bad."

Trister said he did consider accepting the offer. "Probably the more radical position would have been to take the money and use it for scholarships for black students or for this free breakfast program we're sponsoring. . .But it came down to a real feeling that what we were fighting for would not be gained by letting the school off the hook." Of the university's negotiating, Trister said, "They weren't very skillful about it."

Strickler, 400 miles removed from the campus, was not offered any cash. After the 5th Circuit decision, Strickler said he was contacted by Bunkley. The dean, Strickler related, asked what he wanted. Strickler told him he wanted to come back to teach at Ole Miss next September. "Bunkley said he would talk with the chancellor and be back in touch," according to Strickler. He heard no more. "I don't worry them as much as Trister," he mused.

During this same period Trister said he "tried to discuss it (his rehiring) with the chancellor and he wouldn't even talk to me."

The administration is not so reticent now. The Trister-Strickler affair got a full airing before the Association of American Law Schools' convention in late December and formal charges were brought against Ole Miss. The unprecedented action threatened the school's accreditation. Chancellor Fortune and the law school were cited for "the clear impairment of academic freedom." In a move to redeem the school, the Mississippi college board on Jan. 15 voted to let the university rehire the two professors.

The $20,000 fiasco was just one of several factors weighing against the law school after the purge of liberalism began in 1968. Much of this was documented by another former law school professor, Ken Vinson, in MF No. 2. The Vinson article rankled the university establishment, and he and ex-Dean Morse were two of only four Ole Miss faculty members denied a routine salary raise last year. An AALS report on the incident noted "the Vice Chancellor (Alton Bryant) explained the non-raise in part in terms of abrasive personalities."

Vinson and Morse both moved on to Florida State University—Vinson on a "leave of absence." Vinson said he asked Morse to find out the reason, if he could, for the salary freeze. But he never heard anything official before departing in September, 1969. Concurrent with the announcement that Trister and Strickler would be offered their jobs back, Chancellor Fortune said Vinson would be offered a salary meeting AALS standards "when and if" he returns.

To avoid AALS sanctions, the Ole Miss law school may also offer a faculty position to a black professor. Franklin D. Cleckley, a 29-year-old teacher at the University of West Virginia law school, applied for an assignment at Ole Miss last June. He was told no positions were available, but was informed that his application would be kept on file. Two new professors were subsequently hired—both white. The law school's black student body, which composes about 10 per cent of the enrollment, petitioned Dean Bunkley to hire a Negro professor last November. Cleckley has indicated he is still interested.

Otherwise, change will be token at most: Trister plans to return for second semester and Strickler may join him next fall, but neither is prepared to spend the rest of his professional life at Ole Miss. Vinson expresses no interest in going back.

Heavy still hangs the political hand over the university. And while a victory was won in the courts and through the AALS, Ole Miss' grudgingly-turned new leaf may prove as transitory as the Josh Morse era.

Curtis Wilkie

Gary Brown doesn't get to stand up

In Inverness, Miss., preachers have men in military uniform stand when they attend church while home on leave. They get to stand even if they are just off for six months shining shoes and washing dishes with the national guard.

When Gary Brown comes home from service, no one in Inverness pays much attention. He is serving his country, but in a way unlike other local boys. Even his parents do not understand what he is doing. Gary is a conscientious objector.

In most Southern towns military service is considered part of growing up. It fits right in with hunting and football. Everybody does it. But Gary couldn't.

What made him different? . . . It's hard to say . . .

He was born in Yazoo City and his family moved to Inverness when he finished high school. He spent two years at Mississippi Delta Junior College and transferred to Mississippi State. Then for his fourth year he changed to Delta State.

At Delta State he began feeling that his college experience was empty. He dropped out, but to the surprise of DSC administrators he didn't go anywhere; he just stayed in Cleveland around the campus. He was soon arrested by the campus police for picking up Coke bottles near the student union. It was generally understood that charges would be forgotten if he went away.

So Gary decided to join the Navy.

But he hated to enlist until his deferment lapsed, so he waited. He began to develop doubts about the Vietnam war and, concomitantly, American society. He described it as a feeling of "general alienation."

By the time the draft was ready for him, he had come to consider himself a conscientious objector. He filed the proper forms with Board 72 in Indianola. The board rejected his claim as not having "sufficient grounds." He appealed and asked a personal hearing.

In August of 1969 the board granted a hearing, but Gary was working in Atlanta with the sanitation department as a trash man. After his mail found him, he made arrangements to return and face the three local businessmen who are Board 72. The chairman is an Indianola man who less then three months before had accidentally shot a Mississippi State student about Gary's age trying to visit his daughter at night.

Gary told them how he believed in the power of non-violence and the dignity of human beings. Two days later he received his 1-0 classification in the mail. 1-0 allows a male to fulfill his obligation by serving two years at an approved civilian job.

Gary is now working at Whitfield.

According to the director of the state Selective Service office, Col. James Davis, there are 39 C.O.'s currently working at some form of alternative service. He quickly adds that the 39 come from the state's more than 572,000 registrants. "So you see there aren't many," he says.

His office recommends to local boards that only those who are willing to work in public hospitals be approved. Under law, local boards must approve assignments. In New York there are C.O.'s working at Cornell Library and in inner-city projects, but that type of job is not approved in Mississippi.

Davis points out that there are no more C.O.'s in the state now than there were during World War II. What he fails to mention is that since the 1967 Supreme Court decision in U. S. vs. Seeger, which broadened the legal definition of religion, there is a new type of C.O.

Gary is one of the state's first certified C.O.'s without a lifelong background of religion-based pacifism. He registered at 18 as a non-C.O.

Under the revised laws, affiliation with a peace church is no longer necessary, and many more young men are now eligible for C.O. recognition. The full effect of the Seeger decision is only now reaching Mississippi campuses. A C.O. discussion group has begun meeting weekly meetings at Mississippi State; it may eventually seed draft-counseling units at other schools.

It is doubtful that the Gary Browns will ever be recognized in their hometown churches as Christian soldiers, or that they will ever become more than minuscule fraction of the non-objecting 572,000.

But they are pioneers. And for conscientious objection, as for so many other philosophies, Mississippi remains a frontier.

Sam Love

Scopes plus 45: 'My parents didn't swing by their tails'

Jackson

If man evolved from a lower order of animals, Rep. Ney Gore of Marks must be the direct descendant of the asp.

In state House of Representatives debate, Gore spews sarcasm, punctures windbags and makes usually-voluble legislators stay seated.

When Gore told reporters his House Judiciary "B" Committee would report favorably on House Bill 49, he ventured a wry smile in apparent contemplation of the battle he saw ahead.

H. B. 49: "An act to repeal sections 6798 and 6799, Mississippi Code of 1942, which provide that schools supported by state not to teach that man ascended or descended from the lower order of animals, and penalties for violation thereof."

Gore, a 48-year-old lawyer, looks like a Prussian. His hair is trimmed to a uniform length of one-quarter inch and, speaking normally, he sounds like an officer tongue-lashing an errant subordinate.

He is, in short, ably suited to lead a debate which from its outset promised to unleash the greatest volume of chest-thumping theological bombast and unadulterated fundamentalist buffoonery heard in the legislative halls since Mississippi enacted its monkey law in 1926.

The law resulted from a wave of anti-Darwinism which swept the Bible Belt in the months following the trial of biology teacher John T. Scopes at Dayton, Tenn., in 1925. The Scopes trial pitted the great iconoclast, Clarence Darrow, against the Great Commoner, William Jennings Bryan. Bryan won the verdict but lost the battle for public opinion when Darrow's piercing questions picked apart a fundamentalism based on equal parts of faith and foolishness. A week after the trial, Bryan was dead.

There ensued a great rush of would-be successors to Bryan's role as national leader of the anti-evolution movement. One was George Washburn, who, four months after Bryan's death, declared that God had commissioned him to succeed Bryan and organize the Bible Crusaders of America.

The Mississippi legislature demonstrated a great lack of interest when Reps. Hickey of Lee County and Evans of Leake County introduced an anti-Darwin bill during the opening days of the 1926 session. But a crew of Washburn's Bible Crusaders came to Jackson and made believers of the legislators. The chief crusader, T. T. Martin, blatantly disregarded the state's lobbying regulations and told legislators, "Go back to your homes and face your constituents and tell them that you bartered the faith of your children for gold; go back to the fathers and mothers and tell them that because you could not face the ridicule and scorn and abuse of Bolsheviks and Anarchists and Atheists and Agnostics and their co-workers, you turned their children over to a teaching that God's word is a tissue of lies and that the Saviour who said it was God's word was only the illegitimate son of a Jewish fallen woman."

Some legislators paid no attention to Martin's warnings. In the House, Rep. W. T. Wynn of Greenville expressed regret "that in the past few years Southern states have passed laws that tended to cut down the liberties of free speech and free thinking. We complain about the centralization of power by the federal government and yet we come here and try to pass laws declaring what shall and shall not be taught in the public schools of the state."

Rep. B. B. Hall of Amite County, a Baptist minister, called the bill "foolish and untimely." "It doesn't make any difference to Christianity whether evolution is true or not," he said.

Leading foe of the bill was Rep. E. K. Windham of Prentiss. He proposed an amendment requiring that "Any person suspicioned of teaching the theory shall be arrested, brought before an ecclesiastical court and, upon conviction, sentenced to be burned at the stake, it being the purpose of this bill to restore the Spanish Inquisition." The amendment was ruled out of order.

Rep. Barrows of Lincoln County cautioned legislators of the fruits of teaching evolution. "I can cite you to a young lady, who before she went away to a state supported school where she learned the theory of evolution, was as fine and Christian a girl as lives. Since she went to that state supported school she has returned to her home and is now teaching her three-year-old flesh and blood that there is no God."

Rep. Anderson of Tippah County drew cheers from the packed gallery with his argument that "Evolution is ignorance. Any person who believes in it is ignorant, just as ignorant as the pagan who tried to account for existence without giving God credit for creation."

The House passed the bill 76-32, but Windham held it on a motion to reconsider. The next day, he had a few words for the Bible Crusaders. They "came to the capitol under the guise of serving their God, and tried to force legislation upon the people of Mississippi," said Windham. "That they found it profitable is indicated by the fact that they took rooms in the finest hotel in the city, paid for by collections taken from the people at mass meetings at which they preached against teaching evolution. My opinion is that the god of Rev. Martin is the almighty American dollar."

Windham and his allies changed no minds, however. The bill's advocates easily tabled the motion to reconsider and sent the bill to the Senate.

Senate opponents of the bill were no less outspoken and no more successful. Sen. Walton Shields of Greenville moved to postpone action on the bill indefinitely. "Had this legislature been in session several hundred years ago, similar legislation would have been introduced to prevent the teaching of the fact that the earth revolves around the sun," he said.

Sen. Hardin Brooke of Meridian said he needed no legislative act to establish "the sacredness of my mother's religion." Sen. W. A. Winter of Grenada tried to substitute a bill prohibiting the teaching of disrespect for the Bible and that the United States has an inferior form of government, a move to kill the anti-evolution aim of the bill. He was voted down.

The Senate gave its approval 29-16, Gov. Whitfield signed the bill, and Mississippi had its monkey law.

The House debate last month demonstrated that after 44 years, hardly anyone had anything new to say.

Gore disappointed the few spectators by keeping his sarcasm in check and limiting his arguments to two basic propositions: the teaching of evolution as a theory is in no way contradictory to Genesis, and federal courts have ruled similar laws unconstitutional, so the Mississippi law is meaningless.

"Such laws have been stricken down by the Supreme Court in other states," Gore said. "In Arkansas, it cost the state $100,000 to prosecute the lawsuit, and they lost it.

"But my point is this: This law is a restriction on man's mind, man's thought, man's beliefs, which the state shouldn't arrogate to itself. I don't have to direct your minds back to the Middle Ages and its efforts to control man's thoughts. This idea is a carry-over from that time."

W. T. McCullough, chairman of the board of deacons at his Baptist church in Pope, disagreed. He asked legislators to "consider the cause of the Darwin theory. He was an atheist. He wanted to give a reason why we're here. . .I think if you depend on evolution you have to rule out any consideration that man has a soul. I don't think man came up from a lower species.

"The thing I'm worried about is when a child goes to college and runs into an egghead professor who thinks he knows everything. He hears those eggheads talk about evolution, and he believes it. . .It's not against the law to teach it as theory—it's against the law to teach it as fact. If you can't teach religion in the schools, I don't think you should be able to teach atheism either."

C. L. Bullock of Gulfport took a different view. "Speaking as a Baptist, I believe the Bible is the inspired word of God. That's sufficient for me. But I believe when Jesus said 'Follow me,' it was not a command, it was an invitation. I don't believe it needs to be enforced by civil edict. . .When I say as a Baptist that I believe in separation of church and state, I don't say it out one side of my mouth and then say I believe religion should be enforced by state law."

Ben Owen, a Columbus lawyer, said "I think any law that infringes on teaching of the truth is wrong. Truth is science, and science is what we're prohibiting by this law."

James Harvey Turner, a farmer from Carthage, gave personal testimony: "My parents didn't swing by their tails. A few of them swung by their necks. I can't be a party to any bill that would make a monkey out of the Creator."

Betty Jane Long, a Meridian lawyer, said she saw "no purpose in this debate except a little publicity. The law is already in court, and it will be decided there."

She offered an amendment to make the law apply only to elementary schools, but the speaker ruled the amendment out of order.

Walter (Buck) Meek, a Eupora lawyer, capped the debate with an arm-waving, hellfire 'n' damnation denunciation of "apostles of atheism" who are spreading the evolution doctrine.

"These college students are bringing this action to do away with Christian laws. It seems today like if you were born before World War II, you just ain't with it. . .These are Christian statutes on our books, and they're trying to take a little bit more of them out of the state of Mississippi. Christianity is still in power in this state!

"Nobody in this country wants to stand up against the teachings of atheism. Let me tell you, Mississippians, you're not alone in trying to hold the line against this law. Let's remove the guilt from our hands. Let it be done by a federal judge. We need all the divine help we can get!"

Meek yielded momentarily for a question from the floor: "Don't you think this is part of a national move by forces of atheism to destroy our country?"

The pandemonium in the House had increased as Meek spoke. Someone apparently was blowing a duck call into one of the desk microphones, and the House rang with cries of "You tell 'em, Buck!" and general hurrahing from several representatives who were unable to take the debate with anything approaching a serious attitude.

Bullock gained the floor for a question and said "Come, let us reason together. I want you to be calm. . ."

"I'll answer your question," shouted Meek, "But I won't promise anything about my demeanor!" The cheering rang out again.

Rep. J. G. Moss of Raymond brought the madness to an end by moving the previous question on all pending matters, which limited foes and friends of the repealer to five more minutes of debate.

Gore was the only speaker. "This is not the first occasion in my life I've called an infidel or atheist or communist, and I don't expect it to be the last occasion when such appellations are applied to me. But it's the first time anybody ever said I tried to make a monkey out of God. But when I consider the source, this name-calling is of complete inconsequence to me.

"This is not an attack on organized religion. There's only one question at issue. Not the truth or falsity of Darwin, or the truth of falsity of Christianity or Judaism. The only question is whether it's right for society to attempt to legislate though processes or beliefs. I don't say Darwin should be taught. I don't say it should not. I do say if it's a sound scientific theory there shouldn't be a law saying it can't be taught."

The legislators, unimpressed, voted 69-42 against the repeal attempt. "If there'd been a secret ballot, the results would have been different," Gore said.

As several of the debaters noted, the matter is in the courts. Five professors and five undergraduates at Mississippi State University have filed suit in the U. S. District in Oxford asking the court to declare the anti-evolution law unconstitutional. Two high school teachers and a high school student from Greenville later joined the suit.

A few days after the legislative debate, a Hinds County court ruled in another attack on the law that the Mississippi statute forbids only teaching of evolution as fact. Teaching that evolution is a valid theory is legal, the court ruled.

No one has ever been prosecuted under the Mississippi law—it's generally regarded as a vestige of the general lunacy of the '20s, like goldfish swallowing. When the MSU students involved in the federal suit filed charges against a professor for teaching evolution in violation of the law, an Oktibbeha County grand jury refused to return an indictment.

The ridiculous thing, of course, is that today—4,306 years after the biblical Great Flood, according to one of Bryan's bible experts—any legislature anywhere is wasting time worrying whether Darwin conflicts with Genesis.

But the Mississippi legislature has always had an infinite capacity for the ridiculous.

Ed Williams

What's MF given you this time that no one else thought you'd care about? A breakdown of the monkey vote by religion, of course. Here it is:

For repealing the monkey law: 12 Baptists, 10 Methodists, 7 Episcopalians, 6 Presbyterians, 4 Catholics, 1 Church of Christ, 2 with no religion listed.

Against repeal: 36 Baptists, 21 Methodists, 4 Presbyterians, 2 Catholics, 2 Episcopalians, 2 Church of Christ, 2 with no religion listed.

One of these listed membership in the John Birch Society, but didn't say whether he considered that his religion.

Prepare now: The end is near

Chagrin you (and us) though it may, this is the penultimate issue of Mississippi Freelance. We are terminating publication after MF No. 12.

This means, among other things, that your opportunity to purchase a charter subscription has dwindled to a precious few days. At the moment we have less than forty complete sets of back issues in stock.

Let's talk for a moment about what happens after you're gone. . .let's think of your loved ones and those yet unborn who will carry forth the proud family name. Of course, you can leave them cash and AT&T stock, but that only guarantees that they'll be ingrates and ne'er-do-wells.

Can't you see their faces when they discover that, instead of mere lucre, you have left them The Compleat and Unabridged Library of MF? Why, they'll be rendered speechless with appreciation. What better way to show them what you really thought of them—and to confirm what they thought of you.

Don't let death take the fun out of your life. Leave MF to all your relatives. And send us the mere lucre.

MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

OK, MF, your high-powered sales pitch has bowled me over. Against my better judgment, I'm enclosing $___ to help keep your staff off the welfare rolls.

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MISSISSIPPI FREELANCE

Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 11 February, 1970

In this issue:

Gadfly payoff

Monkey business

Catfish capitalism

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Editors: Lew Powell, Ed Williams. Washington bureau chief: Curtis Wilkie. Contributing editors: Bob Boyd, Joe Hemingway, Sam Love. Circulation assistants: Sharon Ayling, Rebecca Boyd, Amy Generelly, Llewellyn Greenwood, Penny Jenkins, Lucie Lee Maynard, Patricia Roberts, Sharon F. Zoeller. Contributors this issue: Merrill Merkle Jr., Dial Parrott.

Send us a centrist to dream on

Washington

Is there any relief in sight for the politics of the Deep South? The politics of demagoguery that has produced George Wallace, John Bell Williams, Lester Maddox and, lest we forget, Ross Barnett?

Richard Scammon thinks so, and he is in a position to know. As director of Elections Research Center and special consultant to NBC—as well as former chief of the U. S. census bureau—Scammon is regarded as the nation's foremost expert on elections. Ask him about a Ward 14 election in Ramsey County, Minn.. in 1964, and chances are he'll rattle off the statistics. Ask him about Southern politics and he'll say:

"The climate is so much better in the South now than a generation ago. Moderation is a wider-accepted commodity. There is not the uncontrollable violence. The Negro votes. And no matter what the black militant says, this is not worthless. . Voting, will not cure all of the problems in the South, but the political climate—even with Wallace—is a good deal better. There have been great changes and there may be more coming, along the moderate and centrist lines."

Scammon contends that the country, including the South, is moving neither to the right nor the left, but to the center.

"The essence of centrism," he says, "is something for the left, something for the right, but with the majority in the center." The center varies according to geography. What is "center" in New York is obviously not "center" in Mississippi. But the concept is the same. Along this line, Scammon compares the plight of liberals in Mississippi to that of conservatives in New York. Both are in the minority and are confronted with the task of making a majority through coalition polittics.

"That's the name of the game—putting together a majority," Scammon said in an MF interview. "It's a basic problem, not just confined to Mississippi. It's a fundamental: if you can't get at least 50 per cent of the vote, you've got a problem."

This truism is compounded in Mississippi, where as much as 25 per cent of the white vote must be persuaded to side with the black bloc to win.

Chances of coalescing these groups into a majority are slim enough. The odds against it are even greater in a race-based campaign. But if debate can be concentrated around economic factors, the possibility of a neo-populist-black fusion exists. "You would find out whether color or the pocketbook dominates," Scammon says, and he thinks the latter would.

The whites who, in recent years, have sided with the Negro in Mississippi politics have usually been the wealthy—motivated by a sense of noblesse oblige—or the idealistic. Scammon dismisses their political clout.

The white component essential in the coalition for change would have to be drawn from the middle and lower classes. Although they have traditionally been mean-spirited in racial matters, Scammon finds it plausible that they could merge with Negroes behind a candidate who promised public spending for the little man, as opposed to the candidate from the bank-country club-Citizens Council axis.

Scammon mused about the next Mississippi gubernatorial election in 1971. "You had this moderate who did well in Mississippi last time. Winter? Wasn't that his name?" Told that William Winter (MF No. 7) tried to straddle all camps in 1967, building an image of a young progressive while at the same time publicizing his segregationist heritage and refusing to shake hands with Negroes, the election expert shrugged.

Scammon considers it imperative for a candidate to be prepared to compromise in order to assemble a majority. "You've got to figure what is better—a half loaf or no loaf at all." He scoffs at all hard-line ideology in politics: "Nobody's a purist unless he's dead or in a theological seminary."

This goes back to his centrist theory, on which he says President Nixon is staking out a claim. Nixon is in an "ideal position," Scammon says. He has consigned conservatives to the alternative of Wallace, and he is attempting to isolate the Democrats on a left-wing limb. (Scammon facetiously picks the '72 ticket as Walter Reuther-Julian Bond.) Nixon—with his welfare proposals for the liberals and his Southern strategy for the conservatives—is indeed offering something for everyone, but establishing his base in the middle.

This is the type of non-extremist, centrist candidate Scammon feels might be victorious in Mississippi. Even though liberals would not rush to embrace him, he would be more palatable to them than any serious candidate of the '60s.

The afternoon that Scammon was interviewed he was studying a huge precinct map of New Orleans and weighing statistics from its recent municipal election.

"Look at the mayoralty elections in Atlanta and New Orleans. Fairly liberal candidates were elected there. Twenty years ago you couldn't say that would happen in Atlanta" he observed.

Ironically, the exodus of Negroes may in fact liberalize the South, Scammon said.

As the black migration continues from the South, their proportion of the population will fall off and white fears and animosities will diminish. An increasingly better-educated electorate is another factor that Scammon weighs in the possibility of more breakthroughs in the South.

"Actually, Southern politics are no more bizarre than anywhere else," he said. "The race question set it apart. . But demagoguery is not an original sin."

C.W.

Contributors

Merrill Merkle Jr. is a senior at Mississippi State University, where he serves as news editor of the Reflector. This is his first MF article.

With this issue, Sam Love becomes our third contributing editor. Love is now on leave of absence from the Delta Democrat-Times, coordinating campus operations of the new Environmental Teach-In movement.

This is the next-to-last issue of Mississippi Freelance. A brief eulogy, overview, retrospective or whatever will be printed in this space next month.

M.M. raps MSU's 'city slickers, foreign ideologies'

Jackson

M. M. Roberts, the septugenarian lawyer from Hattiesburg who is president of the state college board, is determined to either rule Mississippi's state universities or ruin them.

He has few problems with his hometown school, the University of Southern Mississippi, which is run by the militaristic Dr. W. D. McCain.

But students at the University of Mississippi and Mississippi State University have been less placid than USM's sun-worshipers. Ole Miss and MSU students instigated a federal court suit which resulted in the striking down of the college board's stringent rules governing speakers from off-campus. A three-judge panel ruled unconstitutional the regulations under which the board had refused to let state NAACP Field Secretary Charles Evers speak at MSU and state NAACP President Aaron Henry speak at Ole Miss.

In its December, 1969, opinion, the court said a speaker can be banned only if his presence would present a clear and present danger to the school. The judges set up a precise method for speaker clearances: a group wishing to bring in an off-campus speaker applies to the administration; the college president has a limited time to approve or disapprove; his decision may be appealed to a student-faculty panel; their decision may be appealed directly to federal court. The college board, it should be noted, doesn't figure in this procedure.

On Feb. 27, Young Democrats at MSU invited Evers to speak on campus. The administration okayed the invitation. But the college board overruled MSU President William Giles and vetoed Evers' appearance. Lawyers for the YDs sought a federal injunction against college board interference.

In a speech a few months ago at USM, Roberts told faculty members "I am a racist," and, further, "I make no apologies for it." (MF No. 10)

In a letter to college board members dated March 10, Roberts discussed the hearing at which Federal District Judge W. C. Keady enjoined the board from interfering with the Evers speech. In shocking language, Roberts flaunts his racism and shows why many Mississippians despair at the future of higher education in this state. Here's Roberts' letter, obtained and passed on by a friend of MF:

The characters:

Dr. E. E. Thrash, executive secretary of the state college board.

Dr. Ted Martin, assistant to Dr. William Giles at MSU.

Al Roughton, president of the MSU Young Democrats.

Gentlemen:

On yesterday, we spent the day in Oxford in what to me was one of the most trying experiences I have had in trying to protect ourselves in the ongoing of Institutions of Higher Learning in our State. The Judge enjoined us from interfering with Charles Evers speaking last night, and I assume he spoke, and I hope there was no violence in connection therewith. A friend of mine stated that he hoped that something would happen, but I believe this is not the right way. We, after all, want peace as we have obtained it and retain our own self-respect. By degrees we are tossing overboard the respect we have had for educators about us. Maybe I am only speaking for myself, but I have become greatly concerned on this one.

To handle this matter right, we should have called upon United States Judge Keady to recuse himself because the lawyers who were active in the premises were of his old law firm where his own son is a member. Mr. Rankin of the office of the Attorney General participated on the side of the defense as did Mr. Thomas Ethridge, attorney of Oxford, Mississippi. I had tried to get Mr. Will Hickman, who represented the University of Mississippi in a similar matter in the efforts to get the ousted President of Mississippi Valley State to speak at Ole Miss. . .

Mr. James L. Robertson is of the Keady firm identified as Campbell, DeLong, Keady and Robertson. However, the case dealing with Gettis at the University of Mississippi is much better than ours because Dr. Fortune had the stable worth and courage to deny the application, and the review committee there, by vote of 4 to 1, upheld Chancellor Fortune. Such was not so at Mississippi State. Giles through Martin approved the application the very day it was received in the President's office and after our action by telephone the committee, by a vote of 4 to 1 against what we thought ought to be done, approved this Negro's presence to speak. The courage and strength being shown at the University of Mississippi appeals greatly to me and is a challenge and reversal of other days. Just the reverse is true at Mississippi State University.

Mr. Rankin of the Attorney General's office communicated with his superiors and they were unwilling to ask Judge Keady to recuse himself, the reason therefor being that they were afraid that Judge Keady would be adverse and they had many other civil rights cases before him and it was not best for Mississippi that such position be taken. Such was the attitude of Mr. Ethridge. He simply stated that he would not be willing to do this. There was supporting areas for us.

(Here Roberts cited several court rulings.)

In fact, in each of these cases the Court held "For the proper administration of justice requires of a judge not only actual impartiality, but also the appearance of a detached impartiality." I thought that when two members of his old firm where his son is still a partner, and where the two members were with the firm when he was there, was enough to cause the rule to apply, and I, for one, was ready to pursue this course, but this bunch are really after me personally; and I do not know why because all of you know that I am not a militant, or maybe you think that I am. At least I hope that I know something about education and I think that Dr. Martin and Dr. Giles let us down in the crudest kind of way. I have said as much and more to both of them. They simply defied us in an area of great concern of educators in this State. They could not have acted with less of concern for us than they did. This is my view.

Section 6724 of the Mississippi Code of 1942 as Amended identifies power and duty of the Board and lists many things and then winds up with the general statement that support powers include "all other matters incident to the proper functioning of the institutions." These are statutory and constitutional and common law rights and duties. I am confident that this is one of the reasons why Judge Keady did not hold us in contempt; but it may not have been the only one. I do not think that he would have thought that what we did was sufficient to even charge us with contempt, and this of course would have been passed upon by the three judges, which include Judge Coleman and Judge Russell, and if Judge Keady had

wanted to hold us in contempt of court, I do not believe these other two judges would have gone along with him.

Dr. Giles testified that the application was not received in his office until February 27, 1970, and he was away at the time. He had four days in which to act, but on that same day of February 27, 1970, Ted Martin approved the application for this Negro to speak on the campus there. Bill Giles was back in the office on March 2 and within the time allowed for either accepting or rejecting these applications, but Martin had already acted and they evidently decided they were going to stand together "right or wrong." In fact, they were "thick as thieves" in this decision and which frankly has bruised me deeply. Dr. Giles, in his testimony, was not trying to take care of the Board, but tried to support himself and in fact these activists for this Negro.

The next witness called by the opposition was Al Roughton. He is President of the Student Body at Mississippi State. This is his second year in school there. He is a native of Ohio, but presently living on the Mississippi Gulf Coast at Gulfport. His thinking is Ohio thinking. His prejudices are really prejudices for the liberal element in the North. This is a far cry from the presidents we had of the student body in the day I was at Ole A&M College. No good will come from my saying what he said. He was president of the Young Democrats of a membership of twenty, that is about one-fourth of 1 percent of any group to destroy the whole in this day.

Dr. Thrash testified and did his usual good job. I was very proud of him. He really tried to help us and did, in my view. Mr. Rankin interrogated the first two witnesses and Mr. Ethridge interrogated the last one and Mr. Rankin made the argument. One of the interesting things was that this President of the Young Democrats testified that they were going to have an unusual luncheon for Charles Evers before he spoke at 7:30 last night. I know they enjoyed it. I hope he smelled like Negroes usually do. . .

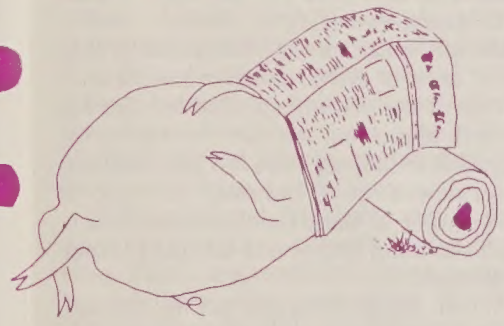
Enclosed is a copy of the court order which the Judge required us to wait for before we left the courtroom yesterday. He wanted to be sure that we would be as good as his word. He did not want to risk us because he wanted us to have this order so if we disobeyed it we would be guilty of contempt of court. Please know that the order specifically identified Dr. Thrash and me. Maybe the Judge thought that we were the culprits of them all. Please know that I have no feeling of contempt for anyone on this, but I have a feeling of despair. Somehow, I wish it were so that we could clean house for those who do not understand Mississippi and its ways of life, but I guess this is expecting too much of our Board. If I had my way, we would have one rule about speakers and that is that no one would be permitted on any campus of any school in this State except those who appear for classroom teaching. If I had my way, we would stop using funds collected from students for the operation of student newspapers. My information is that a sophomore Negro has a prominent place on the student newspaper staff at Mississippi State. Somehow, I cannot believe that Mississippi State is no longer a cow college. It is controlled by the influx of foreign ideologies, maybe city slickers. .

Sincerely yours,
M. M. Roberts

Ed Williams

OP-4343/5

MF



Reporting the otherwise unreported Vol. 1, No. 12 March 1970

Adios, MF

Allard Lowenstein, M.M. Roberts, Charles Evers, William Winter, Conway Twitty, Arthur Jensen, James Silver, Jesse Epps, Willie Morris, Josh Morse, Jeane Dixon, Richard Nixon, Henry Loeb, John Bell Williams, Fannie Lou Hamer, Jerry Lewis, Clarke Reed, Dick Gregory, Nina Simone, Richard Helms. . .

The cast of Fellini's latest movie? The guest list for Capote's next party? Left-over witnesses from the Chicago Seven trial?

Nice tries, but no. The motley aggregation above is in reality a partial listing of persons who, by the most diverse means, have come to be mentioned in that one-year Wunderkind known to friend and foe alike as MF.

This, as we warned you last issue, is the 12th of 12 in a row. MF is folding because, to its editors at least, it has been a success; we have proved to ourselves that we could publish a statewide monthly newspaper that is both responsible and fun to read. Which, from the beginning, is all we ever wanted.

At the outset we determined to try it for a year (bank balance willing) and then decide whether to continue. The decision was negative because the exhilaration of childbearing has lately given way to the drudgery of childrearing.

If we were crusaders, we might have been able to overlook the burdensome minutiae, as do the editors of other maverick sheets. But we are not and (contrary to some understandable early misconceptions) never have been.

We think MF has been well worth our time and money. And we hope, sincerely, it has been worth yours, too.

It's been a lark.

❋ ❋ ❋

Refunds for all unfulfilled subscriptions will be computed at the full newsstand price of 35 cents per issue. They will be in the mail shortly.

Waiting for that 'rainy day in hell and with snow. . . '

Joe Hemingway, an MF contributing editor, teaches creative writing at Riverside High School in Washington County. First semester, prior to the creation of a court-ordered "unitary" school system, Hemingway had taught at all-black O'Bannon High. Drawing liberally from work submitted by his students there, he recalls below his experiences at one of the last monuments to de jure segregation.

Postscript: Hemingway's brief tenure at integrated Riverside has already been extraordinarily turbulent. Hardly a week had gone by when he was threatened with dismissal for a weird assortment of offenses ranging from wearing a beard to being a "trained communist." The charges soon collapsed under the weight of their own preposterousness.

Then came the locally celebrated "hair" suit, which he encouraged three Riverside students to file after they (and more than 50 others) were suspended for wearing some manner of facial hair. A federal court judge ruled for the students and granted an injunction against enforcement of the school's hair regulations.

And June is still two months away!

Greenville

By white Southern Christian standards, Norma Council O'Bannon is a good lady. She worked hard in the Delta fields of education and finally made it to a post of some reward.

In 1948 Mrs. O'Bannon became superintendent of schools in Washington County, Miss. 1948 meant a "we" and "they" educational philosophy for Mrs. O'Bannon, as 1970 still does to many.

Her first decennium was marked appropriately enough in steel, stone and cement and an equally lasting bonded indebtedness with a new building for the existing O'Bannon High School. It was opened in 1958 as a separate, all-black school.

Although the $700,000-plus complex was not the multi-million-dollar model school complex the lady super had wooed and lost from the Ford Foundation, it was fairly well designed and was a long-needed replacement for the scattered board-and-batten shacks that had huddled together out on Reed Road and passed for a school.

That year marked the beginning of school for lots of black children. Most, small for their age because of poor diet, did not know the "O'Bannon School" was named for a white lady That name didn't make any difference in 1958, for then there were no programs or agencies telling black people anything but the Great White Way.

A 23-year-old senior pointed out in her "Early Childhood" paper a reason for lack of interest in Mrs. O'Bannon's name:

> **". . .then in 1961 I enrolled in Norma C. O'Bannon School and it was the only brick school that I had an opportunity to go to."**

Some of the students who entered the new building 12 years ago have managed to stay in school and will graduate this spring. However, their diplomas will read "Riverside High School," for the days of high school have left O'Bannon. The United States Federal District Court told the world on Jan. 21, 1970, that there would be only one, "unitary" (fully integrated) high school in the Western Line school district. Norma lost out. She became an elementary school, and saddened black seniors were shunted off to Riverside High in Avon.

Norma O'Bannon's students didn't want to go:

> **"What makes them so special to think we want to sit by them in a classroom?"**

Many of them had taken my creative writing course at O'Bannon. A direct attempt was made to allow students an opportunity to express themselves in writing on any issue. Projects like "What I did last summer" and "What I did at summer camp" were bypassed from the beginning. When students have done nothing but work in fields and factories during their summers loosing their imaginations plainly requires a less conventional approach.

Some had come from sub-poverty families and had undergone pre-high-school experiences unbelievable by WASP standards. One attractive, but shy and academically unaccomplished girl wrote:

> **"Doing my childhood as a negro I spend many unhappy year. Having to go to school without the proper clothing I also had to go to the field and work while my former white friends were in school."**

It was obvious from the first week of school that the writing program was going to be far more basic than creative. Students, screened for the class on an I'm-going-to-college basis, were painfully aware of their weakness in the vital area of written communication.

One of the primary problems was the dearth of reading matter they had been exposed to in their lives. Of 109 students interviewed at O'Bannon, 22 took a newspaper in their home; all 109 had a radio in their home, and almost all had television.

When these students got to school, contact with the printed word outside the classroom did not improve, for the library was an unbelievable conglomeration of World Books, Holy Bibles, a few standard American novels, some English classics and myriad old Greenville Air Base library books. The periodicals were equally mediocre with the exception of Status, Mr. Cassini's New York-based society magazine. The students were thus given the choice of diamonds and furs or Popular Mechanics and Radio Repairman. Absent were Saturday Review, Newsweek, Atlantic, Time, Look, Life, etc.

When a group of O'Bannon teachers recommended a list of publications to the school, they were to learn later that, for no indicated reason, the Negro Digest of Poetry, Esquire, Psychology Today, Trans-action and the New York Times had all been cut. They were submitted again; they were cut again.

Granted the bad library situation, these students could still be considered fairly representative of the rural black community in terms of family income (over half less than $3,000), family size (average of 4.5 children) and personal ambition (most plan to attend a Negro college).

One student in 25 had heard of James Baldwin or LeRoi Jones. None had ever heard of Richard Wright (Natchez), Margaret Walker (Jackson) or any other prominent black writer. Five students knew of Eldridge Cleaver, but only two had ever seen **Soul on Ice**. None of the 109 had ever heard of William Faulkner.

Unawareness was not confined to the courses. In a group of 74 sophomores interviewed, only two (sisters of the guy of who knew LeRoi Jones) students could give the meaning of the letters "NAACP." No one knew of Aaron Henry or Julian Bond.

James Hudson a 17-year-old dashikied, Afro-ed senior with a penchant for Sportin' Life clothes, is one of a small group of seniors fighting against the unawareness and for a black studies program. He has carried his fight to Riverside. With equally dedicated but less militant classmates like Claude Singleton and Anthony Hicks, he has become a little better organized and is pursuing a soft-sell approach with the administration.

But the Hicks, Hudson, Singleton soul patrol has some formidable problems even with classmates, as pointed out by a sophomore follower:

> **"I really don't believe that black students are really interested, because all they ever do is grin when someone is trying to talk to them about their own black skin. Black people better wake up. If they don't all of us are going to be chopping some white man's field."**

Another said:

> **". . .black studies should be required because if it was an extra-curricular there wouldn't be too many people taking the course."**

Three other students, all boys, made these points for black studies and reasons for having such a program even in the elementary school:

> **"I think it (black studies)should be the elementary school too. If the elementary learn about it now they won't have a big problem in life as we are having. It would be best for them to learn it young as they won't be as green as a pool table and four times as square."**

> **"When a teacher wish to refer to a movie star, Hell they should use Sidney Pointier's name instead of Richard Burton. The same with Santa Claus business, instead of continuously shoveling this white image down the kid's mouth, draw him black with some notty hair."**

> **"I feel that if a student have had all the necessary courses that he needs to graduate, it is his perrogative to demand other courses that he feel will be educational to him in the future."**

When pointedly asked "would you be in a favor of a program that provides financial aid to private black high schools if that program fosters segregation?" the more separatist reply was:

> **"Yes I'll be a happy soul if this program was in force. It'll make me no different if I didn't have to ever communicate with any gray boys. Integration is just a system to brainwash the Blacks to make them believe that they are so important whereas the most important powers are to be kept out of the black's possession."**

> **"I believe I would because integration is a fraud."**

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There will be black lawyers come home to the Mississippi Delta. There will be black doctors and sociologists come home to the Mississippi Delta.

Meanwhile, many think like the girl who said,

> **"The government will give the white children money to go to private schools (evidence John B. Williams program) but before it will give the black children money it will be a rainy day in hell and with snow before we get freedom."**

Joe Hemingway

R.I.P. Stennis amendment

Washington

During its brief life the Stennis Amendment aroused passions seldom seen on the floor of the United States Senate. Sen. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut embraced it. Sen. Mondale of Minnesota branded it a "hoax." Sen. Gore of Tennessee called it moot. Sen. Allen of Alabama said it was a good deal.

Sen. Stennis of Mississippi, meanwhile, reaped galleys of publicity. It was his apotheosis. A son of the South had finally risen to success after 16 years of reversals in the civil rights fight.

His amendment to the already embattled school aid bill appeared relatively simple. It seemed to say that the nation's desegregation policies would apply to the North as well as to the South. So far so good. However, liberals saw it as a device to undercut the integration drive in the South by nonsensical diversion in the North. Southerners thought desegregation should be applied elsewhere and hoped attention would be diverted from the South. Western neutrals were confused. Adept lobbyists from the AFL-CIO admitted they were unable to interpret it.

After days of bitter debate—at one point the usually genteel Stennis shook papers in Mondale's face and said, "It is no hoax. . .Do not condemn us just because the Senator does not understand it"—the Stennis Amendment survived on a 48-46 vote. Sen. Hartke of Indiana, out of town receiving a civil rights award, was among those missing the vote.

Southerners rejoiced. There was light at the end of the tunnel. The Yankees' corner had been turned.

Conservative writers gloated. Northern columnists wrote obituaries on the "Death of Integration."

Sen. Stennis, meanwhile, cautioned his followers not to crow yet.

The amendment still had to make it through a conference committee convened to iron out the differences between the House and Senate versions of the school bill.

Doctored behind closed doors with "such as required by law," it had its stinger removed.

Sen. Stennis watched helplessly as his triumph deteriorated in the traditional Congressional fashion, with none of the fanfare that accompanied its birth. "It was," one pro-Stennis observer said, "like getting raped by degree."

So the Stennis Amendment is buried in the legalese of the conference report. Still alive, at last report, however feeble, is concern that the problems of school discrimination are met and that attempts are made to solve them instead of shelve them.

It is generally agreed that the best thing to come from the debate is a by-product—created by liberals as a stop-gap effort to stave off the Stennis Amendment. It is the Senate Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, an ad hoc affair which will operate much like the Hunger Committee, touring the country to study segregated school systems North and South.

Curtis Wilkie

A seg theoretician becomes an activist and seems to like it

"The Citizens Council issued a call for men to surround the governor's mansion; they had heard the federal marshals would try to arrest him. It was great. The women brought lunches and chairs, and there was patriotic music coming over the loudspeakers. . .Emotionally, it was the high spot of my life. For the first time, I could really see how the Civil War took place. . ."

—Dr. William K. Scarborough, recalling (fondly) the James Meredith crisis of 1962

Hattiesburg

Bill Scarborough really liked 1962; it wasn't 1862, of course, but for the 20th century it was a pretty good year. This year, though, what with the Supreme Court "going insane" over the schools and the blacks "acting like savages" and the New York Times "implying I'm a Nazi," looks like a real bummer.

If there's not some improvement shown pretty soon, in fact, he is considering emigrating to "North Dakota, where there aren't any, or South Africa, where they've got 'em squared away."

Scarborough, his ranting not withstanding, is hardly your typical Mississippi racist. He has education (Phi Beta Kappa, University of North Carolina; masters degree, Cornell; Ph. D., UNC), an offbeat sense of humor ("I like a lot of them as individuals. . .it's as a group that I hate them.") and philosophical inconsistencies (atheism, free speech).

After his doctoral tour at Chapel Hill, Scarborough taught history two years at Millsaps College, where, in addition to the aforementioned high spot of his life, he encountered a succession of lows. It was, he says now, all a misunderstanding. "I had assumed that since it was a college in Mississippi it would be fairly conservative, and it had assumed that since I was a Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina that I'd be fairly liberal. . .we were both wrong."

Millsaps students, Scarborough found, did not share his enthusiasm for taking on the federales. He thinks his public response to their lack of fortitude ("You're a bunch of goddam cowards!") and a near punch-out with a sociology professor "who was saying Barnett should be jailed and the state put under martial law" may have contributed to the school's failure to renew his contract. "But it was a combination of personality and politics," he says. "I became estranged from the administration after Meredith; the atmosphere was very emotional the rest of the time I was there."

Dr. Lee Reiff, a Millsaps professor and Scarborough's next-door neighbor in Jackson, confirms the "personality and politics" account of his departure. "Bill's really a difficult guy to understand," Reiff says. "He's a fine historian, very intelligent, but when he gets off on race he's a completely different person."

For the past six years, after a brief stopover at Northeast Louisiana State College, Scarborough has taught at the University of Southern Mississippi. His controversies, such as his running conflict with USM President William D. McCain (MF No. 4), have remained mostly local.

(In the classroom, he blusters and rages on occasion but gets good-to-excellent ratings in the student government's faculty handbook. One student praised him for "standing up for his opinions." Scarborough says he opens his Old South course with the warning: "We lost in 1865, but we'll win in 1970. . .we'll run out of time just after Chancellorsville.")

Now, however, "all deliberate speed" finally having been limited to 15 years, Scarborough may have the vehicle he needs for statewide prominence. The first sign that Scarborough might become more than white supremacy's token academic came in December at a seg rally in Jackson.

"I am not at all sanguine about the efficacy of private school systems," he began, and right away the crowd of 1,500 realized it was in for something other than the traditional Mississippi stump litany. Scarborough went on to offer some hard-nosed alternatives to acquiescence: massive resistance to the Supreme Court's rulings, from parents to state officials. Remarkably, it sounded as if it just might work.

The comparison to the mindless, self-serving rantings of would-be governor Jimmy Swan was marked. "Hell," Scarborough complained afterward, "he tried to turn it into a Swan political rally." But without success; a star was born. . .

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Scarborough operates from a tiny, hospital-green concrete-block cubicle in the deepest recesses of the history department. On the door is a Sons of Confederate Veterans decal ("My great-great uncle was killed in Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg"), on the wall is a full-size rebel flag.

Beside him is a microfilm viewer, now being used to research the diary of Edmund Ruffin, to be published in three volumes by LSU Press. Ruffin, whom Scarborough describes as a "secessionist firebrand," fired the first shot of the Civil War; there is a great deal of empathy apparent between subject and editor. Scarborough's first book was a defense of the plantation overseer.

He is at 37 a big man physically, about 6-3, faintly pear-shaped, with an open, usually grinning countenance. He allows no hair on his face below the top of his ears; the ultimate rejection, one thinks, of sideburns.

I asked him about the Jackson speech and his nascent political career. "Greaves (Elmore Greaves, peripatetic Jackson seg pamphleteer) told me to fire 'em up, so that's what I did. I'd be lying to say I didn't enjoy it, but all this stuff is taking too much time away from my Ruffin diary. . I've been interviewed on TV in Alexandria and went to a rally with Wallace in Birmingham and made speeches in Jackson and Brandon and Collins. Some people have talked to me about running for governor, but I'd need a million dollars, at least, to buy enough TV time to get known.

"And I've got three strikes against me to start with—I'm an outsider, from Maryland; I'm a college professor; and my religious beliefs, ah, are a little extreme for most people."

That Scarborough revels in limelight, though, is undeniable. "He was on television the other day, and he asked me afterward how he had done," recalls Neil McMillen, a young USM history instructor. "I told him, 'You sounded more like a demagogue than a pedagogue.' That pleased him immensely."

Scarborough's current extracurricular activity is Citizens for Local Control of Education (CLCE) Inc., a Forrest County outfit organized to combat court-ordered desegregation. CLCE's goal is "freedom of choice," an alternative most of its members had long scorned before the desegregate-now ruling.

I asked Scarborough if he sees irony in this turn. "Well, yes, I'll admit I wasn't for it a few years ago," he said. "And I'm a segregationist, no apologies, no denials.

"But we have to live in the world, and there's no possibility of legal segregation being permitted again. Freedom of choice is a fair compromise. . .it's the American way!"

The last observation was accompanied by an upward thrust of the right arm, rather reminiscent of a honky Rap Brown decreeing "power to the people." Scarborough frequently emphasizes his pronouncements in this manner; in the same meandering conversation he saluted in approval of George Wallace's promise to run over demonstrators ("It's in the American tradition!") and in disdain for lazy blacks ("They should get off their asses and quit complaining!")

Scarborough's game plan for CLCE is surprisingly passive. "The whole thing is a holding action, really," he said. "We're counting on Pasadena and Los Angeles to give us all kinds of help next fall, when they're affected for the first time. The tide will really turn then.

"I haven't seen any sacrifices, any unity on the school situation in the South; that's why we're having to count on the North. We've got to do what the Negroes did—they were willing to go to jail for what they wanted, and now they've won. . .the white Southerner is apathetic, too well off.

"And there's no organizing ability. I had this idea to make Lincoln's Birthday 'Freedom of Choice Day' all over the country. The governors would sign proclamations and all. Then this fool out in Texas comes up a week before and says **that's** Freedom of Choice Day. Nothing happened, a flop, except it ruined my idea. . ."

How do you feel, I asked, about proselytizing for a position generally discredited among your peers? "It doesn't bother me, though it does limit the places I can go," he said. "The liberals are not nearly as tolerant as they would have you believe.

"I'm convinced I'm right, and if the majority is wrong, it won't be the first time. There are some intelligent people on our side—the leadership of the Citizens Council, William Simmons and Medford Evans, for example.

"Maybe my people aren't all highly educated and don't speak impeccable English, but they have a lot of common sense. . .they know what's right."

The Citizens Council, of which Scarborough has been a member since 1962, has incurred his displeasure of late, though he still speaks at its functions. "They've gone into the private school business now, which I don't think is the answer in the long run," he says. "They've just about folded the rest of their activities.

"And I think the lower- and middle-class Council members agree with me. But it's always been too upper-middle, anyway—that's why it has no power, no votes. It can't arouse people."

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The heart of Scarborough's politics is his antipathy toward the black man; the rest is relatively bland and obligatory.

"I don't regard myself as prejudiced or bigoted," he says, "because this implies a lack of reason.

'Segregationist' or 'white supremacist', yes, definitely. 'Racist' I don't like; it's a loaded word. I base my attitudes on common sense and the evidence of history. . .

"Twenty-five years ago, if you said there were no differences between the races, you would have been shipped to Whitfield. That they exist is, to me, unarguable—just look at the NBA games on Sunday, the disproportionate number of Negroes on the court."

All of which, of course, could come from the mouth of any card-carrying member of the Silent Majority. Then, however, Scarborough shifts into forensic high gear, quoting science's maverick minority—the Carleton Coons, Henry Garretts, William Shockleys and Arthur Jensens:

"I think Coons, who is a professor of physical anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, has the best theory. He attributes the Negro's shortcomings to 'cultural lag'—the hundreds of thousands of years later that the Negro developed into homo sapiens."

In 1967 Scarborough assembled his scientific data, adding his own historical interpretations and presented it to the annual meeting of the Southern Historical Society. "The Racial Views of the Antebellum South in Modern Perspective: A Reassessment of the Concept of Racial Differences" is a readable, if somewhat questionably based, piece of scholarship. Predictably, it quickly became a staple in the Citizens Council library.

Considering the unabashedly one-sided nature of Scarborough's presentation, it is hard to imagine him delivering the conclusion with a straight face: "Let us, at least, keep an open mind and acknowledge that there are two sides to this question as there are to most questions."

The failure of the overwhelming majority of the scientific community to recognize the legitimacy of Scarborough's position plainly irritates him. "Scientists are under great pressure," he explains. "Those who speak out (about race) are regarded as kooks. It's difficult to find a conservative on any faculty, even in the South, and the few there are usually don't have any courage."

What is it, then, that makes Bill Scarborough the exception? His background, as he reports it, offers few clues. "My father was conservative, a native of North Carolina, a math professor at the Naval Academy. . .Why I reacted as I did, I don't know. Maybe I just found out that what he said about things was true. I never went through a liberal phase; I've always been conservative. . .I guess you'd have to get a psychiatrist to really find out why I think like I do. . ."

Lee Reiff suggests that Scarborough's stay at Cornell and UNC, where he was a virtual one-man political minority, may have hardened his opinions. Another possibility, offered by a USM professor, is that Scarborough's lack of outside interests has narrowed his vision. But these are feeble guesses at best; an effect groping blindly for a cause. The fact is that no one, the subject's hypothetical psychiatrist included, can really know. (A recent psychological study of Dallas right-wingers found them no kookier than the rest of us; sobering, eh?)

The last session I had with Scarborough was in the faculty lounge. It is around midnight, his favorite working time, and he is reading to me from a book on Latin American history. In separate passages, he says, its author has ranked countries by percentage of white population and by governmental stability. But he has failed, Scarborough contends, to make the connection called for by the similarity of the rankings.

Scarborough had told me earlier of his high regard for the black janitors at the school. "They see me on television a lot," he said. "Great friends." At this juncture, Allen, the night janitor, walks in, as if on cue. Scarborough is delighted; he asks Allen what he thinks about "the Negro's failure to achieve a high civilization."

Allen, who has obviously gone through this before, draws the last cup from the faculty coffee pot and says amiably, "You just got theory, Dr. Scarborough." He does not seem to be in a mood to discuss evolutionary lag tonight. He does, however, concede that there is "a lot of uncivilization on both sides."

Scarborough agrees and begins anew: "And look at Haiti, which has been independent since 1800. . ."

Lew Powell

the POSSUM

Reports from our far-flung correspondents

GOOD LORD! IT'S 1950! From the Daily Mississippian: "The survey of student views on state campuses. . shows that most students are politically aware but not active; that drugs are present but not prevalent; that there is little racial friction at present, that student apathy is a major problem."

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M. M. Roberts still doesn't realize it of course, but the speaker ban is dead, dead, dead. Conclusive evidence came in February, when Rev. Gladston Moxolisi Ntlabati, a black South African exile, spoke during Ole Miss' Black History Week.

Rev. Ntlabati dedicated his speech to Ho Chi Minh, citing Ho's opposition to "American imperialism."

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A new form of protest may have popped up (or plopped down) in Memphis, where the hip-left-teenybop set traditionally spends sunny Sundays cavorting in Overton Park.

The Memphis Police Department looks askance at all this merriment, however, and surveys it from ground below and sky above. One recent Sunday, the cop chopper, hovering low, spied an odd sight: dozens of bodies stretched out into letters.

Like C-O-P and P-I-G and. . .

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Student protest at the University of Southern Mississippi? Why, sure! Just the other day, for example, student senator William Johnson showed his disdain for new senate dress regulations by removing his necktie and setting it on fire.

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While underground celeb Jeff Shero is in Mississippi working on a book, a cabal of liberated women has taken over his New York paper, The Rat. At last report, they had no intention of relinquishing it, and Shero has found that Mississippi is even further from New York than he had thought.

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The most incredible news story of this yet-young year must be the lead story in (surprise, surprise) the Jackson Clarion-Ledger of March 9.

The foot-long story, headlined "1st Baptist Pastor Hits Racetracks," reported the regular Sunday sermon of Rev. Larry Rohrman of Jackson's First Baptist Church. First Baptist is the place where God goes when he wants to be near the Hedermans, who own the Clarion-Ledger.

Not unexpectedly, the pastor railed against a bill pending in the state House which would have legalized parimutuel betting at proposed quarterhorse racing tracks in a few counties.

Legalized gambling would "be an open invitation to mobsters, dope peddlars (sic), prostitutes," etc., the pastor said. That he took that position isn't surprising; that the largest newspaper in the state considered it the day's most important story is. The old newspaper dictum that dog-bites-man isn't news, but man-bites-dog is, usually prevails even in the bizarre news pages of the C-L.

Now, a one-question quiz: Would you say the Hedermans favor or oppose legalized gambling?

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Men of words run the state legislature. But it took a man of action to get the legislature out of a bind as it neared adjournament Monday night.

Ponder this scene: The House is deluged with conference committee reports as the final minutes of the 1970 session tick away. Still to be passed are appropriations for colleges and universities, capital improvements, salary increases for myriad state officials, game and fish commission.

The clock reaches 11:59 amid pandemonium. The Speaker is banging his gavel, several legislators are seeking recognition, appropriations heads are shaking, and in general the ship of state resembles the Andrea Doria.

Enter Butch Lambert.

Lambert, representative from Tupelo, is a former Ole Miss athlete who now spends many of his winter evenings sprinting up and down Southeastern Conference basketball courts as a referee. He's a window-rattling speaker, but basically he prefers action.

With the second hand in its final sweeps, Lambert leaves his desk, meanders to the front of the House chamber and ducks behind the low wooden railing. He creeps along behind the Speaker, out of sight of the House.

Then up darts his hand, and suddenly the clock says 11:57 instead of 11:59. He half-crawls to the other clock, and it backs up too.

In those extra minutes the House rather haphazardly completed its business: "This is for colleges and universities," shouted Rep. Charles Allen of Amory. "Vote, vote!" resounded the House. "What's in it?" somebody yelled. "I don't know," replied Allen, as the House voted overwhelming approval.

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In MF No. 10, we took to task (in our inimitably snide fashion) any number of politicians, institutions, etc. Included was a dissection of a paragraph from An American Melodrama in which its authors made three prominent errors.

None, though, was a prominent as ours: we called it An American Dilemma. (Sorry, Gunnar)

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The state legislature is filled with strange people, who, thank God, are not like you and me.

The floor of the Senate or House is an alien land, and its inhabitants speak loudly and often in a sort of pidgin English.

To help you, befuddled stranger, if you wander into those gusty halls, MF herewith offers a legislative glossary, compiled from terms used by senators and representatives:

approperation (aPROperAtion)—a bill which allocates money.

biannual (biANNual)—every other year.

liberry (LIberry)—a place where books are kept.

monstroserous (monSTROSerous)—monstrosity compounded.

nicontine gun (NICotine gun)—a weapon used for putting wild animals to sleep from a distance; solonese for tranquilizer gun.

physical (PHYSical)—financial, as in a physical year.

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Bill Smith, executive director of Mississippi's educational television authority, is accustomed to the howls of super-conservatives who see ETV as a commie plot to subtly influence the tender minds of the state's young people.

But when he jerked the Frederick Wiseman film "Hospital" off the tube, he roused the wrath of Mississippi's pointy-headed intellectuals.

"Hospital" depicts in documentary form the everyday workings of a large metropolitan hospital. Some of the scenes aren't reminiscent of a vacation bible school picnic.

Here's Smith's explanation of the debacle:

"We got the film about as late as you could get it and still go on the wire with it. Of course, we didn't get a chance to preview it.

"I was sitting at home watching it. One scene had a woman doctor talking to an elderly male patient. They talked about pain in his genitals, and she asked him if it hurt when he urinated.

"In another scene, a young man was brought into the emergency room. He had taken something, so they gave him an emetic to make him throw up. He did—it looked like he threw up over everything, including the camera. He was screaming 'Shit, shit, shit. . .' That was all I could take. I called and told them to take it off the air."

Smith said he he'd have no qualms about showing the film under different circumstances. "I'd advertise it fully and let the people know what's in it. Then I'd wait until the end of our regular programming day, go off the air briefly and come back with it. The people who wanted to watch it could, and those who didn't would know what was coming.

"Wiseman has made some award-winning documentaries, and 'Hospital' is a fine film. But I don't think we should spring it on a family audience without letting them know what to expect."

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Sen. Nap Cassibry of Gulfport wasn't satisfied with the explanation of an appropriations bill in the state Senate. Why the increase, he wanted to know.

"To make up for expenses caused by Hurricane Camille," was the reply.

"Camille, Camille, Camille, that's all we've been hearing," said the exasperated Cassibry. "Sometimes I wish it had never happened."

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The bill would have changed the Veteran's Day observance from Nov. 11 to the second Monday in November, and State Sen. E. K. Collins of Laurel was opposed to it.

Collins said the change would break the hearts of the World War I veterans who remember that the armistice was signed at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, 1918.

Collins, one of the legislature's most inventive speakers, rose to the occasion. He described the WWI vets as "old-timers who are tottering in their beer" and said they deserve more appreciation for "crawling on their bellies through the rice paddies, pushing their rifles in front of them."

Rice paddies?

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"You students attending MSU are examples of Southern chivalry," former Gov. Ross Barnett told a recent fraternity gathering at Mississippi State. "You have not betrayed the confidence of your parents."

Barnett said he preferred the Kappa Alphas' Confederate uniforms to the dress of "many students on many of our campuses today." When he socked it to "sandal-wearing hippies," however, he was hissed by the KAs, many of whom wore sandals beneath their battle greys.

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The Willie Morris-Ralph Ellison speaking, previously heralded in these pages, is now set for 8 p.m., April 9, at Millsaps College.

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Sen. John Stennis has been stripped of his segregationist credentials by the Mississippi House of Representatives.

Rep. Horace Lester of Jackson, ecstatic over the Mississippi Senator's fight to make freedom of choice education the law of the land, introduced a resolution praising Stennis.

Part of the resolution quoted an Associated Press profile of the Senator: "John Stennis has become one of those institutions that time, wind and weather seem to carve out of the Senate from time to time. A Southerner and a segregationist, he is referred to by many northern liberals as one of the most respected men in the Senate. . ."

That brought Rep. Bob Lennon of Hattiesburg to his feet: "Maybe we ought to take that segregationist part out," Lennon said jovially. "He might want to run for the Supreme Court some time."

Lester had no objection, and, so far as the House was concerned, Stennis was a segregationist no longer.

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